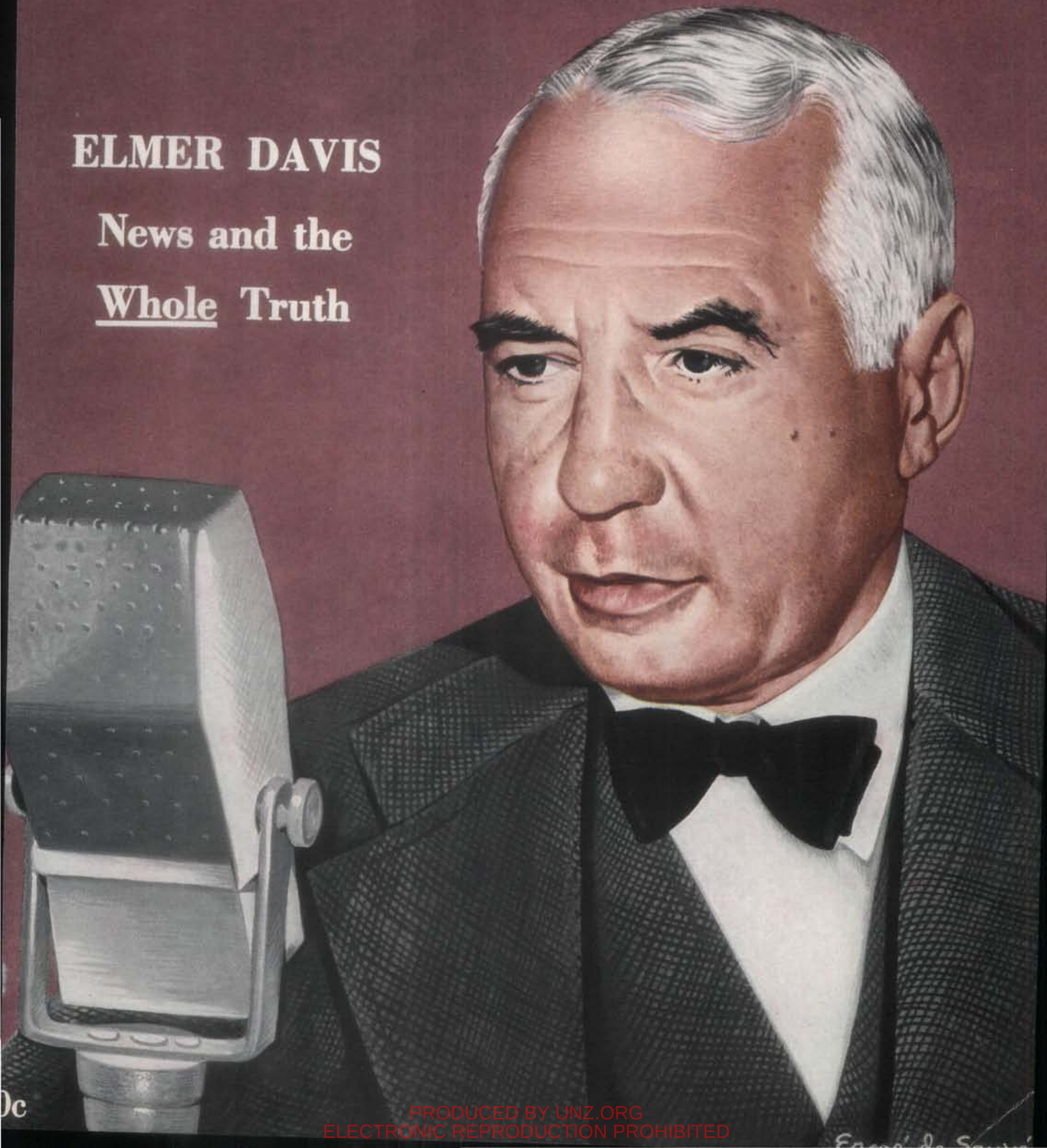


AUGUST 1952

THE *Atlantic*

ELMER DAVIS

News and the
Whole Truth



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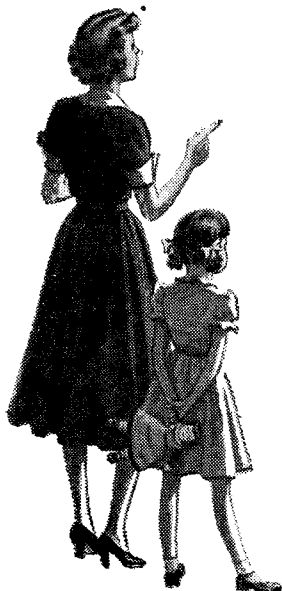
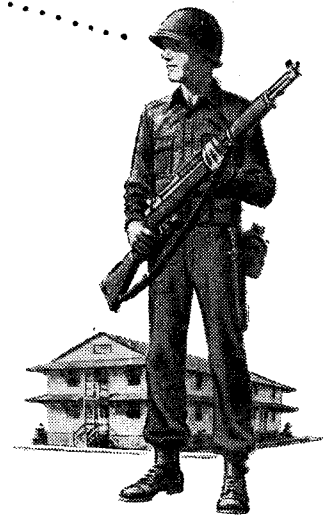
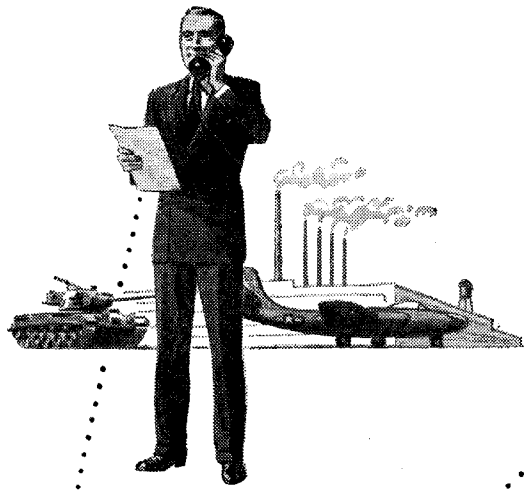
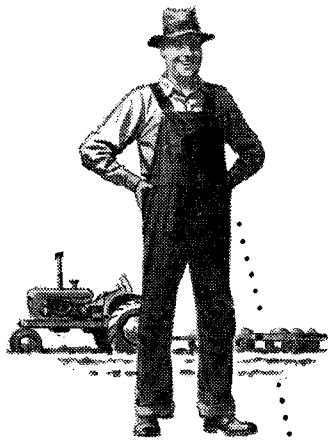


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THE DARK CAN KILL YOU



WHO is the real villain in America's terrible tragedy of traffic deaths — a tragedy that featured its millionth victim last year?

Reckless youth? Lax laws? Drunken driving? Speeding?

There is some evidence that darkness — just plain darkness — is more to blame than any of these. In a Connecticut area, for instance, where 182 pedestrians were killed at night in two years, *179 were killed on poorly lighted streets.*

Cities across the country have already been doing something about it — lighting their killer corners, illuminating their death-trap streets.

What happened?

Salt Lake City cut night deaths 92% in one area; Grand Rapids 78%; Bridgeport 93%; Houston 80%; Los Angeles 91%.

Hartford relit 10 miles of poorly lighted streets and dropped the ratio of night deaths to day deaths from 9 to 1, to 0.2 to 1.

Detroit attacked a dangerous area with better lighting and reduced the ratio from 7 to 1, to 1.6 to 1.

In Syracuse one test area showed 28 less accidents in three months.

The savings in property and man hours more than paid for the lighting costs. It is estimated that good street lighting could save the nation \$1,450,000,000 a year — and the savings in human happiness are incalculable!

“When will they do this night-lighting job on a big scale, and not in just a few wide-awake towns?” asks the man who drives a car.

That old taxpayers’ devil — cost — has been the big hurdle, as local municipal officials can tell you.

Realizing this, General Electric has thrown research and engineering talent against that problem — and has made some encouraging discoveries in lamp and light-fixture efficiency.

Take the case of Kansas City. In cooperation with their local power and light company, they decided to fight traffic deaths with light. Now they have before-and-after cost figures.

Read this one slowly. Their annual lighting bill was \$640,000 in 1940. Now, with four times the light, the bill is \$615,000. And the night-to-day death ratio dropped from 9 to 1, to less than 2 to 1.

When that news gets around properly, you’ll see more action in American cities.

It isn’t only in street lighting that General Electric engineers put their heads together with city officials to make things better for taxpayers. It’s happening in problems of water shortage, waste disposal, traffic control, factory and home modernization, and in all the ways electricity can add to productivity.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



THE real significance of the recent atomic tests in Nevada is that the United States now has new field weapons of great versatility. The distinction between the new atomic weapons and the first Hiroshima bomb is not so much in the size of the explosion as in the size of the weapons themselves. Constant ordnance work has produced a much less cumbersome triggering mechanism—hence weapons that are far more portable than the old, heavy type.

It is no longer necessary to have a B-29 or lumbering B-36 bomber carry the atom bomb; the fast F-84 Thunderjet and several new planes soon to be in production also can carry it. The Army has developed an artillery piece to shoot atomic shells, and there is notable progress in guided missiles which will use atomic warheads.

Practically, this means that the country has greatly increased the battlefield utility of its atomic arsenal. Whereas the old-type atom bomb was primarily a weapon of mass destruction against cities, the newer and lighter weapons could be used effectively against enemy tactical concentrations or to destroy airfields or deny territory. In the Nevada tests Army troops have been conditioned to enter the explosion area shortly after the detonation. The knowledge gained is being passed along to our North Atlantic Treaty allies, although they have not been invited to participate in the tests.

In Korea as in Western Europe, the new tactical atomic weapons will be a tremendous aid to the defensive. Particularly in Korea, they are considered an answer to Communist mass armies—and their availability is one reason why officials here are not overworried about the Communist

build-up. Because of the terrain in Korea, it might not be possible to employ atomic weapons with maximum effectiveness against enemy troop concentrations. An atomic bomb would destroy military positions in, say, a single valley, but the mountains would shield other troops from the blast. Against Manchurian airfields, however, atomic weapons would be devastating. The plan is not to use atomic weapons when conventional arms will suffice, but they are ready for use in case the United Nations position in Korea is seriously threatened.

Meanwhile, there is a parallel development in atomic energy that holds great promise for non-military use. In mid-June President Truman laid the keel for the Navy's new atomic-powered submarine, the *Nautilus*, at Groton, Connecticut. This submarine, when completed, will represent the first practical application of atomic power.

The patient and the AMA

Few persons have been able to tell off the leadership of the American Medical Association so effectively as Dr. Paul B. Magnuson did at the AMA convention in Chicago. Dr. Magnuson had good reason to be angry. As chairman of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation he has been under constant attack from the AMA heads as a captive of "socialized medicine." Yet Dr. Magnuson, a Republican, is a bitter and outspoken foe of the Ewing plan for compulsory health insurance.

The outgoing president of the AMA, Dr. John W. Cline, charged that the new commission was a political move designed to take President Truman "off the hook." To this Dr. Magnuson replied that Dr. Cline's attacks have done more harm to the

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A SELF-CHECK ON YOUR RECENT READING HABITS

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| Witness—Whittaker Chambers. | ☐ |
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| The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson. | ☐ |
| Winds of Morning—H. L. Davis. | ☐ |
| I Led Three Lives—Herbert A. Philbrick. | ☐ |
| Jefferson Selleck—Carl Jonas. | ☐ |
| The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album. | ☐ |
| The Houses in Between—Howard Spring. | ☐ |
| Lincoln and His Generals—T. H. Williams. | ☐ |
| Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram. | ☐ |
| Strange Lands and Friendly People
—William O. Douglas. | ☐ |
| Melville Goodwin, USA—J. P. Marquand. | ☐ |
| Forrestal Diaries—Ed. by Walter Millis. | ☐ |
| Closing the Ring—Winston Churchill. | ☐ |
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| Lieutenant Hornblower—C. S. Forester. | ☐ |
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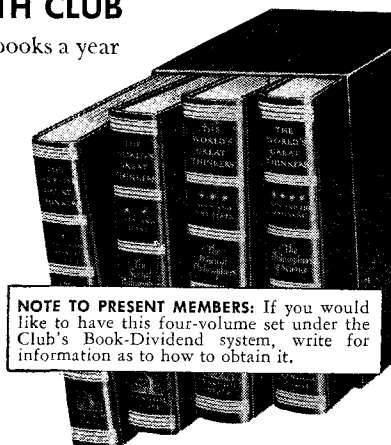
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



American doctor than anything that has happened in the last ten years. "It has gotten to the point," he added, "that any health legislation proposed to Congress no sooner is introduced than highly paid publicists spew forth a stream of invective which has little or no relation to the issue at hand."

As a matter of fact, the very appointment of the Magnuson commission last winter was an acknowledgment that the Ewing plan is dead. The fifteen-man commission has no doctrinaire instruction; it is to take a new look at health problems and come up with fresh recommendations. It is to survey means of ensuring a sufficient supply of doctors, of making more hospital beds available, of meeting the needs of the chronically ill and aged, and of providing adequate health services to persons of all income groups.

No one who knows Dr. Magnuson can believe that he is a captive of anything except his deep conviction that the patient must come first. An outstanding Chicago orthopedic surgeon, he is the man who built the veterans' medical care program after the war by enlisting the cooperation of leading medical schools — until he was summarily fired by Veterans Administrator Gray after complaining of interference. Though an opponent of government medicine, he feels strongly that the nation's underlying health needs are not being met. "We have licked the Ewing plan," he says, "but not the problem."

Undoubtedly one scheme which the commission will explore is Dr. Magnuson's own idea for regional health clinics to serve several rural counties. These clinics could bring together expert surgeons, diagnosticians, and other specialists with equipment that few doctors individually could afford. At the same time, by enlarging the base of medical practice, they would ensure full use of professional skills and equipment.

It is perhaps indicative of the feeling among rank and file AMA members — as opposed to the leadership — that a move to censure Dr. Magnuson and his commission was beaten down.

Crime in the Capital

One of the problems of a voteless city is indifference to the affairs of local government, particularly the caliber of law enforcement. Washingtonians have no say in the selection of their own dogcatcher, much less in the choice of their city administrators or their national government. The Capital is nominally governed by three Commissioners ap-

pointed by the President — two civilians and one Army Engineer. Often these jobs are roosts for party workers or campaign contributors. All actual governmental power is reserved by Congress.

Some five years ago the *Washington Post* exposed a dishonest system of crime reporting in the police department. Certain complaints were "pocketed," thus making crime statistics appear more favorable than they really were. When this situation was corrected, it was found that Washington led the United States in the number of aggravated assaults. Following up this sign of police laxness, the United States Attorney General charged that organized gambling under the nose of Congress was a \$100 million a year business.

Several congressional committees purported to investigate law enforcement but found nothing wrong. City government heads showed not even this interest. Then, last summer, the Kefauver Committee uncovered a multimillion-dollar numbers racket. Federal grand jury and court action led to numerous convictions — and disclosed a trail into the police department. For the first time, a congressional committee got mad. The Senate District Crime Subcommittee put an expert staff to work and the results were shocking.

Testimony indicated that the head of the police narcotics squad had been taking pay-offs; that policemen had been instructed to "lay off" gambling arrests; that the head of the police auto squad had been gray-marketing in cars. Then, through the use of a financial questionnaire, the subcommittee found that four top officials of the department could not account for some \$56,000 in personal income and expenditures. One of these was the former police chief, who retired for "ill health" after at first defying the questionnaire. He refused to testify about \$17,400 not explained by his questionnaire.

All this has caused a mild consternation among Washington citizens. There is a new set of District Commissioners and a new police chief; the department now has a code of ethics and there are many promises of vigorous action against wrongdoers. But there has not been the slightest indication that the White House is concerned, and members of Congress are no more receptive than formerly to the proposal for District home rule.

Truman tosses the ball to Congress

President Truman's plea for Congress to assume responsibility in the steel strike was clever politics.

Mr. Truman knew that there was little possibility that the legislators would grant him the new seizure power he requested. His criticism of the Taft-Hartley Law sounded like the cry of Br'er Rabbit: "Please don't throw me into that briar patch!" If the injunction procedure under Taft-Hartley was to be used, the President wanted Congress to make the decision. The reason for this was simple: Taft-Hartley is still anathema to labor, and Mr. Truman wished to avoid any censure he might invite by invoking it. Actually, of course, the responsibility for execution of the law belongs to the President, not to Congress. To many legislators Mr. Truman's contortion looked like an effort merely to spread the poison ivy.

The 6 to 3 Supreme Court decision outlawing the President's original seizure order naturally enough delighted the steel companies. There was also a feeling of deep relief in many parts of the Administration. Many of Mr. Truman's own associates felt that the President had taken bad advice and was out on the end of a very long limb.

Even officials of the CIO United Steelworkers privately were not unhappy over the decision. As the steel impasse dragged on, union leaders themselves acknowledged that the Wage Stabilization Board had gone beyond the bounds of public acceptance in its recommendations.

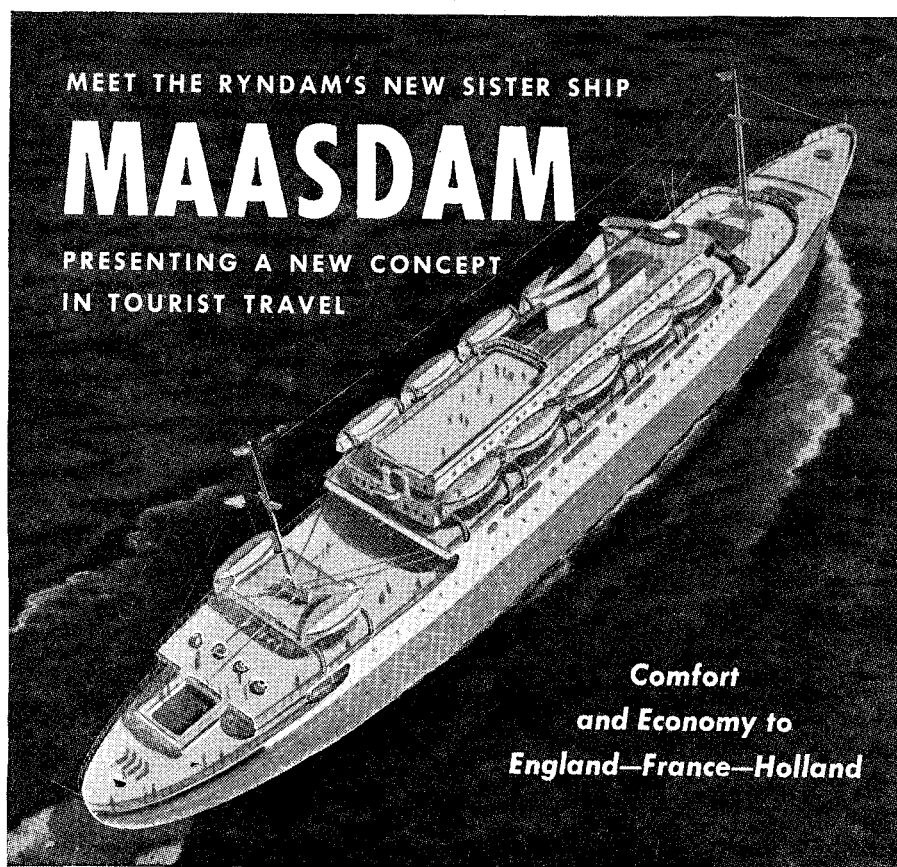
The Court decision itself found the best legal minds siding with the majority. Justice Black's opinion for the Court made two direct points: that Congress, with *exclusive* authority to make laws, had specifically rejected an amendment to authorize emergency seizure by the government when it passed the Taft-Hartley Law, and that the President's order followed a presidential policy rather than existing law.

Yet the Court was careful not to tie the President's hands against a future emergency. Justice Burton noted that the Court was not passing on what the President's powers would be in the case of an enemy invasion. And Justice Frankfurter, in a strong argument against binding the future, called for meeting the issue without attempting to define the President's powers precisely for all time.

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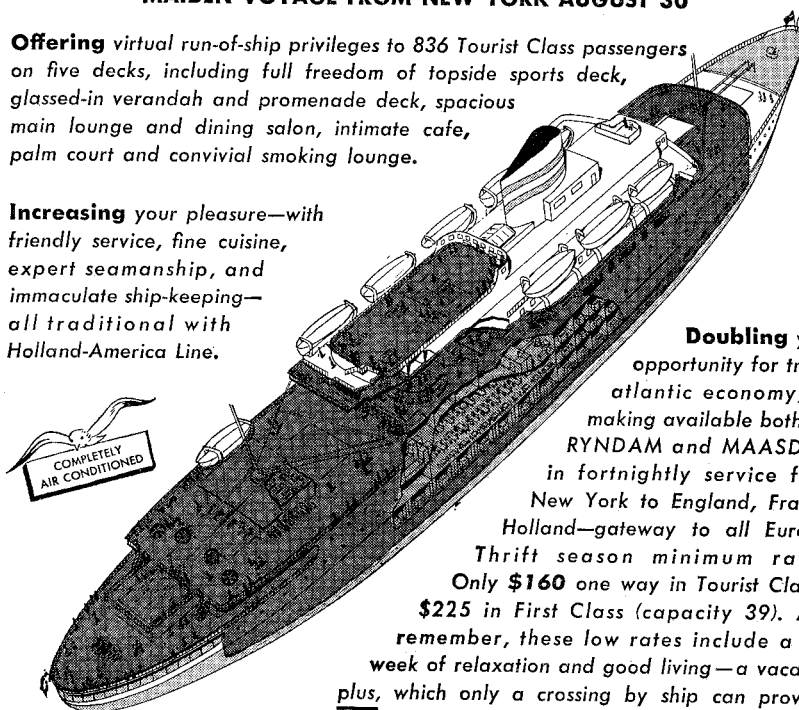


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Spain

DURING the riots which broke out in the French residential part of Tangier on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the Protectorate, a significant phenomenon was observed. Spanish flags were hung from the windows of a number of the apartment buildings; their inhabitants thus hoped for protection against rioters, most of whom had come from Spanish Morocco.

The Spanish colony in Tangier denied having anything to do with these disturbances, and it now seems to be clearly established that they were not anti-European, but specifically anti-French. Native manifestations have, of course, become common occurrences throughout North Africa in the last few months; but in this case it might seem strange that they were directed only against the French and not against the Spaniards, who also occupy a good chunk of Morocco.

The explanation which was immediately given was that the Moroccan nationalists have long claimed that the problem of the Spanish occupation will be easily settled once the question of French occupation is cleared up. This reasoning naturally resulted in concentrating the attention of the Tangier agitators on the French section of the city. But this is by no means the whole story. The Spanish government recently allowed the Arab nationalist leader Abd-el-Khalek Torres to return to Spanish Morocco and to coöperate with the Spanish authorities there in the introduction of important administrative reforms. This was no haphazard decision. For some time Madrid has been endeavoring in every possible way to demonstrate its friendship towards the Arab world and to prove how much more liberal Spain is in its official dealings with the Arabs than certain other European countries.

Spain woos the Arab states

The lengths to which this policy has been carried are impressive. Madrid has seized every possible opportunity to strengthen its diplomatic ties with the various countries of Islam. Formal diplomatic relations have been established with Pakistan. Treaties of friendship have been signed with Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, and Egypt.

To crown all these expressions of good will, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Martin Artajo, made an extended tour among the Islamic states last spring, accompanied by Franco's daughter and son-in-law, and by the Moroccan general Mohammed Ben Mizziyam Ben Kassen, who can boast a record of almost forty years of service in the Spanish Army and is thus the living personification of Hispano-Moorish coöperation.

What lies behind this policy? And why is it being pursued so deliberately at a moment when the Great Powers in the West are in difficulty with Islam? It is not just because Spain feels herself to be a Mediterranean country and therefore wishes to consolidate her ties with her neighbors across the sea. This policy is more subtle and at the same time more dangerous. It is the diplomatic weapon which Franco is forging to force Paris and London to admit Spain into the community of Western European nations.

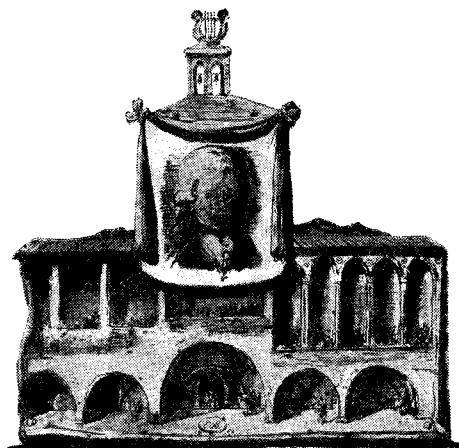
To curry favor in this way with the Arab world has certain risks for Spain as far as her hold on Morocco is concerned. But the Franco government has evidently decided that this is a risk worth taking and that only a bold policy can now suffice to put pressure on London and Paris.

Washington, it is considered in Madrid, has been more or less won over to a policy of friendship and support for the present regime in Spain, although, as was shown in the case of President Truman, dissenting voices in the American government still make themselves heard. But the really hard nuts to crack are London and Paris; their opposition to the inclusion of Spain within the Atlantic community has forced Washington to move cautiously with regard to Spain.

As long as the Socialists were in power in Britain, Franco and his advisers did not expect to meet anything but hostility in British government circles. But they nourished high hopes of a change of policy once the Conservatives came to power.

They have been severely disillusioned in the last few months, and this explains the new note of

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The Atlantic Report on Spain



Anglophobia which now characterizes the Madrid press and the renewed clamor for Gibraltar which Franco has been cautiously working up. Franco probably suffers from no illusions as to the effectiveness of this anti-British saber-rattling. But it forms an integral part of his war of nerves against the British and the French.

The vulnerability of France

Of the two, it is the French who offer a better target to this kind of sustained diplomatic pressure, because they are in a more vulnerable position in the Arab world than the British. The easiest way for Spain to put pressure on France today is to encourage Arab nationalists in North Africa. "Our protectorate in Morocco," it was asserted not long ago in the Madrid periodical *Informaciones*, "constitutes the prime example of entrusting to the native inhabitant his own instruments of government and culture; our activity does not consist in laying hands on the resources of the country, but in giving its people the means of utilizing them."

The Franco government has not limited itself merely to propaganda on behalf of the administration of Spanish Morocco. It has recently been giving direct encouragement to Arab nationalist leaders. Last summer, several Spanish army officers held a secret meeting in Tangier with Arab leaders, among whom were several members of the Moroccan Nationalist Party, whom the French authorities had expelled from their territory.

Exactly what advice these Arab leaders were given is not known, but the influence which the Spanish now have over them is evidently serious enough to have persuaded General Guillaume, the French Resident-General of Morocco, to arrange an interview in Larache with Spanish General García Valino. The next day General Valino left for Madrid, where he immediately conferred with Franco. A few days after that Franco's brother, Nicholas, then Spanish ambassador to Portugal, was dispatched to Paris to confer with the French government.

There are thus reasons for suspecting that the Spanish government may already have intimated to the Quai d'Orsay what its conditions are for ceasing its policy of encouraging Moslem nationalists.

Spain's ties with Latin America

Madrid can also be expected to continue exerting pressure on Paris through its influence on some of the Latin American countries which are mem-

bers of the United Nations. Their votes have been much sought after by the countries of the Arab bloc, who know that anticolonial sentiments are strong in many South American republics. Only in South America and Portugal has Spain found any friends since the war, and it is clear that Franco is now determined to make as much as possible out of Spain's ties with Latin America.

The Spanish government has been at great pains for the last three or four years to emphasize the living community of the Latin world and the reality of the Spanish spirit, the *Hispanidad*, which spans the ocean. Spain hopes one day to see this sentimental and cultural *rapprochement* assume a more concrete political form, notably by the joint action of the South American countries in the United Nations. This would put a formidable lever of power at Franco's disposal.

Franco and the Vatican

This policy of overt friendship for the Moslem world is only one of the diplomatic maneuvers which Franco is at present conducting. He has at the same time been making a determined effort to win over the Vatican to his support.

The Franco regime is often characterized out of hand as a tyranny of the Army and the Church. But the Catholic Church in Spain has never been unanimously in favor of the regime or well-disposed towards it. Nor, above all, has the Vatican, which was careful to maintain a neutral position during the Spanish Civil War.

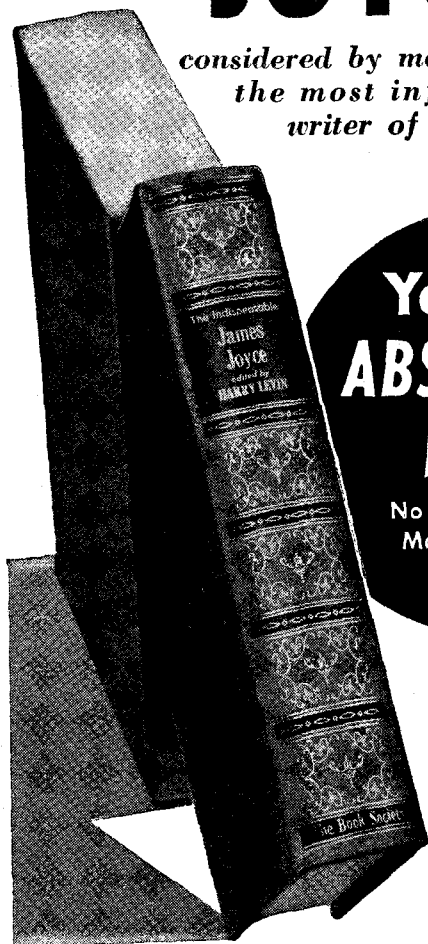
So far all the attempts that Franco has made to win the good graces of the Pope have failed. The most recent was in 1950, when he wanted to visit Rome, a project which was thwarted by the de Gasperi government. Instead Franco was obliged to send his Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, however, came back from Rome with empty hands.

There are two principal reasons for the Vatican's coldness towards Franco. It is considered, in the first place, that the Franco regime has done nothing to try to remedy the serious social crisis in Spain caused by the inequitable distribution of wealth. And, in the second place, it is thought that the Franco government has carried censorship to extremes.

Last year Rome persuaded some of the Spanish bishops to begin exerting pressure on the government to secure social reforms. The Archbishop of Valencia decided, after the food riots which broke

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Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems," and selected

passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John H. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

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out in the spring of 1951, to institute a sort of ecclesiastical Gallup Poll of the conditions of life of the working classes and shopkeepers of his diocese.

The conclusion which he drew from this investigation was that the standard of living of the workers was barely on a subsistence level and that something would have to be done to improve this situation if further social disturbances were to be avoided.

At the beginning of June the Spanish bishops met for an important conference. A document was drawn up at the end of it bearing the signatures of the Archbishops of Toledo and Granada, which constituted a clerical pronunciamento on social questions, and which had an unmistakable reference to the existing social unrest in the peninsula.

Among other things it stated: "The attributions of government differ according to forms of government and constitution. The Church respects these different forms of government as long as they are not contrary to natural law and respect the rights of the Church founded by Jesus Christ. But no power on earth is unlimited. All have the duty to respect the natural rights of the human being and the family, which are prior to the state. . . . The principal mission of the state is to take care of the general welfare, and, first and foremost, to concern itself with the nourishment of its subjects."

For freedom of the press

At the same time the Church has been carrying on a silent battle with the government over the question of liberty of the press ever since the Pope, in February, 1950, emphasized its importance in a pontifical message.

Franco at first relaxed the government's control over the press, but strict censorship was reinstated after the strikes in Barcelona last year, and he even went so far as to suppress the Catholic workers' paper *Tu* — which, naturally, did not improve his relations with the Church hierarchy.

When the government was reformed last year, the Ministry of Information was given to a Falangist called Arias, who has done nothing to remove the government's muzzle on free expression of opinion. The Spanish government continues to impose its heavy

hand on the press by virtue of a law passed in April, 1938, during the last months of the Civil War, a law which still stands.

Recently the question of its repeal came up again, and this time it was the Church which advocated a reform of prevailing press censorship. In February of this year the official organ of the Catholic hierarchy in Spain, *Ecclesia*, came out with a major editorial demanding that the position of the state with regard to press questions be redefined; that censorship be limited to cases obviously affecting the security of the country; and that the law courts be empowered to judge any infractions of press regulations.

Franco's counterattack

While the Church is putting pressure on Franco in the field of censorship, Franco has been counterattacking by threatening to reform the existing system of secondary education, which is at present in the hands of the Church, by subordinating it to state control.

It is suspected by some observers that this is just another maneuver on the part of Franco to force the Vatican to agree to a new concordat defining the spheres of religious and secular authority in Spain. The Pope, however, is not likely to be outdone in this war of maneuver, for he is as astute a tactician as Franco, and Franco cannot risk alienating the Church completely at a time when it is espousing two popular causes.

This internal struggle between Church and State in Spain has inevitable repercussions on the international plane. For Franco needs the support of the Vatican not only because of the influence which it has on the Italian government, but also because of the authority it wields over the Christian Democratic parties in France (the MRP) and in Germany.

In the end it may be the Vatican which will be able to decide just when and upon what terms Spain should be admitted to the closed sanctuary of the European community. Which would go to prove once more that, though the Pope has no divisions, he still has at his disposition a formidable *masse de manoeuvre* on the diplomatic battlefield of the European continent.

South Africa

THIS year South Africa has been celebrating her tricentenary. The nation ignored for a time her chronic political quarrels and, concentrating on her biggest show, the van Riebeeck Festival, expressed her exuberant mood in the slogan "We Build a Nation." Pride in the achievements of her industrial revolution and high hopes for her future outweighed, temporarily at least, her fears of racial difficulties. The Festival was designed to convey South Africa's message to herself and to the world, to display her prodigious material development and determine the spiritual value of her "own outlook on life."

The only cloud in the sky was unrest among her millions of non-Europeans who were boycotting the Festival. On March 20 the country's highest court handed down a unanimous decision that the Malan Government's act placing Colored voters on a separate electoral roll was unconstitutional. Within a few hours the Prime Minister flung down the Nationalists' challenge. Describing the situation as "intolerable," he promised legislation to remove from the courts the right to test legislative acts of Parliament.

The "outlook on life" which the tricentenary dramatized in pageant, song, and story boomeranged. Various evaluations of the spiritual value of this outlook, most of them damning, have filled countless columns of newspaper space all over the world. And in South Africa the Government's determination to circumvent the Court's decision set off an emotional reaction which still is explosive. On June 3 Prime Minister Malan's bill setting up a parliamentary court to rule on Supreme Court decisions was signed into law by Governor General Ernest G. Jansen. It has passed both houses of Parliament by comfortable margins.

Tens of thousands of South Africans are looking ahead to the consequences. If a party caucus is to be the highest court of appeal on constitutional issues, they say, anything might happen. The way is open to dispose of English language rights as easily as of the Colored franchise. The status of English has no more protection. The very form of government could be changed. The republic to

which the Nationalist Party is pledged could be created by a simple majority in House and Senate.

What people are saying reflects the current fear. "My brother got out in time," a bank clerk muttered unhappily. "He's in Southern Rhodesia and I wish I were with him. The next thing they'll do is stop our leaving. They won't want technicians to go. It will be the Iron Curtain for us."

"I'm not leaving, you may be sure." A shop manager tossed her head. "I was born in this country, and my father and mother before me. It's our country as much as theirs. But what can we *do*?"

In Northern Rhodesia, where half the recent immigrants come from the Union, the same story was told. "They're getting out. Both Afrikaans and English-speaking South Africans. The ones who have no time for what's going on down there."

These are not isolated cases, and no matter how vehemently the Prime Minister may protest that the Nationalists would not tamper with language rights, people are listening to his heir apparent, the Minister of Lands, J. G. Strydom. He is likely to be the next Nationalist Prime Minister, and for years he has been the St. George of the one language, one flag crusade. So who puts any faith in promises? Mistrust is the tragic fruit of the High Court Bill; mistrust and such division as the country has not known since the Boer War.

The barrier of language

An American wears a small American flag inside the lapel of his coat so that he can show it when an Afrikaner refuses to speak to him and do business with him. An American is forgiven for ignorance of Afrikaans, but never an English-speaking South African. Afrikaans-speaking South Africans refuse to wait on English-speaking customers, and sales so lost are thought lost in a noble cause. Such incidents occur time and again.

Government departments operate for one month in English, for the next in Afrikaans. The efficiency of the older people, who are not bilingual, drops.

Answering letters in the less familiar language is postponed. Trained men lacking facility in both languages are not hired, whether or not they ever may meet the public on their jobs. Children are segregated in Afrikaans and English schools. No longer are they growing up to know and play with one another, and the movement is spreading from the Transvaal to other provinces.

In refusing to bother to learn even a few phrases of Afrikaans, the English-speaking South African has been both lazy and stupid, but a bilingual generation was growing up, and before long the change might have been completed. Yet Nationalists act like men with no time to lose. Afrikaans is being rammed down the throats of educators, businessmen, civil servants alike, and bad feeling be damned.

The Boer War goes on

The Nationalists continually justify their acts by claiming that they have a "mandate from the people." They conduct themselves like men with a sacred mission to perform. Most of them believe they have.

The simple fact is that the Boer War is not over. The British won the war and signed a peace outstanding for its generosity, but the backveld Boer, in particular, grimly gathered his strength to win the peace sometime, somehow. If not today, then tomorrow. The Malan Government represents and is speaking for these bitter-enders when it refers to its "mandate from the people."

The "mandate" really comes from a segment of a part of the people. To be Afrikaans-speaking does not mean that one is the *ware* Afrikaner for whom the Nationalists speak. About half the members of the Opposition are Afrikaans-speaking, and over 100,000 more people voted for the United Party than for the Nationalists, although, as with electoral college votes in the United States, it was possible for the Nationalists to win the majority of seats.

Were the Government truly concerned about its "mandate" it would have gone to the country on the constitutional issue. On its failure to do so all the arguments about "the people's mandate" break down, ex-

cept from one point of view — that of the *ware* Afrikaner dedicated to carrying out traditional Afrikaner policies, race policies in particular. At last the bitter-ender has his own Government and he must make the most of his opportunity.

Speaking May 21, on his seventy-eighth birthday, Prime Minister Malan explained the connection between race policy and the constitutional crisis. The whole race segregation policy in South Africa, he said, would stand or fall on the outcome of the constitutional crisis; and therefore, he explained, it was impossible for the Government to accept the Court's decision. "If we do," he said, "we will be untrue to the future of the white race in South Africa."

A few months ago the appeal of this plea would have been great. Since the crisis, however, the thinking of many South Africans outside the *ware* Afrikaner group has moved beyond segregation. They are thinking now of freedom of movement, freedom of speech, and freedom of association; of keeping in their hands the power to determine their future. Shrewdly, the non-Europeans are standing by and making no provocative moves as the bitter struggle divides the Europeans.

White against white

The Prime Minister refuses to commit himself when asked by the Leader of the Opposition, almost daily, whether or not he will abide by the Supreme Court decision when the High Court Bill is challenged in the courts. So while the country seethes, Government and Opposition struggle for position, each waiting for the other to make a false move.

For a time it looked as though the Government's moment had come. The United Party, the Labor Party, and Torch Commando, a militant group 150,000 strong, drawn from both white groups, formed a United Front, and the Leader of the Opposition told a Cape Town mass meeting that if the Government did not act constitutionally, the United Front would "meet force with force." Almost at the same time, the Torch Commando threatened to call a day of protest to bring the country to a standstill if the Government went ahead with its legislation. The country's shudder was almost visible.



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In the midst of thousands of watching Africans, Indians, and Colored, white group was threatening white group with the very tactics condemned out of hand when proposed by non-Europeans. The Government made the most of the blunder and it took considerable explaining before the Opposition backed out of that cul-de-sac.

The Government's weapon

Nothing could be worse for the United Front cause than to give the Government an opportunity to use the Suppression of Communism Act against the Torch Commando. The Government makes no secret of the fact that it is watching for the opportunity; and since its one statement too many, the Torch Commando has been comparatively quiet.

In the Suppression of Communism Act the Government has a weapon covering almost any degree of disagreement with its policies. Under the act, for example, a person may be "named" a Communist who advocates *any of the objectives* of Communism, depending on the discretion of the Minister of Justice. Any of the objectives of Communism might mean equality of opportunity, or socialism, or nondiscrimination on racial grounds.

After the passage of the High Court Bill, the Government turned its attention to investigating Communism. Various non-European leaders were "named" without causing much of a ripple in the European community. And then the big guns were turned on Sam Kahn, a member of Parliament, and Fred Carneson, a member of the Cape Provincial Council, both of whom represent non-European constituencies. Both men were members of the South African Communist Party before it dissolved itself.

Efforts to postpone the debate were defeated, and the Government was accused of using the Communist bogey to distract attention from the High Court Bill. Jaunty Mr. Kahn left the House saying he would be back, and even a Nationalist M.P. is reported to have said to him, "This is au revoir, not good-bye." If anything, the Government's procedure made many friends for Mr. Kahn, who already was one of the most popular members of the House, however men differed with his policies.

With its flair for focusing world attention on South Africa's ills, the Government then attacked "Solly" Sachs, General Secretary of the 20,000-strong Transvaal Garment Workers Union, who has devoted his life to building up the union, fighting for better wages and working conditions. "Solly" Sachs was thrown out of the South African Communist Party in 1931, and trade unionists are convinced the attack is directed against the trade union movement as well. There is evidence to support this claim in a recent report of the Industrial Legislation Commission and in the capture of the Mineworkers Union.

"Solly" Sachs defied the order, announced that he would fight it in the courts, spoke at three meetings, and then walked out on the platform on Johannesburg City Hall steps to address about 10,000 garment workers, their sympathizers, and onlookers. On the stroke of 11 A.M., police surrounded Mr. Sachs to arrest him. Their action precipitated a bloody riot, in which sixty-six people were injured.

Calls for help went from the Garment Workers to other South African trade unions and to practically every trade union movement in the Western world, from Great Britain to New Zealand. The trade union movement in South Africa, long divided on race policy and the political activities of some leaders, is now moving toward a unity it has not known for years.

Pan-African race policy?

"We Build a Nation" has had a hollow ring ever since the Court's decision was challenged and the country was split. Yet Dr. Malan may still prove to be right when he says that South Africa grows from crises. Her crisis is Africa's, only in an aggravated form produced by a large European population and rapid industrialization.

Prime Minister Malan himself has suggested a conference of Powers to determine a pan-African race policy, and the challenge will have to be met sooner or later. A pooling of experience is needed, and then it might be possible not only to build a nation but to build a world. It is not in Africa alone that people are trying to discover how men of different color and varying degrees of development may live together in harmony.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Roughly Fifty"

SIR:

I have just finished reading "Roughly Fifty" by Ann Leighton in the June *Atlantic*, and all I can say is "Me too." What an empty life after those busy and happy years when one was almost dizzy and breathless from trying to get into each day all that needed to be done.

But to be a good wife, mother, and homemaker is just no qualification for a real working career after the battle has been fought and won. I am the mother of three children who have made a success of both their personal and public lives and now have homes and families of their own. The "nest is empty," to put it in a sentimental way. Not even a husband to keep the home fires burning, for he decided that he too wanted freedom and flitted away to, shall I say, greener pastures.

I have tried unsuccessfully to find some work to bring in an income and, of course, to keep me busy and interested, but always the answer is the same, "No experience." Yes, I could baby-sit and sell magazines from door to door, or read to invalids, or what have you. Certainly they want us to be volunteers in the hospitals and take one day a week at the Thrift Shop, for sweet charity's sake, or head up the committee for the bazaar for the church — anything but a paid job that will assure one of a feeling of independence and security. Having tried all the above activities, I know whereof I speak, and perhaps, like Mrs. Leighton, I am disgusted.

There are two things I should like to happen in the near future: first, a

uniform divorce law in our country, and then some recognition of women as individuals with potential power to be utilized, in a really constructive manner.

My father tells me that age is not a question of calendar years, but of one's own mental ability. But the accent today is on youth, and so the young men fight the wars and the young women get the jobs, while we are supposed to take care of the children and cook the meals — which frankly I do not want to do any more, since, like a good soldier, I did my stretch at that, and now want a change, or at least a chance to try my hand and mind at another sort of life.

I am at present in the process of trying my luck at taking in roomers, to keep the wolf from the door, and I therefore shall find myself at the same old stand, making beds and chasing dust and cobwebs, when I would so much rather be chasing rainbows, and maybe finding the pot of gold. But "woman's place is in the home," and that is where they are going to try to keep us.

Well, I suppose we will keep on struggling to find the answer. And I surely hope Mrs. Leighton will write more articles along this line.

Unfortunately I have not had a college training, although my family wanted me to, but I elected to be married, and from that experience have come my three wonderful children. But why, at the culmination of all the happy years together, does a husband decide to run off and try for something new and different?

Are we each and all living in a transition age, full of restlessness,

and unable to come to grips with reality in our life of today? What about our moral values — are they changing and are we older women going to be able to adjust to the change?

Ten years ago I thought I knew all the answers, but now I know how little I know.

My three children are like Mrs. Leighton's — two boys and a girl; all through college and in homes of their own; so you see I am older than Mrs. Leighton and further along the road to nowhere.

E.D.

SIR:

Mrs. Leighton sounds like someone who expects to find the professional world waiting with open arms to welcome her, and this after years of having done nothing to justify confidence in herself. It is hardly realistic for her to expect to step into a position of responsibility on the basis of the promise she may have shown when she was twenty. The standards of many of our professions would suffer severely if all the middle-aged women who once had responsible careers suddenly stepped into the positions they left, as if nothing had changed in the fifteen or twenty years intervening.

A middle-aged woman of intelligence and education who has a real contribution to make will always find places in society where her talents are needed. It may take some effort, ingenuity, and imagination, but in any case the mountain will certainly not come to Mahomet.

MRS. CAROLYN LIPETZ
Ithaca, N.Y.

SIR:

How many people have enough money to just sit back and do what they really want to do at age fifty?

For that matter, how many men do what they want, at fifty or any other age?

MRS. BURTON A. LEHMAN
Beaufort, N.C.

SIR:

If Mrs. Leighton is in or approaching the fiftyish age and is fortunate enough to have her husband, what is her dilemma? Certainly when she chose him for a life partner, she didn't think then that he wouldn't be alive when she herself reached the middle of the road. So, if the old man is still around, what's wrong—for Mrs. Leighton and the thousands of other women who admit to the same problem—about concentrating on him?

MRS. THOMAS WALLER
Fort Salonga, N.Y.

SIR:

Simple curiosity impels me to ask the location of the ivory tower in which Ann Leighton is being forced to waste her declining years.

And who, exactly, are the mysterious "they" who are so effectually preventing her from realizing her mid-century potentialities for achievement? A council of stern town elders? Or a hidebound husband, perhaps, some stiff-necked relic of the Victorian Era?

I have never been aware that "permission" from any authority on earth was a prerequisite to accomplishment, for male or female of any vintage. Rather, it is always an end result of talent, intelligence, energy, ambition, and plain hard work.

Wailing self-pity, such as that in which Mrs. Leighton is indulging, is definitely no substitute for a realistic appraisal of her situation, plus a goodly measure of "drive."

At thirty-two I'm looking forward to great possibilities for personal accomplishment when I shall find myself roughly forty, or fifty—or even roughly a hundred.

VERA G. KINSLER
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

SIR:

Ann Leighton's pathetic statement of the plight of the middle-aged American woman moves me to ask her if she has ever been an active member of the League of Women Voters.

I cannot believe that a woman of her caliber is unable to find a full-time paying job, if that is what she wants.

If not, there is no need for her to resort to the kind of hobby that "stays one remove from reality" and is "designed to keep educated women from doing anything useful."

Please, Mrs. Leighton, before you settle down in the sanitarium with your Proust and your knitting, look up your local League of Women Voters and find out what goes on.

ELEANOR N. LEWIS
Baltimore, Md.

Economists and the Middleman

SIR:

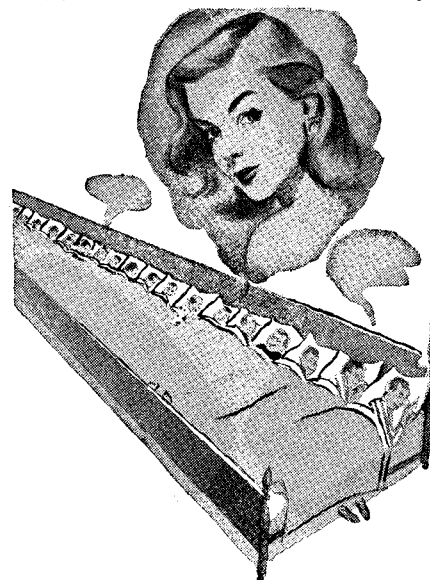
Ye gods—is there no limit to the number of people currently taking cracks at the poor old college economics teacher? Must men who have had no course in economics in twenty-five years assume that economists are still saying the same thing? Or that what one economist says is typical of the views of all?

True, Adam Smith found the middleman to be "unproductive." But *The Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776!

The economic function of the middleman is clear to the economist. Usually it is not clear to the layman. Thus I spend every year carefully spelling it out for my students. If Paul C. Nicholson (Public Interest Advertisement, June *Atlantic*) will consult a widely used college text, *Economics*, by Shorey Peterson, he will find the middleman amply defended. Or let him read the excellent statement of the middleman's role by A. P. Lerner as reprinted in the book of basic readings by Gayer, Harris, and Spencer.

MRS. ROBERT B. SHULMAN
Instructor in Economics
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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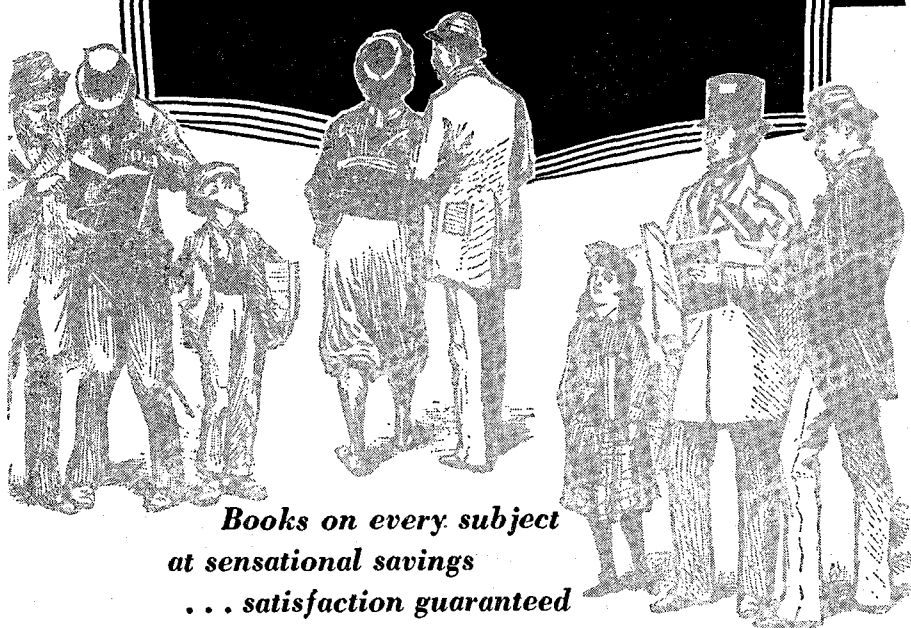
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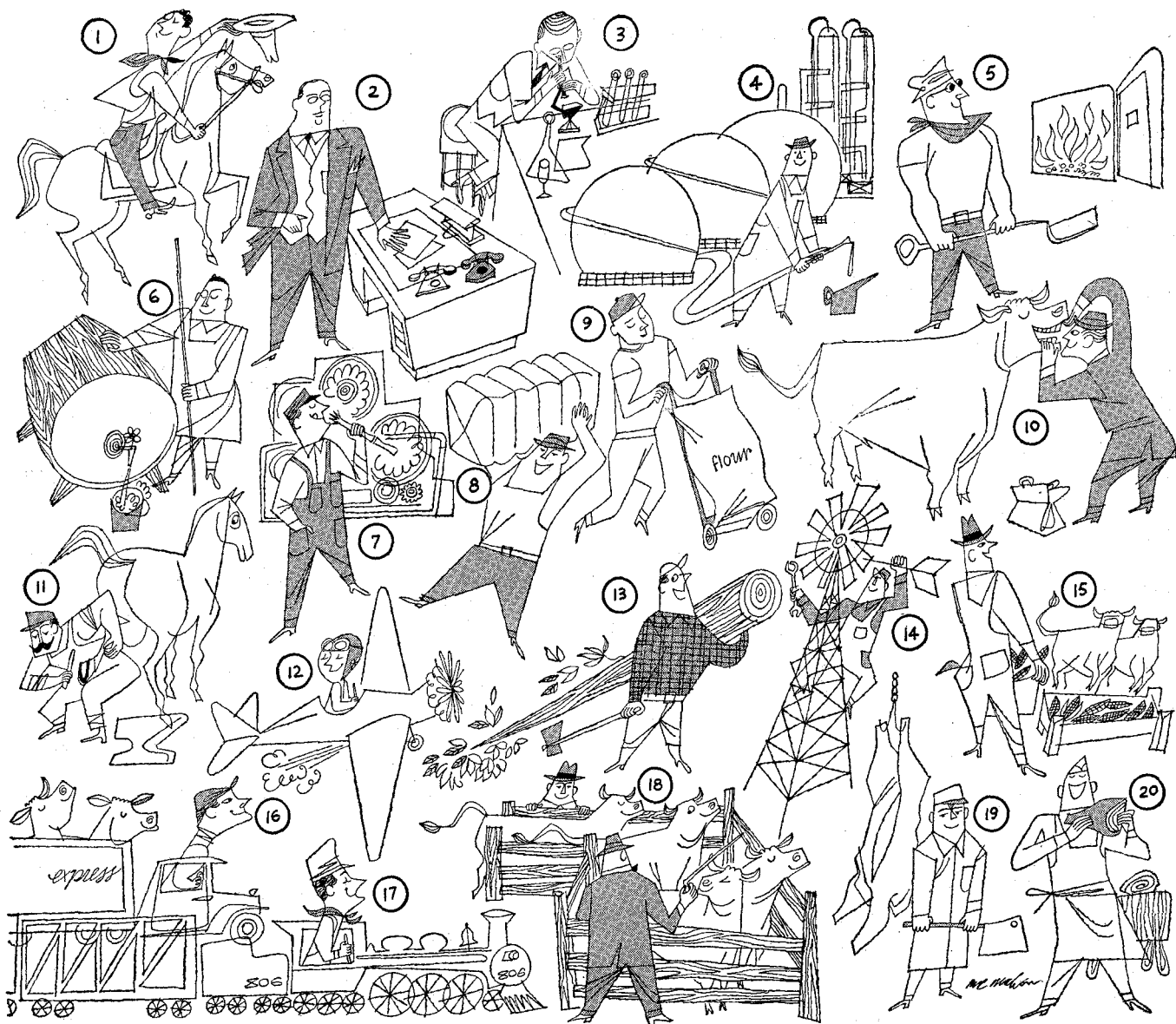
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FOLLOW M' LEADER

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

AN overwhelming homesickness continually assailed me, when at the beginning of the war I was amongst those civil servants exiled — evacuated — may be a newer, though hardly a prettier, word — from London to a small provincial town in Wales. Alas, in this banishment, my weaknesses began at once to show themselves, and, being over sixty, I was too old to attempt their remedy. Struggles of the modern sort horrify but do not interest me. I hate noise and my mind clings obstinately to those little things, which, as the weeks passed, were of less and less account, but that yet in their sum total constitute civilization. Incidents of everyday life in great cities amuse me, to whom one aircraft shooting another down signified nothing, not even a passing excitement. I longed, even, for that office which formerly I had regarded as consuming my days; but, above all, for the secondhand bookshops of the Charing Cross Road, the comfortable glow behind their windows, and that warm, dusty breath of books which is my peculiar delight. In remembrance of them, it became my habit to visit in Abercovey during the luncheon hour the two or three stalls and counters devoted to broken furniture, torn magazines, and a few moldy volumes; tales of the enterprise of missionaries or novelettes of High Life in the seventies and eighties. And, among these, I picked out one day a faded book, which, as I handled it,

touched far back in my mind some hidden, elusive association.

For an instant I could not place the identity of the author. *Full Fathom Five!* by *Weldwyn Flyte-Foller*. Then, turning to the flyleaf, I read an inscription, written in faded violet ink: —

To Montgomery Hazen Chaffers

"And build Jerusalem anew
In England's green and pleasant land"

With homage and affection from his
fellow-builder and brother-in-arms.

Weldwyn Flyte-Foller.

Oct. 7. '99.

Of course!

How had it been possible for me to forget "The Two Crusaders of English Literature," as Henley called them, "The Romulus and Remus of our New Rome," as Gosse had described them, or "The Spearhead of our English Advance-Guard," in the phrase that a cultured General had applied to them at a prize-giving? Great names in their own time, names with the promise of thunder, names that had rolled sweetly on the dry tongues of critics, Montgomery Hazen Chaffers and Weldwyn Flyte-Foller! Their bearers, I recalled, had been permitted to sit under the shadow of that domelike forehead in

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Lamb House, the lion's den. Of them, the Master had pronounced that they were "two young authors who, without any desire for their undue precipitation, combine a certain feeling for the texture of words and the texture, still more, of the thought that lies behind them, with a true gift, and a comprehension of the, as it were, underlying hesitancy and ambiguity of all things." Names once flung passionately to the four winds by the trumpets of the Muses, but now forgotten. And, under them, lurked the shadow of a third, unacclaimed, unrecognized, and but seldom spoken in his own time.

Flyte-Foller and Chaffers had, it is true, been long forgotten. But it was not possible to allege this much of Owen Footmouse. "Forgotten, yet not forgotten, because never remembered," I intoned to myself, as I put the book back in its place on the shelf between *Cricket Averages for 1908* and *Pilkington of Uganda*. I, too, had let the memory of him drift away; because I had not at the time been able to endure to think — without writing it — of the curious, fantastic history, malign enough in its way, of poor Owen. In those days the narrative would, I fear, have made for general discomfort in critical and literary circles; but now, with that whole world so distant, and myself banished from the city I love, I will try to set down this strange tale of vanished splendors.

2

THE three friends, Weldwyn Flyte-Foller, Montgomery Hazen Chaffers, and Owen Footmouse, left the University in the mid-nineties, in the hope — as many have hoped before and after them — of making a name for themselves in literature. At Oxford they had already constituted a trio to whom, it was supposed by fervent brother undergraduates, the future was securely in pledge; and so, since at that time I also had wanted to be a writer, I watched with attention the spectacular ascent of two of them and the dull decline of the third.

No men could have differed more greatly one from another in character and appearance than these three men. Flyte-Foller was the most positive, a boisterous, short, rubicund buccaneer, flamboyant and lively, fitted out, as it might have been, by Murger himself, for the Golden Age of the Café Royal, with a falling lock of hair, and a cloak and hat borrowed from a provincial performance of *Carmen*. His rich, jolly laugh, his expression, which conveyed contemptuous but full-blooded scorn, became the things most typical of him, and, in spite of his costume, he personified the reaction from the aesthetic nineties of Wilde and Beardsley toward the newer Boer War ideals of chivalry and manliness.

Montgomery Chaffers, on the other hand, in spite of his ailing and dyspeptic expression, in spite of the high, square shoulders and sharp features of a hunchback *manqué*, manifested a certain elegance

of mien. On his tall, long-waisted figure, clothes looked their best, and, even when their owner was still poor, they manifested a personal style, while, in addition, an eyeglass fluttered in front of him on a broad black ribbon. The very use of the Christian name Montgomery was at that time an aid to a career, had not sunk, as now, to seeming mere wreckage of the literary tides. Then choice and somewhat elfin, it contributed to the building of his throne as whimsey-king. The quaintness of his life, no less than of his name and writing, delighted the growing number of his admirers; as did his bell-like laugh, which struck, in the same way that Baedeker asterisks a cathedral, so many chimes to denote the importance of any joke he made. Nor can it be denied that, backed by a considerable amount of malice, he possessed wit — though not enough, unfortunately, to suffice for the work he called upon it to do.

Third and last — always last — came Owen Footmouse, giving an impression of fair-complexioned youthfulness and weak amiability. Unfortunately, his puny physique ever carried with it a hint of the ridiculous; in a manner in which no writer can afford to be ridiculous. Young and birdlike, he exhibited in his face all the symptoms of extreme good health, as well as of good nature. His eyes shone with eagerness. No originality, you would have said, in his whole composition. Yet undoubtedly it had been Owen's morbid taste that had designed Flyte-Foller, had counseled here a stock tie, there a ring, and the final pose of robust merriment, even as it had, too, produced and presented Chaffers, *in toto*, down to his furthest and most winsome conceits, and to the very semblance of morbidity he imparted.

When Owen Footmouse left Oxford and came to live in London, he spent each Sunday in going for long tramps with his two friends. They would walk as far as Richmond, Twickenham, or Kingston: or sometimes they would take a train to some village just under the downs, and, climbing to those tablelands, would there devote a Saxon day to beer, cheese, and — in Owen's case — to sore — oh, such sore — feet! For alas, though he would never give up, he did not, he could not, walk as heartily as they. He was inclined to fall out, to drag behind, to sit down by the way, nor did they feel it incumbent upon them to wait for him.

As so it was in life also. Soon they had left him, their unseen hack and producer, far behind in the suburbs, while they were already princes in Chelsea and Mayfair. With an easy and unpredictable rapidity, they achieved first literary and then — in addition, and without losing the first — popular success. Round them, high up in the heaven above, flowered the compliments of the elect, like rockets breaking into golden blossom: "a new note, sustained, lyrical and virile," "a renewal of ultimate values," "Macaulay for appraisal, and Keats

for sound," "unquestionable authenticity and integrity"; but on Footmouse, their creator, fell only the sticks. The ideal middleman of literature, his name was never mentioned, and, if it had been, would have aroused no interest, no storm of inquiry. Poor Owen, not for him was the leonine roar of Frank Harris, Colvin's praises, or Gosse's Sunday-afternoon cake; not on him was the gaze of all eyes directed as he entered the room — he could not even enter it, for he was not invited. Yet he seemed in no way to resent his own eclipse or the starry scrambling of the twain.

The reader of today, in his ignorance, may at this point inquire what particular qualities made the work of Flyte-Foller and Montgomery Chaffers seem immortal to their hour; why, in fact, did it make such a noise? Perhaps because they gave the critics that particular meal for which they were looking at that particular time. "Buns" — as it might be — the critics had been demanding hoarsely over a considerable period, and when these two young men, instructed by Footmouse, dexterously shied just the right buns into eager, gaping mouths, the recipients paused only to swallow them, and then roared and barked back their applause and anticipation of similar favors to come. This clamor, in its turn, imposed these two new authors upon the popes of the literary world, who, since their own position was due to an earlier outcry of the same order, could not afford to allow that critics might be undiscerning or mistaken.

Now what the critics had lately been seeking for their pabulum was a lack of self-consciousness together with an Elizabethan prolificacy and gusto, and an affectation of quaintness, not too underdone. Flyte-Foller supplied the first, with rollicking, if tragic, poetic dramas, sonorous but empty, for all their crowds of noblemen, jesters, cardinals, and English kings. He was "the revival, personified, of the great tradition of English Poetic Drama": play after play rolled out for hours its "thous" and "shouldsts" and "wouldsts" and "halidoms," until the blank verse, footsore from scene after scene, at last limped toward the infirm infinity of its third act.

("Petrarch, examining the toes of Laura,
'I knew not that the dead had toes like these,
So still and pink, like shells upon sea-shore.'")

Montgomery Chaffers, on the other hand, gave the critics their second course. "The Elia of the day," he danced his dainty trifles, his quaint and humorous conceits, lightsome and toothsome and winsome as thistledown, before the dazzled eyes of press and public. His novels were almost more in demand than his essays, and the special proprietary brand of near-Catholicism they exhibited flurried the evening hush of many a close.

Different as were the talents of the two men, the race their names ran in the columns of the news-

papers was neck and neck. Neither of them, it seemed, could pass the other. *Katherine Parr*, the student of form might have thought, would outpace *Mirabile Dictu*, *The Tigress of Aquitaine* prove faster than *Little Mr. Noel*; a *Historiette of Christmastide*, or *Dickon Cœur-de-Lion* have romped past *Mr. Tiddlums in The Tower*. But no; though foam flecked the riders, they remained nose by nose, eye by eye, in, as it appeared, immutable equality.

Hitherto the playwright had melted the more money; but fresh developments soon added a new bitterness to the inevitable jealousy now existing between them. Flyte-Foller stepped into the arena of the novel-reading public with *Heart-beats in Hoze and Doublet*; *A Romance of Tudor Days*; to which Montgomery Chaffers replied with *The Black Swan of Tuscany*; a poetic drama of old Florence. Beer-bohm Tree — as he then was — put on this play at His Majesty's, himself doubling the parts of the Cardinal-Grand-Duke and the blind Hunchback. Its lavish mounting, and the wonderful vistas it disclosed of Renaissance life in Italy (Dante, Michelangelo, Savonarola, Leonardo, Giotto, Beatrice, Boccaccio, Laura, Petrarch, Galileo, and a hundred others, in fine defiance of Time's arbitrary laws, all made their appearance on the stage together), no less than the assassination scene by moonlight on the Ponte Vecchio, helped to obtain for it a great vogue. Worse still, in order to produce it, Tree had been obliged to refuse Flyte-Foller's new drama, *She-Wolf of Navarre*.

On the other side of the ledger, Chaffers was displeased to find that the sale of *Heart-beats in Hoze and Doublet* had exceeded that of any two of his previous books together, though it was plain to him — and, he would have thought, to anyone — that Flyte-Foller was by nature no novelist. He lacked all *fantaisie* and *espièglerie*. (Chaffers could never bear to pronounce an English word where several French ones would serve the same purpose.) "The fellow can't write plays," Flyte-Foller confided to Owen. "He is not forthright; he has no robustness."

Nevertheless, both authors were triumphantly successful. Though the press wrote of *The Black Swan of Tuscany*, "The quaintness, the *diablerie*, is of a higher order than that with which his fellow-craftsman, Flyte-Foller, has made us acquainted," and of *Heart-beats in Hoze and Doublet*, "Here is a trenchant reality lacking in the work of his brother-novelist, Montgomery Chaffers," yet what more could be said of each than to compare him, favorably or unfavorably, with the other? Would the race *never* be run?

3

ILL-FEELING increased. Those long, lovely Sunday rounds of beer and cheese, and wind-on-the-heath-brother, became things of a remote and kindly past. Chaffers and Flyte-Foller met now never of their

own choice. And seldom by accident, for the literary hostesses of that day were careful not to invite the rivals at the same time to the same house.

Poor Owen, gone were his outings! No longer could he preen himself within the nimbus of the dual glory. Each great man had forbidden in his presence the very mention of the other's name. Notwithstanding, he continued faithful to them both in his own fashion.

Matrimony further envenomed their new hatred: since, as it chanced, they were married on the same day; with the consequence that each obtained only half of the half column in the press which, under other circumstances, would have been consecrated to him alone. Besides, they separately, but in identical terms, complained to Owen, it cheapened the whole institution. (Owen, in order to maintain a balance, felt himself obliged to attend the marriage of one, and the bridal reception of the other.) Their wives, too, took on, with the weddings, their share of the growing feud. Fortunately they differed considerably in their appearance: Phoebe Flyte-Foller was tall, dark, and mournful, with long earrings a-dangle from sad ears, while Violet Chaffers was short, golden-haired, a gay *vivandière*, with the foam of Roedean still clinging to her hockey stick; yet the very first time they saw each other — at a large evening party — they were dressed alike!

One thing alone the two women shared in reality, a common distrust of Owen.

"Darling," each would ask unsuspectingly of her husband, "why must you *always* ask that dowdy, dreary little man to tea? You *know* the Hubbard-Hockings don't like him. They told me so. They met him somewhere the other day — at some author's they said, but they couldn't remember where. And I'm sure it's a mistake to let *someone* like that call you by your Christian name. It's hardly fair on *me*. You must remember your position now. You are *far* too kind. It doesn't pay."

Flyte-Foller and Chaffers would separately, and within limits, defend him.

"He's useful to me, darling. Besides, there's a good deal there, if you get to know him. The pity is, he has no originality, no pith, no fire!"

For *him* a pity perhaps, but it was *their* great good fortune. In sleeping hours he may have dreamed of making a name for himself, but his waking hours were spent in making *their* names. He evinced a decided talent for the sort of work he accomplished for them: planning whole books, inventing names of places and characters, finding the answers to questions of history, grammar, and versification, and assigning interviews and sending out little personal paragraphs to papers before the issue of a new book. Further, he made the general business arrangements with editors and publishers. In addition, it was expected of him to type the whole of each manuscript, while, if he made a mistake, his

masters did not scruple to tell him of it. Flyte-Foller roared at him, Chaffers minced, winced, and riddled him with poisoned shafts.

His tasks left him with little leisure. Yet, as the years went by, he seemed quite happy. Notwithstanding his lack of success, his innocent days, so quickly, because so industriously, passed, were pleasant to him. He liked the British Museum Reading Room, which devoured his life; he enjoyed making notes and outlining ingenious schemes for the advancement of his two friends. Perhaps his very abandonment of all hope of fame for himself meant that life was less of a strain for him, for by this time he was aware that he possessed no power of creation — or, at most, only became creative when he was helping others. But, though he appeared to ask so little of life and to receive still less — a word of commendation, a glance of assumed gratitude, enough money for food, fire, and clothing — he was content. Worries scarcely existed for him, and he was happy, too, with lesser friends.

Gradually he had developed a lower circle of acquaintance, shy businessmen of no great standing, journalists, writers and actors of little consequence but with plenty of time on their hands; and these were seasoned by a few old friends from Oxford. Held in the greatest esteem, "Mousey," "Old Mousey," was to them bathed in the glory of his two supreme friendships; they realized that his familiarity with themselves was of a different and less exalted order. In their company he spent the moments of leisure spared him from his constructive work. And these moments were comparatively few.

Nor, of course, did he possess the stamina required to accomplish the work of three people; why, even laboring thus for two in the course of years overtaxed his strength. He began to look worn, now that his hair was thinner. The rimless spectacles he had lately adopted dimmed his air of youthful enthusiasm without in any way removing that unfortunate quality, attaching to it in the first place, of being a little ridiculous. His cheeks were perpetually flushed; phthisical, poor fellow, I supposed. How very good-natured of him thus to wear himself out for others — I comprehended a little what his work must be — and yet to bear the world no rancor for the little money, the less credit, that he earned. And then, suddenly, he would laugh, and that odd, long, wheezing, hacking cackinnation would make me regard him again more closely, and wonder whether after all, just as his appearance of good health was deceptive, so under this benignly absurd exterior, signs of other feelings did not exist, a puckering and growing sharpness round the eyes, a hardening of the lines round the mouth; whether, indeed, ludicrous as it would appear to one who had not noticed the developing of character in his face over a period of years, there might not be, beneath the overlay of kindness, a suspicion of the warning livery of the wasp?

No doubt it was only my fancy, for he remained unshakably loyal to his two famous friends. They constituted his whole motive for existence. Just think for a moment of how much he did for them! That anonymous *Homage to Chaffers*, which at the time created such a sensation, received rapturous praise, surmised to have been composed by some famous writer of the elder generation (Meredith, George Meredith himself, men whispered), or that review of Flyte-Foller's first play, which placed him as a great dramatist; both were Owen Footmouse's. So were the quotations continually reproduced in publishers' circulars and advertisements, such as "Every two hundred and fifty years a poet of a broad humanity that transcends mere genius and seems the very stuff of life arises in this little island. . . . Beowulf, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Flyte-Foller, so the tradition marches from age to age." That, even that, was the work of this humble, unrewarded ghost.

Yet it was impossible to dismiss him with a phrase of this kind. After all, he *was* a creator, and must have been conscious of the fact. Was it, then, his pride in these two creations of his, the living masterpieces of his rare trade, that enabled him still to respect them, to be fond of them?

4

ROLLED by the years, bringing to the two rivals a continual augmentation of their fame, increased riches and position. Both, though still young for such a dignity, were knighted in the same breath-taking list of honors; both received on the same day — we are now nearing the luxurious Edwardian sunset — the accolade. But their mutual hatred had deepened in spite of their joint advancement. If the new Sir Montgomery Chaffers heard fall the mere syllables "Sir Weldwyn Flyte-Foller," he winced in public; while if the ears of the new Sir Weldwyn received the musical lilt of "Sir Montgomery Chaffers," he bellowed forth his anathemas.

Still with every month their mutual detestation grew. Nor, perhaps, was the position in this respect much improved by "Max," who exhibited two caricatures of them: one which represented them as two doves cooing together upon a single branch, the other — and more striking — as two marionettes attired in court dress, the strings worked by the hands of the same invisible showman. The crowd at the private view looked at this last, and wondered; what could "Max" mean? The protagonists were obliged to pretend to admire the drawings and enjoy their humor, even to make some halfhearted inquiries concerning their price. What else could they do? Moreover the humbly submissive Footmouse would have permitted them no other course (he still worked for both of them, their only link).

Certainly Sir Weldwyn and Sir Montgomery lent themselves, as great men should, to the art of car-

icature, struck their own notes, respectively flamboyant and elegant. Flyte-Foller, with the years more rubicund, more convex in the curves of face and figure, his hair still rolling in fat curls toward his collar, combined the air of bandit with that of overgrown Bohemian schoolboy, and continued to wear his cloak and hat. (His court suit at Buckingham Palace had been, of course, all that it should have been: Footmouse had seen to that, had even attended the fittings at the tailor's shop.) Sir Montgomery, too, had been wise enough, or well-enough advised, to emphasize his type, that of the meager, wizened, high-shouldered Rowlandson exquisite. His clothes were of the best cloth and cut, and the ribbon of his eyeglass was ironed every morning.

Though the days of both were full, each took endless pains to avoid catching even a glimpse of the other. If, for example, either of them were going to visit a gallery on the opening day of an exhibition, his wife would first telephone to the directors to find out whether his rival was already there, or shortly to be expected. For Lady Flyte-Foller and Lady Chaffers, like their husbands, still rode neck and neck, but, if it were possible, with more acerbity in heart and on tongue. They continually goaded their husbands to fresh action, persuading them to abuse and cut the enemy, and, worse still, to despise and humiliate Owen Footmouse, their friend.

Between Sir Montgomery and Sir Weldwyn an occasional collision was indeed inevitable. For example, both of them were asked to speak at a gathering at the Mansion House on behalf of a fund that was to be raised for the survivors of the Messina earthquake; neither, when he thought of charity no less than of his sales, could find it in his heart to refuse. Thus they met on the same platform. Fortunately, not even fate could contrive for them to speak together, but it did arrange for an alderman to deliver an impromptu eulogy of the two authors, ending "their nimes will go down to litterraristtory, linked together and h'undissolved like Castro and Pollock, or Divid and Jonathan."

Sir Weldwyn Flyte-Foller rose to speak first, making no mention of his fellow crusader of other days, except at the beginning of his oration to pronounce, "The coupling of my name with that of Sir Montgomery Chaffers is an honor to which I do not aspire. My ambition is not so vaulting. I keep to my own paths, and must rely on my own individual efforts." (At this point, I heard a nervous, tickling cough just behind me, and there I saw Footmouse, anonymous in the vast audience.)

When Sir Weldwyn had at last finished, Sir Montgomery stood up and made a graceful little speech, its whimsies just touched with vitriol. He ended, "And now, in conclusion, I must say a word about my Heavenly Twin, Sir Weldwyn (may his shadow never grow less!). It is, to me at any rate, a peculiar pleasure to see him here, and so realize that he still survives to cheer with his stirring dramas the hum-

ble of heart. Let me put it another way: do not allow yourselves, I pray you, to dismiss as negligible even an audience composed of handmaidens. Like the rest of us, each melancholy drudge among the dust and dirt boasts a soul, and to that poor, struggling soul — so often overcome by the worries of Everyday — Sir Weldwyn Flyte-Foller gives invaluable release.”

Meanwhile, with flushed faces and angry manner, Sir Weldwyn and Lady Flyte-Foller were sweeping their way from the platform. A few days later occurred an altogether more serious event.

5

THOUGH everyone in any world connected with literature knew of the feud between the two famous authors, Mrs. Kinfoot, at that time new to the ropes and ladders of her precarious profession as celebrity-hostess, uncertain as yet in her feats of equipoise, one night brought them face to face in her drawing room. It had been a very hot and tiring July day, and to many of those assembled, it seemed as if the two great men almost welcomed this opportunity of rivaling the thunder. They made it plain from the start that this was a meeting between Monarchs of the Jungle, an encounter memorable as it would be vehement. Flyte-Foller roared, Chaffers spat fire. The malignity and impetus of their mutual attack surprised me, prepared though I had been for a clash. Thus at last, in public, the two inseparable friends of fifteen years before came to the verge of blows, while their wives alternately egged them on and then, feeling that they had gone too far, tried to curb them.

From the two men at least, I would have expected more restraint. After all, they were no mere tyros. But they would not desist, were injudicious in the extreme. While we spectators stood fascinated, holding the ring, Chaffers, whom rage seemed to have shrunk and made pale, just as the same emotion had swollen and incarnadined the countenance of his rival, began to taunt Flyte-Foller with various details of his origin; details which could only have become known to him through their former terms of confidence. Worse, he dared to make open reference to the part played by “that little rat, Footmouse” in Sir Weldwyn’s successful career — completely omitting, of course, to mention those benefits which himself owed to the same passionate and disinterested labor. In reply Sir Weldwyn, instead of seeking to defend poor Owen, contented himself with shouting back. “The little sneak works for you, not for me. Everything you’ve written, he has deviled for you. I wouldn’t accept help from him, if he went down on his hands and knees to me!” Undignified and abusive, they were now separated; but not before I had seen near me a face which made my heart stand still.

Owen was perpetually overworked, he always felt

tired and often ill, his clothes were shabby and his friends for the most part poor. But, as it happened, Kinfoot, an amiable if dull fellow, and old acquaintance of his from Oxford days, was a member of “Mousey’s” circle. Therefore, though he so rarely went out into the world, yet by one of those inconsistencies that go to make up the characters of all of us, Owen had been looking forward to this party for the whole summer past. Nor had he been aware that either of his masters was to be present, for Kinfoot never talked of them and probably did not know his wife had asked them.

Alas! their slave stood opposite me at the very ringside when the encounter took place, though neither of the principals, nor their wives, caught in this blind whirlwind of their hatred, noticed him lurking there so unobtrusively. But I had unwillingly to watch him being tortured, myself unable to help, for pity had momentarily paralyzed my limbs and vocal cords. I tried to follow him out of the room, but it was too late.

When next we met, time had gone by, and I was careful to awake no memory of a so painful occasion.

So far as I could make out afterwards, he had gone to see Flyte-Foller a day or two later, taking with him the various historical details he had been commanded to collect for a new play. In the course of this visit, he had ventured to touch on the subject of the now celebrated quarrel. Yes, he had been present, he admitted, and had been shocked, deeply shocked, at the behavior of Chaffers. It had been a dreadful spectacle. He had not before fully realized how much the man had degenerated. The fashion in which he had talked, no less than the way in which he had revealed things made known to him under the seal of friendship, was low, ill-bred, unworthy even of a tenth-rate author; to which rank, evidently — or he could not have spoken in that manner — he had sunk. Sir Weldwyn, he urged, could scarcely allow such an incident to pass, must strike at once and forever.

The plan Owen unfolded was simple. He knew, he said, that he did not possess the originality of mind which had brought his master so many immortal triumphs: he had nevertheless conceived a remarkable plot for a book; an idea so individual and distinctive that he had intended to keep it, so as to try to make with it a name for himself. (Sir Weldwyn said nothing, but secretly was astonished at the man’s audacity and impudence: “try to make a name for myself,” indeed!) He was diffident, however, after all, of his powers (not unnaturally, Sir Weldwyn reflected: that was better!). But a great writer, a Flyte-Foller, could take up the theme and work it into a masterpiece. It took the form of a modern, satirical novel — unlike, it was true, anything he had so far written, but brilliant and just in the taste of the moment. Readers — wretched, unthinking, perfidious creatures that they were — had begun to weary of grand historical

dramas (did Sir Weldwyn remember — though it was a shame to pay even momentary attention to such stuff — that peculiarly horrid review of *Man of Agincourt* in the *Daily Spectacle* of April last? Such a nasty tone to it!), to tire of psychological interest, too. They demanded Something New.

"It's not asking so much," Owen pleaded, "to implore you to use your powers. If only you will work at the plot I give you, if only you will drop your new historical drama, and instead concentrate on this book, you'll place your powers once and for all above comparison with those of Chaffers. Henceforth, there can be no question, no dispute. The answer will be writ in stone." Here he laughed, a defiant condemnatory cackle, loud and long.

Flyte-Foller allowed himself to be persuaded, and threw himself into the scheme with a kind of frenzy. Emotional, vigorous in a flabby, hysterical kind of way, capable of great bouts of work, he spared himself so little, labored so unremittingly, that Owen — now promoted, allowed to make such friendly remonstrances and generally to be much more familiar than in the past few years — chid him for neglecting his health. They must take a day off once a week, and go into the country for an outing of a Sunday, as they used to do, he urged.

"Your life is too precious, old man" (yes, even thus far he dared in these days to go!); "much too precious to risk through continual, silly overwork. After all, you're a national asset."

"I can't help it, Owen. It's m' nature. Perhaps it is that which made me. M' work: always m' work must come first."

"But you must think of others: we all, the whole nation, need many more books from your pen. And country walks are what, with your artist's temperament, you require. Dr. Fresh Air will soon put you to rights."

As a matter of fact, it was obvious that however greatly fresh air might help Sir Weldwyn, overexposure to it would soon kill Footmouse. He began to look dreadfully ill. But the great man neglected this aspect of the matter. It afforded the poor creature gratification to go out with him, he thought, and he had begun to entertain a new and very kindly feeling for his slave. Even Lady Flyte-Foller, when informed of his attitude, so manly and so plainly right, had warmed to him, giving him every now and then a wry and rueful smile, or letting her earrings swing free over him, while she towered above like a pagoda, and shook hands. She had begun to "see something in him," she confessed to her husband. Of course, you could not, alas!, expect *everyone* to like him. But herself quite appreciated his "point." She loved that funny laugh; so good-natured!

6

THE winter came. With a really remarkable perseverance, even — sometimes, it seemed especially — when the weather was bad.

perseverance, Owen insisted on continuing these excursions, even — sometimes, it seemed especially — when the weather was bad.

Odd, haunted expeditions they must have been, too, past blocks of flats that had been light-leaved groves by the river fifteen years before, through lines of bungalows where formerly had been open downs. How very much Richmond and Kingston had altered, how changed were Uckfield and Cuckfield and Birling Gap from those rural retreats of old days! And at times, too, it may have seemed to Sir Weldwyn as though a third figure were accompanying them during these walks that, with a sense of repetition, yet presented a nightmarish modification of former well-known scenes; a high-shouldered, long-legged, elegant figure, a good companion full of gay whimsies and quaint conceits. Particularly may this ghost have appeared to him when he was a little feverish — for, on several occasions, the friends came back drenched and running with rain, their teeth chattering, from expeditions that had lasted a whole day.

"My dear Lady Flyte-Foller," Owen would apologize, "I'm afraid it was my fault: but how *can* one tell? I've never known such an extraordinary winter. But it won't have harmed Weldwyn, I'm sure. Fresh air never hurts a man of genius, so finely organized and sensitive as he is, an artist to his fingers' tips. It takes him away from his study for a few hours, and that's the main thing. As for me, I don't matter!" And so Owen would be forgiven.

"You ought to take more care of yourself, all the same," Lady Flyte-Foller would reply. "*Sympathy Means Such a Lot in Life*," she would add vaguely; "but now you must hurry home, I know, and change and have a cup of nice hot tea." She was expecting some distinguished friends.

After such outings, however, the robust Sir Weldwyn often fell ill of colds and influenzas, whereas the delicate Footmouse suffered not at all. On several occasions the great man was laid up for a week or two. And his slave was so contrite: "kindness itself," Lady Flyte-Foller used to lisp. Nothing, she thought, could be more touching than the devotion he showed: nothing. Not only did he take turns with her, when necessary, in nursing the invalid, but, because "the Boke" (as they both call it), must not fall behindhand, he insisted on finishing, and beginning, new chapters of it himself.

"On no account must it be late," he stressed to Sir Weldwyn, "because the publishers have stipulated for a particular day of publication. They want to get the Christmas sales. You've never let them down yet, and it won't do to disappoint them now. The new terms are gratifying in the extreme.

"Besides," he used to add, "it needn't worry you that, when you're ill, a literary dwarf like I am is permitted to add a little here, a little there. *Your* genius is so powerful that, whether I want to or not,

I soon find myself writing in something that resembles, however inadequately, your style. Later on when you're stronger, by all means put in your own inimitable touches. Only let the wings of your genius brush the page, however lightly, and it will become unmistakably yours."

There would be no harm in it, Sir Weldwyn thought to himself. Somehow, he felt too ill and exhausted to pen even half a page today. Yes. He would revise it later. Let the little fellow just prepare the groundwork. (Nearly off again — and he had been sleeping very badly for the last few nights.) Many great painters were said to have employed lesser men to help them with the preliminaries of their most celebrated canvases — fill in the background, don't you know. No doubt, his having allowed the little chap to see so much of him lately had imbued the little fellow with something of the true spirit. And, as a matter of fact, when, after these various short periods of illness, Sir Weldwyn came to see what had been written, he thought it quite good, containing an unexpected fire.

7

As soon as Sir Weldwyn was better, Owen would once more persuade him to go for another of these tramps. "They're just what a convalescent of your vigorous constitution needs," he would coax, "to throw off the aftereffects of being so long shut up in the house. Your whole being demands fresh air. It's what you stand for."

The great man would let himself be convinced and would decide to go. "Well, after all," Lady Flyte-Foller would say to herself, "the winter is nearly over, and this time Weldwyn is sure to be more careful. He's learned his lesson. Besides, that little man has proved himself a real brick, and it gives *him* such pleasure!"

Of course, another illness would be the result. Owen would again nurse him, again touch in the groundwork of "the Boke." Yet, Sir Weldwyn, notwithstanding the help he received, feared that its appearance might be delayed: for that winter and spring he was such an invalid. Luckily, he reflected, as, wrapped in a dressing-gown, he read the *Times* during his convalescence after one of these recurrent attacks, Chaffers seemed to be no better off. Always ill now — and announcing the fact himself in the paper, as if it could interest anyone! No doubt put in by that silly wife of his, with her hockey-ground-glass smile, and her long-jump handshake! He'd seen her the other day — but best forget about *that*, put it right out of his mind, or it might affect his nerves and thus hinder his recovery. Judging from the *Times*, Chaffers seemed always to fall ill just as he, Sir Weldwyn, was getting better.

What a dear, affectionate old fellow Owen was, he meditated. And he began to reproach himself for not having seen so much of him in the immediate

past — but Chaffers was to blame again! It was entirely his fault. Never mind: *that* account would be settled soon! Due to appear late in November. And, in spite of what Owen had — he searched for the word — well, not written, but "done," the book seemed to pull together and stand on its own feet. Although so new, so different from his other novels, a reader opening it anywhere at random would know at once, he thought, who had written it. And it was surprising, when you came to think of it, how little he had been obliged to alter.

Dear old fellow, he must often try and help him like this in the future. Such a lot *in him*, when you got to know him; dependable, in his own way, a bit on the sensitive side, perhaps. For instance, think how he was always going down to a remote part of the country, disappearing for days at a time, in order to look after a wealthy relative; an aunt; another invalid. (He showed, obviously, a natural talent for nursing the sick, and must enjoy it, Sir Weldwyn thought to himself.) A week or two ago, apparently he had thought she was sinking, but she had rallied. Yet Sir Weldwyn, when I went to see him one day, told me that in all the years that he had known the dear old chap, never had Owen so much as mentioned her until now — or that she possessed money.

"He has prospects from her, it appears, and we can't help feeling a *little hurt*," Lady Flyte-Foller interrupted, "at having been kept in the dark like that all this time. It would have made him such a much more *interesting* little person all along, if we had only known! And it would have helped our friends, too, to understand him."

"All the same," Sir Weldwyn said, "he's 'come on' a lot lately, and if only his aunt will die and leave him her fortune, it should bring him out still further. Success in his schemes is what he needs."

From these short absences in the country which Sir Weldwyn had mentioned to me, Owen used to return with a jaunty step, but with in his eye a curious, febrile glitter. Indeed, when next I saw him, the visible difference in his appearance worried me. A spot of color flamed high on each cheek, his lips were cracked and riven, and he could not sit still for a moment. His laugh was apt to end in a cough that racked his entire frame. So impressed was I with the change in him, that when next I saw Flyte-Foller, I particularly asked whether he had noticed any alteration in Owen. But the great man replied that he thought him unusually well. Admittedly he seemed more cheerful than in former days, and when, a few minutes after we had been talking of him, he happened to come in, his manner was certainly quite sprightly.

"How is your dear aunt today?" Sir Weldwyn inquired.

"Coming along nicely, thank you," he replied, almost frivolously; "once she goes, my friends will get the surprise of their lives."

Sir Weldwyn looked rather shocked at this way of speaking of a near relative in so dangerous a condition; yet, all the same, I suppose he felt how much nicer it was to have a cheerful little man about the place, rather than the melancholy wreck who used to call on him in such a furtive manner at regular intervals, but contributed then nothing to the spirits of the house! And this change, the great author concluded, must be due — for the rate of his remuneration had not advanced — to his being allowed to give more help.

8

IN mid-July, when the weather was singularly clement for an English summer, Sir Weldwyn fell sick again, following one of their Sunday walks. Seriously ill, this time. And for several nights Owen took it in turns with Phoebe — he called her Phoebe now — to nurse him. No woman could have shown, she acknowledged, more solicitude, more tenderness than he did. For, as well as ministering to the sick man of letters by day, he worked at "the Boke," hour after hour, until long after darkness had cofined the city.

The crisis passed, and when it was over, Sir Weldwyn began to mend rapidly. It was a comfort to him to realize that his book was nearly finished, and he looked forward eagerly to its publication. (By the by, he noticed that Chaffers was ill again. "It is to be hoped that Sir Montgomery, who, though still young, has charmed a whole generation with the wit and sensibility, no less of his talk than of his writings, will soon be about once more, to the abiding benefit of countless friends and admirers. One of them told me how all through his long illness, Sir Montgomery's dachshund, *Weldwyn* — named after his lifelong friend, Sir Weldwyn Flyte-Foller — remained with him, refusing to leave the room, except if his master wanted anything, when he would go to the top of the staircase and bark for it." What dreadful, what injurious nonsense these journalists talked! As for Chaffers, the chap had no resistance. One of these days, he'd snuff out, just like that! — and Sir Weldwyn illustrated this end to himself by a spirited snap of the fingers.)

In September the preliminary anonymous puffs began to appear. "Sir Weldwyn's new book will, undoubtedly, prove the sensation of the autumn publishing season." "Tens of thousands of readers await this work." "It is said that the Prime Minister and all the members of the Cabinet have subscribed for it." "A leading bookseller, when I inquired of him whether he anticipated much of a demand for Sir Weldwyn's new book, replied 'not a demand, a furore.'" "The chief bookshops in the West End have been obliged to engage a special clerical staff to deal with the orders before subscription for the new Flyte-Foller." Sir Weldwyn contemplated these and similar paragraphs with pleas-

ure. Continuing to read on, however, he was dismayed to discover that Chaffers was bringing out a book at about the same time! The precise date, though, was not yet specified.

Really, it was too bad of Chaffers, behaving like that, *on purpose*, only in order to try to catch the Flyte-Foller public. And all the old stuff raked out again about the Two Crusaders, with that injudicious remark of Gosse's, too. Of course Chaffers had written it up himself. (You wouldn't have imagined he could have found the time, considering how ill he continually appeared to be!) As the books drew nearer to publication, the gossip became hotter. There was the whole rigmarole rolled out once more; comparisons between the writings and careers of the David-and-Jonathan-like authors, accounts of how they had been knighted on the same morning. And in the gossip columns he even found paragraphs describing the touching friendship that existed between their wives; though the person responsible for this mischievous rubbish had evidently confounded the two ladies, for Phoebe was described as "fair and *petite*, a fearless horsewoman, and what men call a sport, able to hold her own in many fields." Disgusting! The press oughtn't to be allowed to descend to such depths. He telephoned at once for Owen, who had just returned from his aunt's.

Equally, the sight of these paragraphs seemed to have enraged Sir Montgomery, for, a few days later, towards the end of the month, walking down Bond Street, I heard a voice calling after me, "Travers, Tracey Travers!", pronounced with considerable urgency. I turned round, and there was the usually languid, elegant apparition of Chaffers hurrying toward me, though as a rule he ignored my presence and, I had concluded, had forgotten me and my name. "You must let me send you my new book, must . . ." he said. "And, by the way, I see that what's-his-name Flyte-Foller (do you remember, he was up at Oxford with us?) is publishing something too. I had begun to wonder what had happened to him. Never hear anything of him. But the truth is Lady Chaffers won't have him in the house. I don't know why, because she's not at all particular."

"Yes, I noticed the announcement in the press," I replied, and was turning away, when he called "Travers!" again, and, as if to soften what must have appeared to be the acerbity of his mood, proceeded, "I meant to say, I've seen quite a lot of Footmouse lately. D'you remember him? Dear little fellow! He was staying with us at Martinmas, but then had to go away suddenly to see his aunt. An interesting old woman, I believe; quite a singular story. But she seems always to be ill now, and he has to run down to see her."

The next day I went to inquire at Sir Weldwyn's. He heard my voice and called me in. He had just culled from a literary paper the news that Chaffers' book was to be issued the same day as his own!

His hands shook, his voice trembled as he told me.

"And it's done on purpose. The creature's main object, of course, is to clamp himself on to my name and steal my public for his worthless book! But I won't allow it! I'll stop it! And where is Footmouse? He should be here. Nobody knows the meaning of the word *duty* today."

I did not mention that I had met Sir Montgomery the morning before, and had been astonished by his affability, or that he had spoken of Owen Footmouse. Instead I tried to talk of other things.

Sir Weldwyn, I think, tried to comfort himself, after I had gone, with some such reflections as the following. His own and Chaffers' books had never been in the same class, never — every discriminating critic had seen that. And this was far and away his best book, probably the biggest thing he would ever achieve. *Himself felt it in his very bones.* And Owen, too, who had followed every word he had ever penned, shared the same feeling. Think of the originality and also the high spirits of it, the sheer humor; which quality, he knew, had sometimes been lacking in his dramas. And the British public loved humor.

But even these arguments did not bring him a quiet mind, so he rang the bell, sent for his motor-car, and went round at once to see Featherspoon, the chief partner in his publishers, Featherspoon and Fowler. The hail-fellow-well-met Featherspoon, accustomed to dealing with authors, had just returned, at quarter to four, from a good lunch, and proved to be in careless and cordial mood. Of a strong will, notwithstanding his present condition and his normal appearance of geniality, he maintained that he could not, as Sir Weldwyn would have liked, postpone the date of publication. Too late, now. Otherwise he was reassuring: for he was used to having to soothe authors as if they were babies and knew the tricks.

"After all, nob'dy could compare you to that horrid scribbler Chaffers. (There, there!) It's jush your temperament. An artist to your fingertips, dear fellow. The more book is talked 'bout, the better. A li'll talk, a flutter in the drawing-rooms, does more goo' to new book than any amount of advertishing in papers. Publisher can't sell book unless book sells 'tself. (There, there! You artists upset yourselves too easily!) Have a cigar? (There, there!) All rubbish say advertishments sell book. Talk sells books. (Talk is cheap, too.)" Here Mr. Featherspoon paused to laugh loud and long. "Well, ring up, just give me a call. The besh thing you've done sho far, by far the besh! You wait see what the papers say later."

Soothed and fortified, Sir Weldwyn left the office.

9

As the day had begun to draw near, Owen had insisted that, with his great book looming, Sir Weld-

wyn *must* keep himself before the public by means of "splash" articles in the daily press, and more especially by lectures; all of which Owen had arranged, as well as writing the notes for the whole of them, and their perorations, word for word. "You can't be expected to waste *your* time on such things," he would explain. "There's other work that only *You* can do! So leave this to me."

When Sir Weldwyn saw the notes, he was pleased. The climaxes seemed beautifully written. Why couldn't the little chap write like that for himself, he thought? He had to be inspired, no doubt, by someone greater than he.

The subjects of the lectures, though usually of literary interest, were very varied in their scope. The last, for example, due to be delivered the evening before the publication of his book, consisted of a powerful diatribe against plagiarism and the enormity of those who descend to this despicable practice. Historical instances of it were enumerated and condemned. "Good stuff, good stuff, well played, sir!" Sir Weldwyn said, as he read it over aloud.

Really, the little chap had done his work remarkably well. Sir Weldwyn felt he would like to give him a word of commendation. But where was he? Somehow, since his book had been finished, their Sunday walks seemed to have lapsed, and Phoebe had scarcely seen him for a week. And neither of them had heard anything lately of the progress of his aunt's illness. Perhaps he was with her now. He would feel it, undoubtedly he would feel it, in spite of the way in which he spoke, when it came!

Sir Weldwyn had come rather to enjoy lecturing. For one thing, he invariably met with such a gratifying reception. Yet he was not spared vexations. Sir Montgomery had become equally active on the platform. With what could only be regarded as an enraging iteration of coincidence Chaffers delivered his last lecture, an attack on plagiarism, only three nights before their respective books were promised, and precisely two nights *before* Sir Weldwyn was to speak on the same subject! And he, Sir Weldwyn, had planned it to be the most effective, the most popular of the whole series. Really, it was too bad; shocking; disgraceful; abominable (he raked through his mind for the right epithet). Of course, the treatment was different, he admitted that, and presented in Chaffers' own manner, but with a poisonous skill (*that was the very word for it, Sir Weldwyn confirmed to himself, poisonous*). People would begin to talk, if this sort of thing continued. And he, Flyte-Foller — and here he banged himself on the chest — would feel a fool. He sent a footman round for Owen, and stormed at him. Owen must see to it. Owen must interview the agent of the enemy and stop it.

Fortunately the little man seemed to know exactly how to quieten him.

"Don't worry," he advised. "Only wait, a mat-

ter of hours. Then your book will appear, your masterpiece! And that will end it!"

That same night pneumonia struck at poor Footmouse. It was as if his loyalty and unselfishness had worn him down; his constitution had always been frail, and now the labors of his last few months, the long tramps he had taken with Sir Weldwyn, in order that a great author's health might be preserved, had thrown an intolerable strain upon it. Sir Weldwyn was genuinely distressed when, next day, the news reached him. He ordered that everything that could be done must be done in order to pull him around. No expense was to be spared. Actually, even through his delirium, he could — no doubt, he would — remember that his friend's *great* book — their "Boke" — was finished, and tomorrow would appear. But now Sir Weldwyn must be off, to deliver his lecture (awkward, very awkward!).

As yet Owen was by no means delirious. By chance hearing of his illness, I hurried round to call the same evening. Rather to my surprise, a nurse came down and said Mr. Footmouse would see me. The alteration already visible in him was alarming. In manner, however, he was restless, gay, ebullient. I had never seen him in such a mood before. You would have said that real excitement, as well as fever, was bearing him up. Two nurses stayed with him, day and night, in his sad little flat, with its flowered wallpaper and litter of dusty books and pipes, and its attic windows looking out high above a London thoroughfare. At least he was comfortable — or as comfortable as he could be made, for he had refused to go to the fashionable nursing home to which the Flyte-Follers had commanded him to be taken. The nurse told me, as I left, that she had been astonished by the patient's unexpectedly magnificent fight.

The following morning, however (so I learned afterwards), the tragedy had deepened. The condition of the sick man had begun to deteriorate, little by little, with every hour. The silence of that pathetic sickroom was broken only by the lion-mouthed roaring of the traffic below and by the difficult breathing of the wasted figure, tossing on the bed, an example to many — "worn out," as Sir Weldwyn and Sir Montgomery had each of them in turn, but unknown to the other, confided to the nurse the evening before, "by loyal service to his friends." (In a dramatic undertone, Sir Weldwyn, unemotional, except in moments such as these, had added, "They also serve who only stand and wait," and had gone on to explain that he would not be able to visit him the next day, because his new book was being published and his time would be fully occupied in interviewing journalists. He knew the dying man would wish it so.)

All night long the battle for life had continued.

At dawn, he appeared to be delirious, continually searching for something; trying in reality perhaps, the nurses thought, to remember something from his ordinary daily existence. And then in the late afternoon, he rallied of a sudden — but rallied too swiftly, too entirely, the watchers by his side comprehended, for the improvement to be permanent. His head seemed clear again. He sat up. "Bring me," he ordered in a voice unexpectedly strong and within it an unwonted touch of imperiousness, "bring me *at once* copies of Sir Weldwyn Flyte-Foller's and Sir Montgomery Chaffers' new books, published today: *Follow M' Leader* and *Like Master, Like Man*."

Very touching, this devotion to his friends even in his extremity, the nurses reflected. "Faithful to the last!" How true, how true! To see the books, if he wanted, could do him no harm now. He was already beyond mortal help.

When the messenger brought them, the dying man clutched the volumes and opened them. "They are out, they are out!" he cried in a loud, victorious voice. Then he coughed once — or was it a ghostly cackle of laughter? — and fell back upon the pillows. He never spoke again. In a few minutes, he was dead. But the nurses wondered whether, as he lay dying, he had heard the first shouts of the newsboys in the streets below, and hoped that these cries had not disturbed his end. "Accusations of Plagiarism against Famous Authors!" "Furious Authors Threaten Legal Action!" "Publishers Withdraw Books. Sensation!" "Different Authors Publish Same Book Same Day!" There, they sounded again! But the dying man had lain like a child, with a gentle smile on his face, peaceful and at ease.

In the courts, case after case of alleged libel and plagiarism, of injunction and counter-injunction, unfolded itself before the fascinated gaze of a world-wide public. Gladly the papers reveled in the parts of the story that came out. And after the proceedings were finished and it was safe to comment, gangs of special correspondents took highly moral views of the behavior of the two authors, both equally guilty; and self-damned, doubly, by the lectures they had delivered on plagiarism, so shortly before the exposure of their own sins in this very respect! The fact of their former intimate friendship was commented on, by judges and editors alike, as an aggravation of their offense. One or two newspapers even demanded a withdrawal of the knighthoods previously conferred upon the two men, and letter-writers in the correspondence columns of the press suggested that the culprits ought to be struck back publicly into plain misters, and have their fountain pens ceremonially broken over their noses. Yet in none of the accounts I read did the name Owen Footmouse occur.



Essayist, novelist, and commentator, who three times has been the recipient of the George Foster Peabody Award for outstanding reporting, ELMER DAVIS first went on the air in 1939 to pinch-hit for H. V. Kaltenborn. Since then his calmness, thoroughness, and his Hoosier gift for the pithy understatement have won him millions of loyal listeners. The paper which follows is based on talks he made to the Twin Cities Newspaper Guild, the University of Minnesota School of Journalism, and the Boston Press Club.

NEWS AND THE WHOLE TRUTH

by ELMER DAVIS

I

EACH spring the members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association assemble in convention and spend a good deal of their time eulogizing themselves. Conventions of editors and reporters, whether for newspapers or radio news, are more practical and less complacent. The American news business, press and radio, certainly deserves some eulogies; it is the most copious in the world, and I think its average quality is at least as good as any other's. But it is not yet good enough. Too often we tell the customers not what is really going on, but what seems to be going on. And I am not referring to the small minority of newspapers, and the smaller minority of newspapermen, who don't want to tell the truth; but to the great majority who do want to tell the truth but often fall short.

Too much of our news is one-dimensional, when truth has three dimensions (or maybe more); we still have inadequate defenses against men who try to load the news with propaganda; and in some fields the vast and increasing complexity of the news makes it continually more difficult — especially for us Washington reporters — to tell the public what really happened. Some of these failings are due to encrusted habits of the news business, which can be changed only slowly, but which many men are now trying to change; some of them will be harder to cure because they are only the reverse side of some of our greatest merits, and it is difficult to see how to get rid of them without endangering the merits too.

The merits which entail the worst drawbacks are competition and the striving for objectivity; and we should be much worse off without either. But objectivity often leans over backward so far that it makes the news business merely a transmission belt for pretentious phonies. As for competition, there is no doubt that the nation is much better served

by three wire services — the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service, sometimes supplemented by the English Reuters — and by several radio networks than it would be by monopoly in either field. But competition means an overemphasis on speed, as has been noted by the Associated Press Managing Editors (not the editors of the AP but the men who use its service); and sometimes it leads to an exaggerated build-up.

Like most radio newsmen, I am heavily dependent on the wire services. I am supposed to be aware of all the world's news, and to report what seems to me most important or that to which I can add something in the way of interpretation. But I can't cover it all myself — not even all that happens in Washington; usually I cover about one story a day on foot, get angles or elucidations on half a dozen others by telephone, and must depend on the wire services for the rest. Experience has taught me, when the versions of the same story given by two wire services differ materially, to prefer the less picturesque; the other might have been souped up to beat the competition.

The President announced his decision not to run again at the end of his speech at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner on March 29 — an extemporaneous addition to a script distributed several hours in advance. All the wire services sent out the text, of course; early editions of the Sunday papers were going to press and had to have it at the earliest moment. The UP and INS merely sent out the text; the AP, desirous of making everything clear (and maybe of getting the jump on the competition), prefaced it with a lead saying that the President made no disclosure of his intentions. Papers carrying that lead were on the street as he was disclosing his intentions. At least one radio station — a good one, too — writing its eleven o'clock news out of the AP, went on the air and said that he had

made no disclosure of his intentions; whereas many of the listeners a few minutes earlier had heard the President say he wouldn't run.

I do not suppose that any of the wire services ever consciously sacrifices accuracy to speed; but speed is what counts most, because what every wire service wants is to get newspapers to use its story rather than its competitors' stories. I have seen many service messages on press association wires boasting about how many minutes, or even how many seconds, they were ahead of the competition; how their story got the play. I have seldom if ever seen a message saying, "While our story was unfortunately a few minutes behind time, it had more truth in it." Yet these outfits live, and must live, by competition; and we are better off with that competition, whatever its shortcomings, than we should be without it. One of the wire services has a motto, "Get it there first — but first get it right." I am sure they all try to do that; I am not sure that a wire service which actually succeeded in doing it would last long against the competition.

Nine days before the Germans surrendered in 1945 there was a great, though brief, flurry over an AP report from San Francisco — where the constituent assembly of the United Nations was then meeting — that they had surrendered and an announcement could be expected at any moment. The story was sent by one of the ablest reporters in the country; he got it from a person described as a high American official, who wouldn't let his name be used — something that happens every day; and it may have been mass self-delusion that persuaded many people that the high official was the Secretary of State, who would have known. Actually it was Senator Connally; but he might have known too; and if the reporter had stopped to check up with the Secretary of State or anybody else, the competition might have got the story out ahead of him. So it was left to the President of the United States to do the checking up, and find out that the story was false.

That time, the AP got a beat on a surrender that didn't happen; nine days later it got a beat on the one that did happen — because one of its correspondents broke a release date that fifteen other correspondents observed. Now some of those hold-for-release regulations of the SHAEF public relations officers — imposed in an endeavor to get simultaneous release in all Allied capitals — may have seemed ridiculous; the German radio was already announcing the surrender; nevertheless the sixteen correspondents who had covered the actual ceremony had all promised to hold the story till a certain hour. Fifteen of them did; one of them did not. If that incident had been repeated once or twice it would have made it extremely difficult for any correspondent to get any news.

Here the fault clearly lay with the pressure of competition. I am told, by a man who should know,

that the three principal AP correspondents on the western front had identical instructions; besides competing with everybody else they were competing with one another, presumably on the theory that that would keep them up on their toes. It is not surprising that one of them got so far up on his toes that he fell over on his face.

It was the United Press that ended the old war four days early in 1918 — an incident now remembered chiefly because Roy Howard, who was responsible for what was then the greatest boner in American news history, was able enough to live it down. He happened to be in a position to see, quite legitimately, what appeared to be an official dispatch; and he flashed it without checking up on it. It was in contradiction to the known intention of ending the war four days later; but I do not suppose there was or is a reporter for any wire service, American or foreign, who would not have done what Roy Howard did. It is hard to say how much actual harm was done, aside from taking the edge off the celebration of the real armistice; but there is some reason to believe that the message that fooled Howard was planted by a German agent in Paris, who presumably hoped that it would do harm.

Now these were not bad reporters; they were all good reporters, among the best; but they were all in too big a hurry, for fear somebody else would beat them to it. We have seen many forecasts of what will happen in the next war, if we have one. I do not know what the course of operations will be; the one thing I feel safe in predicting is that some American reporter will end it a few days before it actually ends; and the families of men who were killed after he said it was over will, for the rest of their lives, be convinced that you can't believe what you see in the papers.

2

MOST Russian propaganda nowadays needs no fumigation in this country; it defeats itself. The Russians appear to regard us as enemies, and their routine propaganda is put out with no expectation that it will have any effect on us, but may only help to keep other nations as neutral as possible as long as possible. There is one outstanding exception — the occasional answers that Stalin vouchsafes to inquiries from American correspondents.

Certainly, an "interview" with Stalin would be a great journalistic achievement. But you don't interview Stalin, ask him questions face to face. You send in your questions in writing and he answers them or not, according to whether the answers would do some good to Stalin. The kind of questions he will answer is the kind asked him by Kingsbury Smith of INS three years ago last winter, during the Berlin blockade. The questions were: Would Russia join the United States in a declaration that we had no intention of going to war with

each other? (Russia has made such promises to other nations, and broken them; in somewhat altered form, this proposal is a staple of Russian propaganda in the United Nations.) Would Russia join us in gradual disarmament toward that end? (The Russians always say they are for disarmament, on their terms.) Would Russia lift the Berlin blockade if the Western Powers would abandon the establishment of a West German state? (Prevention of that establishment was obviously the principal purpose of the Berlin blockade.) And would Stalin meet the President to discuss such a "pact of peace"? — a project which the President was known to regard as useless.

It has been reported — and, so far as I know, not denied — that Kingsbury Smith had been tipped off that Stalin would answer those questions, and presumably no others. Whether or not Stalin wrote the questions, they were exactly the questions he would have written to get his propaganda arguments before the world. He could have done that by a statement in *Pravda*; but this would have had much less authority and got much less attention than one coming through an American news service. Most editorial pages, of course, analyzed the Stalin statement as what it was; but those editorials were read by far fewer people than saw the statement itself under big headlines on the front page. Yet American newsmen keep asking Stalin the kind of question he likes to answer. Stalin is an important man; if he wants to say something, let him say it; but why give him the build-up?

Reporting of the Korean war has in general been very good — some of it, such as Homer Bigart's dispatches in the early months to the New York *Herald Tribune*, exceedingly good; but we have let the enemy slip a few fast ones past us. There are two English-speaking Communist correspondents, the Englishman Alan Winnington and the Australian Wilfred Burchett, who had been with the Communist armies and then came down to Panmunjom to cover the truce talks. British and Australian correspondents would have nothing to do with them; but some of the Americans were innocent enough to suppose, at first, that they were just newspapermen like themselves, and quoted them as authorities not only for conditions behind the enemy lines, but for what was going on in the truce-talk tents. I am told by correspondents returned from Korea that sometimes they had to use what they got from Winnington and Burchett because they could get nothing out of our public information officers. But what did they get out of Winnington and Burchett? Not objective truth, you may be sure, unless by accident.

Lately we haven't heard so much from Winnington and Burchett; but enemy propaganda still makes hay with photographs — many of them taken by an American, Frank Noel, an AP photographer who is a prisoner; but transmitted to our side

of the lines, of course, by the Communists. According to those photographs the life of a prisoner of war in North Korea is indeed a happy one. We see groups of prisoners, warmly dressed against the Korean winter; fat, well fed, and smiling. Well — a man who knows that his picture is going to be printed in the American papers where his family will see it wants to look cheerful; they feel bad enough about his being a prisoner and would feel worse if they thought he was mistreated.

It seems possible that among the American prisoners there are some who are not well fed and warmly dressed; I shouldn't be surprised if Frank Noel has a whole packet of pictures of men like that buried somewhere, for publication if he ever gets out. But that is not the kind of pictures that the Communists pass on for publication in the American press.

3

THE United Nations Commission on Freedom of Information has been trying to work out an international code of ethics for newsmen; not an easy task in view of the different concepts of news (and of ethics) on the two sides of the Iron Curtain. At this writing they have adopted only one article of the code, and that one by a vote of six to nothing with five abstaining. It says only that reporters, editors, and commentators shall do their best to make sure that the information the public receives is factually accurate, with no fact wilfully distorted and no essential fact deliberately suppressed.

I don't know why the American delegate abstained from voting for that innocuous declaration, unless the reason was that it doesn't go far enough. What is factual accuracy? Not merely what a man says, for sometimes he has said the contradictory thing in times past; and sometimes, indeed, what he says is known to be false. Truth has three dimensions; but the practices of the American news business — practices adopted in a praiseworthy ambition to be objective — too often give us only one-dimensional news; factually accurate so far as it goes, but very far indeed from the whole truth.

There was not much objectivity in the American press through most of the nineteenth century; if a story touched on the political or economic interest of the editor or owner, it was usually written so as to make his side look good. Some papers still follow that practice; but most of them, for some decades past, have accepted the principle that they ought to try to be objective in the news columns, leaving argument to the editorial page. Publish everything that is said on both sides of a controversial issue, and let the reader make up his mind. A noble theory; but suppose that men who talk on one side (or on both) are known to be lying to serve their own personal interest; or suppose they don't know what they are talking about. To call attention to

these facts, except on the editorial page, would not, according to most newspaper practice, be objective. Yet in the complex news of today how many readers have enough personal knowledge to distinguish fact from fiction, ignorance from knowledge, interest from impartiality?

This practice is perhaps not quite so prevalent now as it was twenty-five years or so ago — in the golden age of Calvin Coolidge, when it was the general opinion that things are what they seem. In those days, if the Honorable John P. Hoozis was an important person, you were likely to see him quoted at length in the newspapers on almost any subject; with no indication that he knew nothing at all about it, or no indication that he had a strong personal interest in getting people to believe what he said — even if the editor who printed the story happened to know it. He was an important man; he had made a statement; and it would not have been objective not to print it. We have been getting away from that dead-pan objectivity of late years — or were, till the rise of Senator McCarthy.

In the opinion of Professor David Manning White of Boston University, writing in the *Nieman Reports* of Harvard, McCarthy in the beginning was largely created by the newspapers. (I don't think they could help it; the violent Senate debate over his first attacks on the State Department was news that could not be ignored.) Anyway, says Professor White, McCarthy has got away from them now like Frankenstein's monster; reporters may not believe him but they have to go on reporting what he says because everybody else will. The result is that "a cult of incredibility has permeated the American press"; the newspapers have become "unwitting or unwilling accomplices in creating an atmosphere in which prejudice, half truths, and misinformation bloom with a noisome stench."

McCarthy may be a unique case, but he is far from the only case in which the press (and radio) misinforms the nation through the habit of regarding anything that the Honorable John P. Hoozis says as news. Take an example more to the point, since there seems no question of any deliberate intention to mislead. Last year Pat Hurley was testifying in the MacArthur hearings — former Major General, former Secretary of War, former Ambassador to China Pat Hurley. About military affairs and Chinese politics he may be supposed to know something — though even that may be open to doubt in view of his remark, some years ago, that Chinese Communists are just like Oklahoma Republicans except that they carry guns. Somehow he had got off the subject and into criticism of some hearings by Congressional committees, which had acquitted people whom he considered guilty.

"For instance," he said, "the hearings on the atomic energy organization. I read the report of the committee that heard that case, and it was a clean bill of health, a certificate of purity and patriotism

for everybody in the organization. Yet less than six months, just a little after, Dr. Klaus Fuchs confessed in London; and the result is that they were not pure, they were not patriotic in that organization, and two of them are under sentence to death at this moment."

This of course was completely false; though the falsehood may presumably be charged to General Hurley's defective memory. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, sentenced to death, did their spying (as Fuchs did practically all of his) when the atomic energy program was operated by the Manhattan Engineering District under General Groves — two years or more before the Atomic Energy Commission (which had received the "certificate of purity" that Hurley mentioned) was established; indeed before it was even thought of. Furthermore, the Rosenbergs never worked even for Groves, let alone for the Atomic Energy Commission. Yet a prominent man had said that in an important hearing, so it was news; it ran in one or more editions of the evening papers, and doubtless on some news broadcasts, before it was corrected.

Who should have corrected it? Well, you would think any Senator would remember that Hurley was completely wrong; but nobody said so. Two members of the committee who certainly knew, Senators McMahon and Hickenlooper, happened not to be in the committee room when Hurley made the statement. McMahon was told about it, came back while Hurley was still on the stand, and managed to get it into the record that Hurley had made "a downright misstatement of facts." That duly got into the newspapers and on the radio; a Senator had said it, so it was news.

But any competent news editor must have known that it was a downright misstatement of facts; yet I doubt if there was a newspaper in the country, printing Hurley's statement before McMahon's correction, that followed it with a bracketed insert, "This simply is not so." To do that would have been editorializing, interpreting the news, failing in objectivity. You can do it to Stalin; you could do it to Hitler in his day; but tradition forbids doing it to one of our fellow citizens when he is engaged in controversy. Failure to make such a correction may salve a man's conscience about his loyalty to the ideal of objectivity. But how about his loyalty to the reader, who buys a newspaper thinking (or at least hoping) that it will tell him the truth? The newspaper is not giving him his money's worth if it tells him only what somebody says is the truth, which is known to be false.

4

It was the realization that objectivity had leaned so far over backward that it had become unobjective which led to the rise of the syndicated newspaper column, and a little later of the radio news

commentary. These are both news and interpretation; our listeners, or readers, understand that we are saying, "This is the news and this is what I think it means." But even for us, with much more latitude than the ordinary reporter, it is becoming harder and harder to get at the three-dimensional truth in Washington — partly because the news becomes more and more complex; partly because so much of it is coming to consist of never ending serial melodramas, like soap operas on the radio, or those newspaper cartoon strips that used to be comic.

Especially is this true of Congressional committee hearings, where the same witnesses appear and reappear. Adequate coverage of such stories entails reporting not only what a man says now, but the very different thing he may have said last year — or last week.

Most people may remember that McCarthy said there are 205, or 57, or 81 Communists in the State Department. But this is only one of McCarthy's many self-contradictions; who can keep track of them all? I have a stack of his speeches two feet thick on my office shelf; but when he says something that stirs a vague recollection that he once said something very different, I seldom have time to run through his speeches. I can't afford to hire a full-time specialist to keep up with what McCarthy has said; and if I had a McCarthy specialist I should also have to hire a Louis Budenz specialist, a Harold Stassen specialist. For these favorite witnesses of Congressional committees are, like McCarthy, gifted with self-refreshing recollections; if the first story doesn't stand up they have no trouble remembering something better. And their talents have been given an open field by that new doctrine of Congressional jurisprudence, perpetual jeopardy.

It was written into the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution that no man shall be subject, for the same offense, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb. The men who wrote that did not foresee that Congressional committees would take over much of the judicial process, and would not be bound by the constitutional limitation since they deprive no man of life or limb — only (unless he is foolish enough to perjure himself, or to refuse to answer their questions) of his good name and his opportunity to earn a living. Acting on the principle that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right, they can disregard the fact that a man has been examined and found guiltless by another Congressional committee — or by more than one — not to mention grand juries, loyalty boards, and so on. They just keep on setting up committees till they find one that will get him.

Senator McCarran's Internal Security Committee seems to have undertaken to correct any errors that anyone else may have made in the direction of leniency; and it carries on the good work by pro-

cedures that are, so far, novel and indeed unique — at least on this side of the Iron Curtain. A witness before the McCarran Committee — especially if he is a witness for the prosecution — knows what is expected of him. He doesn't have to stop and think about his answer; it is usually handed to him wrapped up in the question — "You would say this is an indication of Communist sympathies, wouldn't you?" And this technique is made more effective by a new investigatory instrument known as the pertinent excerpt.

5

THE pertinent excerpt is a refined and modernized version of our old friend, the sentence taken out of context. (One pertinent excerpt from a document used against Owen Lattimore turned out to be two sentences eleven pages apart, but put together.) Sometimes it is a line from a letter written fifteen years ago, read out of context to the man who wrote it (and didn't keep a carbon) with a demand that he explain what it means; but it is most effective when read to a man who didn't write it, indeed may never have seen it before, but is expected to say what it means with no idea of the reasoning of which it was a part. How does he know — or how does a reporter know who is covering the hearing — that in context it might have a quite different meaning?

Some years ago Lattimore wrote a book called *Solution in Asia*. John Carter Vincent had read it — years ago. When the McCarran Committee had him on the stand they read him a number of pertinent excerpts from chapters about Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan — statements about Russia, which they kept trying to get him to stigmatize as party-line stuff; and eventually he had to say that some of it did seem to indicate an inclination toward Communism. Not till that evening, when Vincent had a chance to look at the book again, did he realize that these pertinent excerpts came from a chapter which began, "To all of these peoples Russia and the Soviet Union has a great attraction. *In their eyes*," etc. (The italics are mine, not the McCarran Committee's.) They had seemed to be asking him about what Lattimore thought; actually they were asking him about what Lattimore believed other people thought. I had read that book — but years ago, and hurriedly, as I have to read most books; I had forgotten all about it, and I doubt if any other reporter at the hearing had read it at all. So the story had to go out that evening that Vincent had found Communist leanings in Lattimore's book.

I am not here concerned with the ethics of this sort of thing — though that is a topic on which much might be said — but with its effect on a reporter's endeavor to give the public a reasonably accurate story. Reporters covering the McCarran

hearings are continually in danger of giving the public a false report, not of what is actually said in their hearing, but of the three-dimensional truth of which what they hear is only one dimension. But who can read all the books or documents from which "pertinent excerpts" may be drawn? Who could remember them all, if he did?

William S. White of the New York *Times* happened to remember that there were material discrepancies, in emphasis if not in content, between General Wedemeyer's testimony before the McCarran Committee and his testimony in the MacArthur hearings three months earlier — because White had covered them both and the memory had not had time to fade.

What is remarkable about that episode is that the *Times* permitted White to report that discrepancy — something which many editors would regard as unobjective. But White seems to have more latitude than most reporters. Harold Stassen told the McCarran Committee that at a conference of consultants to the State Department some years earlier, Lattimore had headed a "prevailing group" which recommended a ten-point program following the Communist line. When the stenographic record of the conference was published White analyzed it and demonstrated that there was hardly even a chemical trace of truth in Stassen's story. The *Times* published his analysis; few papers would.

But to analyze and find the truth requires not only a good memory but time. How does the average reporter get at the truth in cases like this, if he has to sit all day in a committee hearing and then come back and write his story, with no time to check up on the witness's past testimony or on the validity of the pertinent excerpts? How do I do it, compelled as I am to keep an eye on all the world's news, pouring in at the end of the day, besides the story that is right in front of me? Yet, unless we try it, we give the public only one dimension of the truth — a mere surface, under which something very different may lie concealed.

The McCarran Committee is very sensitive to anything that might seem an imputation against its motives. I know nothing of its motives; what concerns me is that its procedures make it extremely difficult for reporters to find out the truth and pass it on to the public. Objectivity requires me, however, to report that those procedures have been praised by many people; including the Daughters of the American Revolution and (though somewhat absent-mindedly) the American Bar Association.

6

I HAVE dwelt at length on the McCarran Committee because it is a remarkable phenomenon and so far unique. But it is not the only committee whose doings have encouraged, in reporting, another habit that is likely to mislead the public — the use

of loaded words. One of those loaded words is "named." Now when a man is named as a Communist by Budenz, or named as a grafter by some of the witnesses before committees investigating corruption, that means nothing at all without corroboration. Yet if that man keeps appearing in the news the tag will stick to him; he has been named. A defendant on trial before a Congressional committee does not often, any more, say anything; he admits it, he acknowledges it. I have seen stories that came pretty close to saying, "The witness admitted that last year Christmas came on December 25."

Yet, searching my conscience while I was compiling these criticisms of others, I had to realize that lately I used an unloaded word when a loaded one would have been more accurate. That loaded word is "lobbying." There is nothing at all illegitimate about lobbying; there can be lobbying for good causes as well as bad, and by good or bad methods — though the most effective method, for the righteous as well as the wicked, is to convince a member of Congress that if he doesn't do what you want him to do, it will cost him votes. Nevertheless there has been so much lobbying for bad causes, by bad methods, that the word has become loaded; it means something evil.

The most effective job of lobbying that was done on Capitol Hill this past winter — out in the open, anyway — was done by the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report, in persuading the Senate to accept the President's plan to put the Bureau of Internal Revenue under civil service. I happen to be in favor of that reform, as well as most of the recommendations of the Hoover Report; and when I reported these operations of the Citizens Committee, subconsciously realizing that "lobbying" has become a four-letter word, I said that they had reasoned with the Senators. But I am afraid that if this had been an outfit that I didn't like, working for a measure I didn't favor, I should have called its operations lobbying; which they were. *Mea culpa*; I shall try to reform, and lead a better life.

One more example, which shows how the complexity of the news can lead to downright though quite unintentional misrepresentation. There are no more honest newspapers in the country than the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* and the Washington *Post*; perhaps no better newspapers either. Yet one morning last year they all made the same mistake — and a mistake which happened to give support to their editorial policies. General Marshall had been testifying in the MacArthur hearings about MacArthur's personal and unilateral peace proposal of March, 1951; and the next morning the top line of the *Times's* eight-column head told us, "Marshall Says MacArthur Upset Peace Move"; and the eight-column heads were substantially the same in the *Post* and *Herald Tribune*.

Now General Marshall hadn't said that; he had

said that MacArthur had lost "whatever chance there may have been" of making peace at that time. This verbatim quotation appeared in the lead of every story, of course; but there was room in the headline only for a very misleading simplification. Misleading because actually the chance of making peace at that time was infinitesimal — almost nonexistent. There was no agreement among the nations with troops in Korea as to what peace terms ought to be, and there is no indication that the Chinese ever even thought about it till they had taken a couple more first-class lickings. This fact was known to the State Department reporters for the *Post*, the *Times*, and the *Herald Tribune*; but they weren't covering the MacArthur hearings, they were busy on their beats. It was not known to the men who were covering the hearings, or to the men who edited their stories, and it was nobody's business to tell them. I know of no newspaper which has a regular system of lateral internal communication by which one man tells another what he ought to know (unless they are both assigned to the same story); indeed he probably doesn't know the other man needs to know it. And news has become so complex that it is just good luck if any one man knows all he should know to cover his story properly.

There was of course far graver distortion of the testimony in the MacArthur hearings in some other newspapers. I have selected this instance only because the papers involved are technically among our best, and ethically above suspicion of slanting the news to support their editorial policies. Yet that is what, quite inadvertently, they did.

7

WHAT to do? More and more, from inside as well as outside the trade, there is a demand for interpretive reporting, which puts into the one-dimensional story the other dimensions that will make it approximate the truth. But this entails serious dangers. I have seen some undeniably well-intentioned endeavors to put in those other dimensions, but the dimensions were derived, not from the evidence, but from the opinions or prejudices of the reporter; and if the practice were to become general they might in some cases be derived from the opinions and prejudices of the publisher, as they so often used to be. One *Chicago Tribune* is enough. And even if a man's conscience is as rigorous, his mind as relentlessly objective, as the weights and measures in the Bureau of Standards, he may still fall short of doing as accurate a job as he means to do because he doesn't know all the angles, or hasn't time to get around to them under the pressure of covering what is in front of him and writing a story about it.

No wonder then that editors are slow to accept the need of interpretation. Last fall Senator Alexander Smith of New Jersey, a very moral and religious man, was a member of a subcommittee pass-

ing on the fitness of persons nominated as delegates to the United Nations Assembly, including Philip Jessup. McCarthy and Stassen had accused Jessup of Communist affiliations and sympathies; and after two weeks of hearings, the committee rejected Jessup by a vote of three to two. Senator Smith said he had absolute confidence in Jessup's ability, integrity, and loyalty; he explicitly repudiated any belief in the charges against him; yet, because Jessup was a "controversial figure" and for other reasons quite irrelevant to the issues before the committee, he voted against Jessup and for McCarthy.

The committee approved the appointment of Dr. Channing Tobias, Negro religious leader, against whom similar charges had been brought; he admitted that he was a joiner and had sometimes been careless about what he joined; but he brandished the Negro vote at them. Whether there is a Negro vote is open to doubt, but Senators scare easily. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that Jessup too would have been approved if he had only been black.

One of the best reporters in Washington thought of beginning his report of that episode: "Yesterday afternoon Senator Alexander Smith wrestled with his conscience. He won." He didn't because he was afraid his paper wouldn't print it. But it might have printed it; in any case it seems to me an objective report of what happened; it is unthinkable that so high-minded a man as Senator Smith would have come to such a decision without wrestling with his conscience, and he certainly pinned it to the mat. Yet it could be argued that if that had been printed, it might have encouraged more freewheeling interpretation by reporters of less ability or less integrity.

The good newspaper, the good news broadcaster, must walk a tightrope between two great gulfs — on one side the false objectivity that takes everything at face value and lets the public be imposed on by the charlatan with the most brazen front; on the other, the "interpretive" reporting which fails to draw the line between objective and subjective, between a reasonably well established fact and what the reporter or editor wishes were the fact. To say that is easy; to do it is hard. No wonder that too many fall back on the incontrovertible objective fact that the Honorable John P. Hoozis said, colon quote — and never mind whether he was lying or not.

Yet more and more newsmen, in press and radio both, are coming to realize that we ought to do better than we are doing. Perhaps their thinking will bring some agreement on the answer; and that answer will be more dependable if we all remember that our primary responsibility is to the man who buys his newspaper, or turns on his radio, expecting us to give him, in so far as is humanly possible, not only the truth and nothing but the truth, but the whole truth.



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is a native of Missouri whose first published short story appeared in the *Atlantic* and who won the Pulitzer Prize for 1934 with her beautifully descriptive novel, *Now in November*. Two years ago she and her husband, Grant Cannon, moved into an old house on the outskirts of Cincinnati, and the events which transpired in the first summer of their occupancy were enough to destroy her peace of mind and that of the hardest of her friends. Her story is true — every eerie word of it.

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE

by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

1

LIKE the night, an old house has a thousand eyes. Small shapes and forms have inhabited it from generation to generation. When one comes, as we did last year, to live in such a house, one must expect small unwinking eyes in the darkness; the cracks in the floor, the knotholes in the wood, the ancient beams of the cellar, have a life of their own. There is the loud tick of the wood beetle, the soundless scurry of the centipede like a furry shadow, and the sudden appearance of black ant borings around the kitchen sink.

But there were also certain tenants that no one told us about at all.

The enormous house was beautiful and its cost was reasonable, much more reasonable than that of a house of normal size — a rare and capricious combination. In addition there were three acres around it, and at the back door a tall and crumbling brick structure, big as another house, which had been used as the servants' quarters long ago. We bought all this and moved in at Christmas time. Not until April were we aware that we were no longer alone, and that, added to all the registered members of the family and the migratory assorted insect life, up from their southern wintering spa had come the tenants of over a hundred years, the enormous summer colony of the *Fledermäuse*, the *chauves-souris* — in the colder English, bats.

The extent of this home-coming was not apparent to us all at once. We began to be aware of bats drifting out from under the eaves at twilight, swooping to and fro under the southern porch, and then scattering high over the cornfields, weaving long swinging patterns until they were lost, invisible in the night.

"The bat is an insect eater," I said. "Bats help keep the balance of nature, and therefore are very good things to have around." The balance-of-nature had a comforting sound, but one evening

when standing in peace, admiring the magnificent silhouette of our great brick mansion against the sky, we became aware that the cometlike streak of bat after bat from the narrow eaves had been going on for a long, long time.

"You sit on this side of the house and count," my husband said. "I'll take the other side." His voice had a curious, strained sound.

For a little while I sat in silence and counted. Fifty bats went by. Fifty more. I got tired of counting and just watched the streakings and swoopings, undiminished in number or timing, go on and on.

After a while Grant came back with a look that seemed clearly dark and thoughtful, even in the dim twilight gloom. "And how many did *you* count?" he asked. His voice was that of one who graciously withholds his news, knowing its nature can never be topped or spoiled.

I said I'd only counted a hundred but that they'd kept coming on and on.

"I counted one thousand three hundred and seventy-three!" he said. "Good God! Why do you suppose nobody ever *told* us?"

Bats were still flowing out from under the eaves.

As June warmed into July a mousy smell like musky mignonette became a palpable presence. It filled the upper rooms thick as a furry fog and started to creep softly and smotheringly down the stair. And then the bats themselves, a few of the finally estimated four thousand, began coming *inside* the house. Their small restless shapes would appear suddenly, swooping across a lighted room. From the cracks around sills, from supposedly sealed fireplaces, and from God knows where, they crept forth, and a long, curiously unforgettable summer had begun.

In the wonderful, illustrated *Natural History* by

S. G. Goodrich, which I referred to in this trying time, published in 1859 and full of amazing lore and truly horrendous etchings of the Bat Megaderm and the Bat Rhinolophus Nobilis (size of life), there appear these memorable sentences: "In a rude age, the imagination needs little encouragement to convert objects so really curious and strange as these we have been describing, into hideous monsters, endowed with supernatural powers. It is the province of education and enlightened reason to reduce these horrid creations of fancy to the comparatively simple and innocent dimensions of truth."

Now my husband, educated and enlightened though he be, may be described as a brave man who abhors bats. With the exception of his four years in the army, his bravery and his abhorrence herein reached all the climax of their conflicting powers — beyond which man neither can nor is expected to go. As twilight of each evening drew on, he would fetch the kitchen broom, place it close at hand, and with his back against the wall relax nervously and begin to read. By the front door we kept an empty wastebasket and a flat cookie tin. We did not often have long to wait. A soundless shadow would speed across the light, casting its signature athwart the page; Grant would leap up with the broom and the evening was begun.

The radar mechanism of the bat is such that he avoids all obstacles in *front* with unerring accuracy. On the wing he is not likely to touch anything he does not wish to devour. (This is hard to believe, of course, and it is next to impossible to convince the white-faced guest that the low slicing dive which fans his cheek and lifts his hair is a deliberate miss, and not a deliberate attack that failed.) After some trial and error and considerable sweat, Grant learned to outwit the radar warning by swinging at the bat from *behind*, fouling its control mechanisms, as he put it, and speeding it into the nearest wall, where it bumped, folded, and fell to the floor. Then the wastebasket would be inverted over it, the cookie tin slipped under the wastebasket, and the whole borne hastily out the front door. One evening I released the lid too soon; the bat turned around and scuttled back into the house on its elbows, and had to be swept out again.

Several times I was awakened at night by the sense of a presence in the room, and once, stumbling to find the light, I stepped on a soft-furred thing that squirmed under my bare foot. Other furred things with wings swept back and forth across the room an inch or two above Grant's innocent sleeping face. He is a sound sleeper and did not wake while I furiously beat the air with his shirt and finally drove them into the darkness of the upper hall and quietly shut the door. In the morning I found them snuggled between the curtain folds and upside down on the shades.

It is almost impossible to convey the largeness,

the oldness, the vulnerability of an ancient house, the smallness, the craftiness, the dexterity of a bat. Convinced that they were coming inside through the window sills of an upper room (during the day we could hear them talking to each other inside the hollow wood), we hired a carpenter who came unhappily, removed the window frame and sill, announced it had been impossible for bats to get in from the outside and replaced the boards, sealed it all up — and the bats continued to enter.

2

REPORTS of our unusual number of what Mr. Goodrich describes as "one of the most remarkable groups in the whole circle of animated nature" began to circulate in Cincinnati, and two naturalist friends expressed what seemed to us a somewhat unnatural eagerness to go up under the roof, look around for themselves, and study the *Vespertilionidae in situ*. Bearing a tremendous amount of camera equipment, a stout cotton bag, and dressed nonchalantly in shorts and T shirts, Karl and Woody arrived one humid Saturday morning and disappeared cheerfully up the small trap door in the ceiling. They ranged about in the hot fragrant darkness for some time. For quite a long time in fact, and sometimes they were very quiet. Another fragment from Mr. Goodrich's book began to haunt me with its gentle incisiveness. "In India," he wrote, "the megaderms may be heard on quiet evenings crunching the heads and bones of frogs." But eventually the men returned with about sixty bats in the bag and the heartening report that the old manse probably contained the largest concentration of bats in the world outside of Dante's Inferno and the Carlsbad Caverns. We sat awhile meditatively on the front porch, drank iced coffee, and watched the bag undulate and nearly walk off by itself.

As a naturalist Karl took only a calm, detached view of the situation. Woody, who had worked for exterminating companies, remarked that no company would guarantee a bat job, but that they might try — for a price. The thought of actually exterminating four thousand bats, not just driving them away, was truly appalling to me.

On the other hand, if we merely drove them out, there was always the great brick servants' quarters for their refuge, open to sun and wind, impossible to seal, too expensive to demolish, and but a few paces from the back door, where the gentlest breeze could bring the musky presence right back into the house again. Karl and Woody were sympathetic about our unusual problem; told us to be of good cheer, that the bats would leave with the first frost sometime in October; and after a while swung the bag in the car and went home to stuff bats and develop some excellent pictures of the attic.

A few weeks passed. Friends who used to drop

in began quietly staying away. Then one sweltering summer day, impelled by a curious mixture of duty and what is sometimes referred to as the death wish, Grant determined to carry this fragmentary battle to the very stronghold under the roof itself, drive out the bats once and for all, and sell the guano to connoisseurs in the garden clubs. His plan was simple and based on close, if not loving, observation of the creatures' nocturnal habits. At ten in the evening, long after the working hours of the bats had started, he would go up with a bright light. This would drive away any of the more home-loving type who might have expected to spend the evening in.

12 P.M. Go up and light two sulphur candles.

4.30 to 5 A.M. Bats return, smell sulphur, and go — elsewhere.

4 P.M. Grant to go up into dark attic (now to be free of sulphur fumes and all bats), plug up holes with aid of light shining in from outside, and problem is solved.

The plan began on schedule at ten o'clock. Grant dressed himself carefully in his old army clothes, tucked the pants legs into combat boots, put on a pair of beekeeper's gloves that came up over his shirt sleeves, and then carefully placed over his head a paper bag in which he had cut two eyeholes sealed with clear cellophane. He then buttoned on another shirt (to keep the mammals from coming up under the bag), took a last look at the known and loved, and climbed the ladder up to the trap door, beyond which lay, Mr. Goodrich had assured us, only "the simple and innocent dimensions of truth." The opening of the trap door let down a staggeringly warm wave of truth, but Grant silently struggled through and stood up with his light.

It was at this point that that plan began to disintegrate. In the first place, more bats like to stay in at night than you would imagine — if you care to think about bats staying in at night. Disturbed by the glare and sound, dozens of furry bodies let go of the beams and started swirling insanely around and around in the narrow space. Some opened their mouths and snarled and the pinkness showed up quite clearly, outlined by their little pointed teeth. The bat has a peculiar cry which can only be described as a chitter or at times a horrendous smacking kiss. Chittering and kissing, the bats swirled about with no apparent intention of being driven forth to feed in the cool starlight outside.

Nevertheless, Grant decided to go ahead, step up the procedure by lighting the sulphur candles now, and drive them all out at once. This he did, placing them in pans of water to keep the whole house from burning up, and descended the ladder, a seriously disturbed man, if not positively paranoid. The most shattering experiences of life do not all occur at the age of four but may well crop up in a 101° attic surrounded by antagonistic bats as one approaches the age of forty. It is, I think, of

vast importance to know that there are men today who can emerge from an experience of this nature with only a slight tic and a tendency to shudder at a loud and aggressive kissing sound. Also those who can, go back up again.

In the gray dawn I went out expecting to find the outside of the house a mass of fluttering wings and frustrated *Fledermäuse*. But there was not a bat in sight. At 4 P.M. (we at least kept to *our* part of the plan) we discovered that the sulphur had neither driven them away entirely nor kept them entirely from returning. It had in fact suffocated a certain selected number.

The smell of dead bats, live bats, and sulphur descended heavily throughout the house. Two days later, for the last time, a grim, tight-lipped man dressed in his airtight suit ascended the ladder bearing a bucket, twenty pounds of naphtha flakes to further discourage and repel the bats, and a bottle of pine oil deodorant to drown the smell. Fighting his way among swirling and snarling little shapes, he collected all the bodies he could find, spread out the naphtha flakes — mainly by throwing balls of them at the bats — splashed pine oil over the rafters, and lowered the bucket of dead ones down through the door. (I buried them in the potato patch and was amazed at how light is even a whole bucketful of bats.) Then Grant came down, sealed up the trap door, and removed the ladder to the tool house. Something in his kindly open nature had hardened and his eyes had the withdrawn and distant look of those who have known some experience not communicable to mortal men.

The summing up of that summer's efforts was an unpleasant old house, redolent with naphtha, pine oil, sulphur, live bats and dead bats. Bats were distributed about uncomfortably behind shutters; bats in the hollow pillars of the porch; and most of the bats up under the roof where they had always been.

This was in August. We sat down in exhaustion and waited for the first sharp breath of frost to send them south.

3

THE whole winter passed, in which we spoke sporadically of "doing something" about them. We thought of having a carpenter come who would go up and stop up every hole inside and out, a task of microscopic research and patience. But we did not know what the spring would then bring forth. Perhaps a house *completely* decorated with fur-lined shutters, or a brick bat-roost at the back door, or — knowing the nature of the bat, a nightmare thought occurred to me. They would find one hole — one infinitesimal hole up under the eaves, and all four thousand would enter in the spring, and every night all four thousand would line up in a long, sinuous queue from beam to beam and, chittering and shov-

ing, make their exit from that one hole, and in the gray dawn similarly return.

Thus April was upon us and the mass immigration took place again and nothing had been done to keep them out — and nothing could have been — and all that was left was the chance of a professional mass extermination. It is difficult to explain, wholly apart from the costliness of such a thing, the moral scruples involved. Four thousand bats is a lot of life, and for a long time I could not bring myself to sanction such a sweeping and drastic destruction. They were just too many to be killed. For two months I temporized, delayed, hoped that this year would be different, better; but by June things were obviously the same — and worse. The walls might as well have been completely porous as far as bats were concerned. We came to dread the gathering darkness, and not a single evening passed without at least two and sometimes four swooping shadows moving from room to room. Sometimes they held off until eleven, giving us false hopes of a peaceful night, but always and invariably before the stroke of midnight they were there.

We could not stand it any longer and we hardened our hearts and opened our bank account. We called an exterminating company and had them make an estimate, but this was only the beginning.

The exterminator estimator said that the old end plates should be torn from the roof and replaced with new snug end plates — replaced after the brickwork had been pointed up to seal the place. We called a carpenter, an enormous fellow, who came, looked, and said that there was no sense mending the end plates until the gutters were repaired; so he called a tinsmith. The tinsmith said that he could not repair the gutters until the carpenter had torn off the molding. At this point, the carpenter revealed that he had grown too fat for ladder work and called in a subcarpenter who climbed up on the roof and reported that the molding was the gutter and the gutter was a solid, hand-carved beam made from a single cedar and forty-five feet long without a break other than the rotten spot objected to by the tinsmith. The larger carpenter — who turned out to be more in the nature

of a broker or procurer — said to chop it down anyway. And on a hot June morning the sub-and-smaller carpenter actually began to saw and chop and the last and final ousting of the tenants began.

The great rotting gutter came down in sections, the carpenter reported there was a hell of a lot of bats up there, but they did not come out by daylight, and the tinsmith returned, put in a new gutter, and the carpenter sealed up all the holes that he could find.

I took the children and in a somewhat cowardly fashion fled the state, and my husband went to stay with friends. The fire chief was informed, a large warning poison sign was posted on the door (reported later by a neighbor child as "that skilton on your house"), and the exterminators set the cyanide gas cans up inside the attic. For a week the house was uninhabitable. Thousands of bats were killed and had to be shoveled out by hand and lowered down the trap door in buckets. A few hundred escaped and went behind the shutters, from which the exterminator drove them with a mouse powder and these died outside.

Well, it was done, and successfully, and gradually the incomparable smell of dead bats faded from the hot summer air. Friends looked upon us again with something besides horror; our relatives, convinced we had been the center of a potential plague, communicated kindly with us again; those humorists who had delighted in saying the Cannons *really* have bats in their belfry were desolate; and we now sleep peacefully at night without the soundless intrusion of little swooping wings.

But I am not wholly happy about it all, for bats on such a grand scale as ours seemed an extraordinary phenomenon, a hundred years accumulation of life, and an act of God not to be tampered with too much. Will not nature take her revenge in some unknown and probably terrifying form? Sometimes at midnight I listen for the sound of monstrous insect wings, of mosquitoes hungry and humming in the dark, armed with the knowledge of their enemies' mass death, and come at last into their own. And beyond the sinister hum I hear the laughter of little bat ghosts, sneering in the night.



Moneybags

SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS of Illinois entered his chosen field of economics following his graduation from Bowdoin in 1913. The publication of his definitive study of Real Wages in the United States led to his appointment to various government commissions. In the spring of 1942, at the age of fifty, he enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps; he was wounded at Peleliu and at Okinawa, and was decorated for heroic achievement in action. Honorably discharged with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he re-entered politics, defeating Senator "Curly" Brooks, the McCormick candidate. In the Senate he is a liberal in domestic affairs and an internationalist in foreign. The paper which follows is drawn from his new book, *Ethics in Government*, to be published by the Harvard University Press.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN

by SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

I

THE average citizen does not realize how much it costs to finance elections and to run for office. Nor did I when I was first chosen by a group of fellow citizens to be a candidate for alderman from my ward in Chicago. The position of alderman paid \$5000 a year and the term of office was four years. Looking backward, I can only smile at my mingled innocence and egotism. For at first I thought that once I was nominated the voters of the ward would then quickly recognize my virtues and abilities and, without much effort on my part, would spontaneously flock to my support and send me to the City Council by a big majority. It took me only twenty-four hours to be freed from that illusion. The vast majority of the 45,000 voters in the ward did not know me from Adam, and in addition they had something of a distaste for college professors.

It was obviously necessary that I should get out and meet the voters. "Standing" for office was not enough, so I started a program of "walking for office." I went about the ward during the mornings and early afternoons meeting people, shaking hands and talking directly to them. Then we would arrange a series of house meetings for the late afternoons and evenings. This was a marvelous experience. It gave me a deep faith in the fundamental decency and good judgment of the American voters, and this faith has increased with the years.

But I soon discovered that we needed lots of money to keep the campaign going. The headquarters had to be operated, printing and postage paid for, letters sent out, posters put up, advertising placed in papers, some payments made to men and women who could not afford to give their time, and so forth. Before I was elected my campaign manager (who gave up his business for the duration) had been forced to spend \$10,000. And every dollar of this was honestly expended. About half of the

total was given by loyal friends. I gave the rest.

But this was not all. Although nominated by independents, I had been endorsed by the Democratic organization under somewhat striking circumstances which this is not the place to chronicle. Although I was a college professor and regarded as a "reformer," the organization supported me loyally in the bitter struggle which quickly developed. Actually no group could have been more zealous or determined than they. I have good reason to believe that they spent not less than \$20,000 to help me get elected. On the other hand, my unsuccessful opponent must have spent close to \$40,000. From later conversations with my fellow aldermen, I concluded that these were usual expenditures and that there were about the same costs in the other forty-nine wards of the city. Let me repeat that the position of alderman paid \$5000 a year.

This disparity between campaign costs and salary suggests some of the problems which confront candidates for office and which continue to haunt them after they have been elected. Let me add another fact. While I probably gave less to charity than any other alderman, every year it cost me more than my \$5000 salary to run my aldermanic office and to make modest contributions to civic causes and organizations. If I had not kept a separate job by which I earned my living between the hours of 8 A.M. and 1 P.M., I would have been forced either to leave politics or to become a crook.

As I have continued in politics, I have become more and more conscious of the tremendous amounts of money which parties and candidates need for elections. For example, \$10,000 seems to be the minimum sum which a congressional candidate must spend in a closely contested district. More commonly he will spend two to three times this amount.

I think I know something of the costs of running for the United States Senate. I estimate that the minimum cost for a senatorial candidate in a fairly large state is from \$150,000 to \$200,000. Printing alone would probably cost \$50,000. Billboard advertising and posters would require an equal amount. The costs of headquarters, meetings, travel, the salaries of publicity men and clerks, postage, mailing, telephone and telegraph bills, will absorb another \$50,000. And finally there are radio and television, the costs of which are constantly increasing and which would probably require still another \$50,000.

Actually the figure of \$200,000 is low compared with the published costs of the 1950 senatorial campaign in Ohio. Here the committee backing the Republican candidate admitted that they spent at least \$511,000. Committees supporting him and other Republican candidates spent an additional \$1,297,000.

When we come to presidential elections, we move into the realm of almost astronomical figures. For example, I am informed on good authority that an adequate national radio and television program for the country as a whole takes about \$3 million. When we add other costs, the minimum figure for a vigorous presidential campaign is probably not far from \$6 million. While an estimate of total campaign costs at all levels of government in a presidential year has a large margin of error, it would not surprise me if the expenditures of both parties together were not far from \$75 million. These are formidable figures.

How are these enormous sums of money raised? There are three main sources: the candidates themselves and the small and big contributors. Wealthy candidates for office are commonly very welcome since they help to solve the ever pressing financial needs. They are sometimes called "fat cats." There is some popular prejudice against men of wealth, however, and not many of them have the intestinal fortitude to expose themselves to the rough-and-tumble of a political campaign.

The small voluntary contributors are the salt of the earth. They give because they believe in a candidate or a party, although they realize that their contributions are so small that they will not receive any special favors in return. These men and women help to keep the parties as decent as they are, and they enable candidates to be far more independent than they would be otherwise. I could never have been elected to office without the loyal and understanding aid of this group, and I shall never cease to be grateful to them.

But ordinarily the small contributions meet only a minor fraction of the costs. The average voter feels that he has more than done his duty when he votes. Having something of a contempt for "politics" and politicians, he thinks himself above the battle for electoral victory. It probably never

occurs to him to help the contestants, for his feeling towards candidates is one of disdain. Why should he subsidize what he regards as the "dirty game of politics"?

In any case, it would take a vast volume of small contributions to finance a campaign. Even the bookkeeping comes high. Thus my independent committee found that it cost about 50 cents to receive, enter, and acknowledge a contribution — so a gift of \$1 would net only half that amount.

In the main, therefore, elections are financed by the big contributors. Some of these men are sincere believers in the principles of the candidates or party they favor. These men will ask for nothing specific in return, although they will help to orient and determine the general course of party policies. There are, moreover, some who view political campaigns much as others regard horse racing. These men find the process itself interesting and will back their favorites out of a sense of personal loyalty. But the vast majority of big donors want something in return for their money. Their gifts are in a sense investments. After election, if their candidates are victorious, they come around to collect. They will want contracts, insurance policies, jobs for friends and relations, loans, subsidies, privileges, legislation, and so on. Woe betide the officeholders and the party that ignore their claims! For if they do, then next time the money is likely to be shut off.

The general result is that the big contributors not only get their money back but make a big profit in addition. Of course, it is the public which pays indirectly not only for elections but also for the handsome profit to those who have grubstaked the candidates.

2

THOSE who feel distressed by what I have outlined can help the situation by giving more of themselves to candidates and parties in which they believe. Voting is merely the start and not the end of good citizenship. If we want to make our candidates and parties more independent of the big donors and the so-called "fat cats," we must be willing to give more liberally to their campaign funds. Politicians, like most human beings, would like to be independent and to work for the public interest to the fullest possible degree. If the sources of their campaign funds are more widely distributed, they will be able to do so to a much greater extent than now.

We should adopt a second remedy and fix a ceiling on the total amounts which a candidate or party may spend. Otherwise, those who can raise great sums of money will continue to possess an advantage over those without funds. And the big contributors will continue to get their pay-off after the election.

Great Britain has been driven to set a precedent in this matter. In British parliamentary elections

not more than 8 pence per voter can be spent for a candidate in a rural district, nor more than 7 pence in a city constituency. With depreciation of the pound, this is equal to 8 or 7 cents a voter in our money. This would amount to a total of about \$375,000 in my state of Illinois. A candidate should be able to "jog along" with such a sum as this.

Admittedly, it would be harder to limit total campaign expenditures in this country than it is in Great Britain. The British parliamentary elections are isolated from the local elections; so no other candidates are voted upon at the same time. In our country, presidential and congressional candidates are voted for upon the same ballot, which also contains the candidates for state and county offices and sometimes for local units as well. There is, therefore, a problem of parallel jurisdictions. Were the Federal Government to fix a limit on the total amounts to be spent for a candidate or party, the federal law could be avoided by transferring funds to the state and local units of a party, which are after all the actual terrain for the party battles. Unless there were parallel legislation in the states, the state organizations could then print the added literature, pay for radio and television time, go to the expense of arranging meetings, and hire poll and party workers.

But there should ultimately be some limitations effected. Certainly our present regulations under the Federal Corrupt Practices Act are faulty and incomplete. Thus a maximum limit of \$25,000 is placed on the total amount which can be spent in the final election by a candidate for the United States Senate and \$5000 by a candidate for the House of Representatives.

Similarly, a ceiling of \$3 million is set on the amount which the National Committee of a party can spend in a presidential campaign.

In a small state such as Vermont, Delaware, or Nevada, the sum of \$25,000 may be enough for a senatorial campaign, as it probably is in the final elections of one-party states. For in such states, the real contest is for nomination in the majority party. Once a man is nominated in such states, his election is simple and virtually automatic. But the federal law fixes no limit on the amount to be spent in the primaries. This is the first weakness in the act.

The second weakness is that \$25,000 is not enough, as I have indicated, for a vigorous campaign in a large state which has a lively rivalry between the parties. This being the case, what actually happens is that friends of the senatorial candidate form independent committees to promote his candidacy. These committees are not limited in the amounts which they spend for the candidate, nor do they report the contributions which they receive or the sums which they spend. That requirement applies only to the personal receipts and expenditures of the candidate.

As a result, independent committees spring up in prolific fashion. There are businessmen's committees, labor committees, farmers' committees, women's committees, young voters' committees, foreign-language committees — in fact a wide variety of committees. These groups solicit and spend funds which they are not required to report. Generally in senatorial campaigns there is one principal independent committee which raises and spends most of the money for a candidate. The candidate is and should be careful not to know any of the details of the work of this committee. But his managers almost always keep in close touch with the operations and in some cases direct them. It is in this way that the utterly unrealistic ceiling of \$25,000 on expenditures is avoided. These independent committees pay for the radio and television time, the pamphlets, billboards, and meetings, and finance some of the satellite committees. Meanwhile the candidate may pay merely for his traveling expenses, personal assistants, and incidental costs. If the committee is affluent, it will also give money to the party committees in the state and in the counties to pay for workers at the polls on election day.

This technique of developing a large number of independent committees was first introduced on a national scale in 1940 by the advisers of Wendell Willkie. Since the expenditures by the National Committee were limited to \$3 million, other groups were formed which also raised and spent money. Obviously, if we are to limit total expenditures in order to reduce the power of money at elections, we must fix the limit on the over-all sums spent in behalf of, rather than by, a candidate and party. To do this effectively, only one organization should be authorized to distribute, collect, and spend funds.

But the practical question would remain, how high should the ceiling on expenditures be? Obviously the same ceiling should not be set for New York, California, Pennsylvania, and Illinois as for Nevada, Vermont, and Wyoming. The limit, therefore, should be in terms of a given amount for each registered voter, and not a fixed sum per state.

It is not clear how much the allowance per voter should be. An approximately informed guess would be to fix national ceilings at 10 cents per registered voter for the presidential, senatorial, and congressional candidates. Appropriate state limits should also be fixed. As a necessary first step we might start with a federal law requiring full publicity on the total amounts collected and spent for candidates and parties in presidential, senatorial, and congressional campaigns.

3

A THIRD possible remedy is to have campaign expenses within some moderate limit paid for by the community out of taxes. This proposal will

of course arouse immediate opposition on two grounds. First, it would create an added tax burden at a time when the load seems as heavy as men can stand; second, it means taking over a field which is now left to the voluntary efforts of individuals.

But these arguments ignore some of the basic points we have considered. The people now pay, after an election, many times over, the actual costs of the campaign. As we have seen, the big contributors make huge profits as a group upon their investment in both the candidates and parties. This is because of the contracts, privileges, subsidies, and legislation which are granted to them as compensation for their advances.

For the people, it would be far cheaper if the government met the costs of the campaigns, since then the elected officials and parties would not be under obligation to the big contributors. Not being under such obligation, the elected officials and those under them would be able to act and to legislate far more freely in the public interest. The vast majority of politicians, like most men, desire in their hearts to be good public servants, and they fall short of this ideal largely to the degree to which they have been trapped by the terrific pressures of political life.

While it is highly important to encourage more people to take part in the work of the parties and in political campaigns, this would not be prevented by such a provision. It might even encourage greater participation. For while people could not give money, they could give time. And it is personal effort which is the most emotionally rewarding form of political activity. Volunteers would be needed to call on the voters, to arrange meetings, mail literature, and perform the thousand and one activities which are needed in a political campaign. Indeed, the removal of large "slush funds" would encourage more amateurs to carry on political activity since they would be freed from the overwhelming weight as well as the subtle temptations of the power of money.

Of course it would be necessary to work out a number of technical problems before any such plan could succeed. One major issue would be the determination of how many parties were to be financed. I believe in the general merits of the American two-party system. This system gives greater stability to government than the multi-party European system with its precarious and shifting coalitions. But excellent as our two-party system has been, on the whole, at times one or both of the parties become decadent and corrupt. Thus the Federalist Party perished of its own mistakes and after fifteen years was succeeded by the Whig Party. Out of the political ferment of the 1850s, with the degeneration of the Whigs and

the rise of splinter groups such as the Free-Soil, Know-Nothing, and Anti-Nebraska Democrats, was born the new Republican Party. And similarly in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt and his followers created the Progressive Party.

Any system of government financing should permit such parties to develop, while on the other hand it should restrain the growth of a multiplicity of splinter parties. For example, there would be no obligation for the community to finance the campaigns of the Prohibition or Socialist Labor Party on equal terms with those of the Republicans and Democrats. Similarly it would be improper for the government to finance the campaigns of parties committed to the forcible overthrow of the government, as is the Communist Party.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem wise to limit public financing to those parties which at the last election polled 10 per cent of the popular vote, and to allow other parties to depend on private financing. This is not a perfect solution, but it resolves some of the major difficulties by encouraging the continuance of the two-party system although leaving the door open for change.

A second issue is whether this public financing should apply only to the general elections or whether it should also be extended to the primaries. Here we should remember that there are approximately twenty one-party states where nomination by the dominant party is generally tantamount to election. To finance only the final elections would, therefore, be to grasp at a shadow and to miss the substance. Precisely the same arguments apply in these primaries as those we have discussed under general elections.

However, if primary campaigns are to be financed, a somewhat modified rule would have to be adopted — namely, that a refund would be made to those candidates who polled a given percentage, such as 15 or 20 per cent of the vote. They would finance their own campaigns, but if they received a certain proportion of the vote, they would be reimbursed for their expenses. These in turn should not exceed the stated limit.

The place to start with such a program is with the Presidency, which is not only the most important office in this country, and indeed in the world, but also the one office, above all others, which the people value and in which they want to have a voice. I would suggest, therefore, that we find out how much money is being spent for this office by the major parties and their affiliated committees during the current presidential campaign of 1952. This should give us a basis for fixing a ceiling upon total expenses to be allowed for the presidential campaigns of 1956; and if public opinion then approves of meeting or underwriting these costs, the experiment could be launched.



Poet, author of many books, and a country gentleman, ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE lives and writes on his eighteenth-century plantation in the deep woods of South Carolina. His encounters with wild boars, alligators, and diamond-backs, the more obstreperous of his neighbors, add adventure to his days and color to his books, of which we recall *Old Plantation Days* (1911), *Children of Swamp and Wood* (1927), *Tales of Dogs* (1929), *An American Hunter* (1937), and *Home by the River* (1941).

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

1

THE average American's imagination is probably inclined to associate the plantation life of the Deep South, even today, with joyous lethargy and almost endless siestas, interrupted only by the vast effort of reaching for another julep. But I have not found this fancied tempo of life to be accurate. In my own experience, plantation life can be very active and exciting; one is called upon to be vigilant, not only for the ordinary expected happenings, but for the number and variety of adventures which are totally without anticipation. The minute I begin to get the illusion that all is serene, something happens.

I live in the wilderness, fifty miles north of Charleston, South Carolina, the quaint inhabitants of which have an original way of looking backward at the future. I live in a very ancient house (1730), and there's no radio, telephone, or electric light. On the plantation about a hundred Negroes, the descendants of the slaves, live with me. It is not *my* place; it is *our* place. And there's a new kind of slavery: I belong to them.

To show that life here is not a somnolent affair, I shall begin by telling what happened to me at five o'clock one summer morning, when I was up and around the yard. The world was silent save for the calling of quail, of cardinals, of orchard orioles; and a woodthrush giving what seemed to me a very beautiful utterance of eternity. I strolled down toward my 20-acre camellia and azalea garden, hewn out of the wildwoods. Hearing a little sound, I was cautious, as I thought a deer or a wild turkey might be roving about.

Immediately to the north of the garden is the river, beyond which lies almost boundless delta country, primevally wild. On the brink of the dusky bluff above the river, I detected a movement; then two huge and tawny bulks came into view. They were wild boars, and no doubt they had just crossed

the river. At the moment they were busily engaged in rooting up the heavy mulch of oak leaves around one of my prize lavender azaleas. Apparently they did not see me, hear me, or wind me.

I backtracked to the house as fast as I could, got my high-power .22 rifle, and returned to the scene. The big brutes were still engaged in their bulldozing operations. I felt reasonably sure that I could kill one of them, but I wanted both. Such creatures are dangerous; and the damage they can do to a garden is in proportion to their size and to the earnestness of their endeavors.

I shot one, striking him hard; the other, not locating the sound of the shot, started my way, running like a scared hyena. I shot him also, but neither boar was down. I gave each a second shot, and then a third, and that ended the business. Then, amid great rejoicing from some of the Negroes whom I had summoned, I turned over about 600 pounds of wild boar to them. And it was not yet sunrise on that placid plantation morning.

Just before breakfast I heard a great outcry from my Negro foreman's children, who were crossing the bank of a lake near the house. One of them, detaching herself from the crowd, came running into the house, and burst into the dining room where I was sitting.

"Git your gun, Cap'n!" six-year-old Maple cried. "A big alligator is eating up all the ducks!"

I had to go into action again. A bull alligator had left the river, had crawled over the bank into the lake, and was spreading panic among my tame ducks. A single shot from the rifle, fortunately placed, ended the life of this brigand, whose whole career had been one of murder. For all his bulk, and his awkwardness on land, an alligator can be incredibly lithe and swift in the water, and deadly in proportion to his speed.

Here were more steaks for my dusky henchmen.

The tail of the alligator is massive and almost square, and from it fine steaks that taste somewhat like halibut can be cut. I find it more palatable than bear meat.

All summer my deer hounds are kept in a large yard between the house and the river. They are numerous and noisy: Bugle and Ringwood, Borer, Driver, Dancer, and Red Liquor; and they are forever trying to get over, under, or through the fence. On a hunt, the concert of their chiming is wildwood beauty at its best. But they are kept closely confined during the hot months; for if they get into the woods, they might catch and kill fawns and baby wild turkeys; then, too, they are liable to be struck by rattlesnakes and cottonmouth moccasins. And if a dog is ever fairly struck by one of these lethal brutes, his life is likely to be over.

Hardly had I finished breakfast on this serene morning when my foreman, Prince, thrust his head in the door.

"All de dog done git out," he announced, as if I were the plantation dogcatcher. I might add that what Prince said is rather typical of a plantation Negro trait: he is very dutiful about reporting trouble, but he rarely takes the initiative in doing anything to correct it. Perhaps he does not relish the responsibility.

It was not, indeed, necessary for Prince to tell me of the hounds' escape, for I could now hear them in the woods. These dogs of mine will not only run a deer when they happen on one, but they are so wise about finding one that if they get out of their yard, they seem to know exactly where to go to rouse an old buck; and I live so deep in the wilderness that they never have to go far. And they just seem able to make a beeline for where a deer lies drowsing. It was so in this case; for by the time I had reached the front porch, the whole pack was in full and almost delirious cry after a deer in the dense plantation woods. I have always been given to understand that if hounds rouse a really wise old stag, he will designedly lead them where he knows other deer are, so that their interest in him may be divided. At any rate, I have often known a pack to start one deer; and before long, each hound would seem to be running a different deer. And I once saw a buck, weary after a long chase, fall in behind a drove of hogs that he discovered running along a path. In the distance I could hear a single hound trailing the deer. The buck followed the hogs for a hundred yards or more; then he turned aside, taking a tremendous leap from the pathway, apparently a maneuver to confuse his pursuer further. I waited until the hound came up. He got hog scent and deer scent all mixed up; and the result was that he followed the hogs in a puzzled and halfhearted way.

When hounds are fresh and start a deer, it is a real task to stop them. Deer as a rule never run far; they skulk and dodge and circle, but they can keep going indefinitely; so, too, can hounds, especially if

you want to stop them. It was a full two hours before Prince and I rounded up the pack and had them all safely in their enclosure once more.

2

WHILE a good many ordinary razorback hogs roam the deep swamps and the solitary pinelands of my country, we seem to have a special type of wild boar. One of these great creatures seems to be a Hampshire or a Duroc-Jersey that has gone wild. It may attain a size and a savage beauty that are almost incredible. I lately measured the height of the mud on a pine tree where a boar had rubbed himself after wallowing. It was four feet two inches from the ground. The largest I ever weighed was 793 pounds. I had had to shoot him seven times with a rifle to kill him. I shot another huge boar twelve times with buckshot. He appeared a little annoyed, but not at all inconvenienced; for I watched him swim the river swiftly and powerfully when I knew he had almost enough lead in him to sink him.

Once, in time of flood, a wild boar appeared out of nowhere in one of the plantation fields. This boar, after an exciting chase in which every dog and man on the plantation joined, was finally caught and put in a pen in the stable yard. He had the curious high-shoulder shape of a hyena. Foam wreathed the bases of his tusks, emitting a musky odor that was perceptible far off; he was truly a formidable and repellent old barbarian.

Late one afternoon I stopped by the pen to take a closer look at him. We had noticed that as dusk approached he would become restless. I had my rifle with me. After looking at the boar, I started toward the gate of the stable yard. Suddenly hearing a crash behind me, I whirled to face the trouble. The boar had broken out of his pen. Dazed by his impact against the obstruction, he hesitated a moment, then plunged for me. I fired and the bullet sped true; but, in falling, the marauder struck me and threw me down. I was unhurt, but I had had all the wild boar I wanted for a while.

One of my Negroes had an alleged dog named Sarsaparilla. The Negroes often found names for their children, their dogs, their horses and mules, on bottles of patent medicine, and would call them Neuralgia, Asthma, Amnesia, Dandruff, and the like. Early one morning I heard the hogs complaining in their lot, and upon investigation I found that, during the night, a wild boar had jumped a low panel in the fence. I trapped him by nailing a heavy plank over the place that he had crossed. This rangy wild visitor was a shaggy brute with gleaming tusks, alarming bristles, and a most sinister and truculent mien. He came over toward me menacingly, champing his great jaws. I went back to the Negro settlement and gathered in all the dogs and men I could. As if our pack were not already sufficiently motley, we had Sarsaparilla.

We let all the dogs through the gate at once. Then with great valor we watched the fray from the safe side of the fence. One dog was hurled clear over the fence; two others voluntarily jumped it. But most of the pack beleaguered the boar. Then Sarsaparilla, who so far had calmly and aloofly watched proceedings, stepped in. With what appeared to be a regard for finesse, he went to work. Stationed behind the huge hog, he looked thoughtfully for an opening; then suddenly he caught the boar's upper haunch, sank his teeth, set his legs, and began grimly to shake his head. The bewildered boar could not loosen his hold. The other dogs, taking courage, crowded him. We jumped the fence and soon had the old marauder securely roped. Sarsaparilla then stalked off sedately. He had condescended to help us; but he did not deign to join in any of our puerile excitement.

"What kind of dog is that?" I asked his owner.

"God in He'ben knows, but he got *all* de sense. I'se gwine change his name to Solomon."

3

DESPITE the camellias and azaleas, despite the grieving loveliness of the dreaming oaks, and the murmuring pines, there is much hard work to be done on a plantation; and when it is interrupted, whatever has obstructed it has to be taken care of.

Occasionally here, as everywhere else, something goes wrong that is really nobody's fault. Such was the strange strike of the great floodgate controlling my largest rice field. The floodgate is a long wooden box, open at both ends, and sunk at low-tide level in a bank. The door at either end, which is suspended on uprights, is automatically opened and closed by the action of the tide. But one day when we opened the outer door to admit the tide, no water came through the floodgate. I called for volunteers to swim into the gateway to find out what the block was. Dark it was in there, and muddy, and slippery beyond belief. I thought that some old log or heap of trash had become lodged in the long box.

Aaron Alston volunteered to investigate. Stark naked, he swam into the darksome mouth of the floodgate.

Suddenly we heard wild subterranean shouts and disclaiming protests. Then the valiant volunteer plunged headfirst into the muddy waters of the canal. There was a frenzied energy about Aaron's behavior that I had never before noticed in him.

"A halligator," he told us. "That's what it is."

And he told the truth. The great reptile, evidently swimming out of the rice-field canal, had tried to go through the gate and had become wedged fast in it. It was an hour before we dislodged him by using a log as a kind of battering ram. Despite the many bruises that he must have had, the bull alligator escaped into the river.

The Deep South is also the country of what the

Seminoles called The Great King. They meant the diamondback rattlesnake, the heaviest venomous serpent of the Western world. The largest snake of this kind that I ever measured was eight feet eleven inches; but his head had been shot away, so that he must have exceeded nine feet in length. However, in Florence, Alabama, there is the hide of a diamondback fourteen feet long.

For a long time I wanted a live diamondback rattlesnake, and I gave out word among the Negroes, hinting of a reward, that if any of them came on one of these chimeras of the wilds, I should be notified.

Weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten about the matter, when one afternoon, while I was in the back yard, I heard a strange kind of squealing shout coming from the direction of the woods in front of the house. By the time I got around there, I saw what looked like a cloud of dust swirling across the open field. It was William Boykin. He ran so fast that he threw both shoes off.

When he got to me, he breathlessly rehearsed how he had almost stepped on a big diamondback in the road that runs through the Pasture Woods.

"A woman one," he panted, with I know not what hint of universal application, "a mean one."

As soon as I could gather up my snake-catching kit, William and I repaired to the scene. He walked more warily than any other human being I had ever seen. The snake was a big one — not over six feet long but very heavy in the body, and savage by disposition. I caught it with a loop of strong string on the end of a pole. The only trouble I had was with its powerful reptilian contortions. It was a female, weighing about nine pounds. Its savagery had about it a peculiarly feminine quality. No male is ever so elementally wild as at times a female can be.

I put her in a wired box. A few days later, some Negro women working in the garden dug up a small king snake. Now the king snake, the deadly foe of the rattler, and entirely immune to its venom, grows to a lordly size. But this one was not more than a foot long, and hardly bigger than a lead pencil. I rather idly dropped him into the box with the diamondback. Next morning when I looked into the box, the burly rattler was dead. The little constrictor had killed it in the night.

One plantation morning a load of rough firewood was hauled into our yard. Some of the logs were big and hollow. A short time after the wood was heaved off the wagon, I heard some chickens setting up a racket near the woodpile. On going there, I found that several of the flock were greatly excited; but one, an old hen, was really in mortal terror. Ordinarily her feathers decorated her normally, but now she had the appearance of a frizzled chicken. Before her and within striking distance, high in his menacing coil, a huge diamondback, which had evidently been brought in from the

woods in one of the hollow logs, was "charming" her by the sheer fascination of terror. The hen was crouched, and her whole body was quaking.

At this moment an old hound ambled around the corner of the house. When he smelled and saw the snake, he put his head up and howled long and mournfully. Most dogs would have barked, and some fools would have rushed in; but this hound had attained an age of wisdom and discretion, and power to speak sagely and warningly. He recognized and respected the aspect of sudden death.

But the strangest part of the performance was yet to come. A cat had been dozing beside the woodpile, and the general alarm awakened her. With one eye of Egyptian-ancient craftiness fixed on the hound, she began one of those amazing feline stretches: she lifted her tail vertically, humped her back loftily, and stood absolutely on tiptoe.

While elevated in a tense muscular pose, she saw the rattlesnake. Immediately she seemed to detect in it a natural enemy, and she faced it. Her posture did not change, but her tail furred out, her hair rose, and she assumed the typical attitude of a cat close-cornered by a dog. Meanwhile she rocked back and forth, swaying as if hypnotized. Now and then she would lift a foot warily, replacing it gingerly. It was as if she were going through the mazes of some mystic Oriental dance.

All these performances both amused me and made me uneasy. I had the feeling that if I were not careful, I might become antic also. In such a case, a rifle is a handy weapon, and with it I ended this unwelcome intruder's career. A rattler, when he is close to his victim, does appear to have a certain dread fascination, assisted by the victim's shocked state of mind.

4

News of important events in the outside world may take years to penetrate the wilderness where I live. It was well after the turn of the century before rumors of Emancipation began to drift into my far hinterlands. Communications are better now; yet it was only recently that I became aware that some of the plantation Negroes had heard of the atomic bomb. Said one drawlingly to another, "Well, I hear they done make that Adam bomb. But, O boy, what will happen if they ever make that Eve bomb?"

To most of my plantation folk, Mrs. Roosevelt is still in the White House; but their alien admiration is mingled with doubt and misgiving. Her Olympian pose, her swift, banal, and facile solutions of even the most ancient human problems, do not readily recommend themselves to the plantation Negro's essentially honest, wise, tolerant, and very philosophic nature. And by her insistence upon calling the sane recognition of the difference in races (without raising the question of superiority

or inferiority) "racial prejudice," the Negro that I know is not favorably impressed.

"Miss Eleanor," an old Negro woman lately complained to me, "she expects too much of us."

Occasionally, to the delight — and somewhat to the consternation — of both white and colored, a caravan of Gypsies will mysteriously appear in our lonely backwoods country, and as esoterically disappear; and as a rule, after one of their visits, the land is poorer in everything that can be transported and eaten.

One day a Gypsy fortuneteller, gay with her bangles and with a many-colored scarf over her head, repaired to a Negro home to inquire the way to the ferry across the river. At the same time, not averse to doing a little real hard-cash business along with this errand, she tried to get the Negro woman of the house to let her tell her fortune.

The woman politely and painstakingly gave the Gypsy directions about the road to the ferry. Then her eyes took on a rather hard, appraising look, and her voice had some asperity in it as she said to her visitor, "Now about this fortune you-all is gwine tell me: if you-all don't know enough to know your way to the ferry, how come you can know enough to tell me anything about myself?"

On another occasion an Italian came through the plantation region with a hurdy-gurdy and a little monkey. This latter, with his elfin human antics, fascinated everyone. But one old Negro woman kept eying the monkey thoughtfully. At last, when he was perched on the music box, she went up close to him.

"Now, lemme tell you something," she said to the monkey with stern yet affectionate warning. "I don't know where you come from, and I don't know where you gwine; but I know if you stay 'round here very long, a w'ite man will have a hoe in your han'!"

On a plantation as well as anywhere else, human problems are the most important; and my problems, if they may be called such, are chiefly with the Negroes who live on the place. For example, there is Steve, who has been here longer than I have. He is my woodcutter, and I have never known a better man with an axe.

Late one winter afternoon I walked out into the woods where he had been working all day; and I complimented him on the grand pile of oak and hickory he had cut. However, on visiting the same place early next morning, I found but a few scattered sticks left. Old Steve had been cutting for me by day, and hauling for Steve by night. When I approached him about this business, I ended my somewhat heated oration by saying, "Steve, I just don't see how you and I can live on the same place any longer."

He eyed me with surprise and mild curiosity. Then he really set me back on my heels.

"Cap'n," he asked, "where is you gwine?"



Of all the television programs in recent months, few attracted such widespread praise as the half-hour conversation by BERTRAND RUSSELL with Romney Wheeler, filmed in London by the National Broadcasting Company and shown over the NBC network and BBC-TV on the occasion of Earl Russell's eightieth birthday. Author, philosopher, mathematician, and recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature, Earl Russell believes that mankind will yet "emerge into some world that will be happier than any world that has existed in the past." We feel sure Atlantic readers will enjoy this complete transcript of the interview.

A LIFE OF DISAGREEMENT

An Interview with Bertrand Russell

WHEELER. — Lord Russell, as you celebrate your eightieth birthday, we'd like you to tell us what you think you have learned and what you think you will never learn in your career as a philosopher.

RUSSELL. — Well, there are some things that I don't think I shall ever learn and indeed I hope I shall never learn. I don't wish to learn to change my hopes for the world. I am prepared to change my beliefs about the state of the world, but not my hopes. About that I wish to remain constant. I think we might call the subject of our talk "Eighty years of changing beliefs and unchanging hopes."

It's very difficult for anybody born since 1914 to realize how profoundly different the world is now from what it was when I was a child. The change has been almost unbelievable. I try as best I can, despite my years, to get used to living in a world of atom bombs; a world where ancient empires vanish like morning mist, where we have to accustom ourselves to Asiatic self-assertion, the Communist menace. The world is altogether different from what it was when I was young. It's an extraordinarily difficult thing for an old man to live in such a world. I was born in 1872. My parents died when I was still an infant. And so I was brought up by my grandparents.

WHEELER. — Can you tell us something about your grandfather?

RUSSELL. — Yes. He was born in the early years of the French Revolution. He was a member of Parliament while Napoleon was on the throne. In common with Fox, he thought English hostility to Napoleon was excessive, and he visited Napoleon in Elba. It was he who introduced the reform in 1832 which started England on the road towards democracy. He was Prime Minister during the Mexican War, during the Revolutions of 1848. I

remember him quite well. But as you can see, he belonged to an age that now seems rather remote.

The world in which I was young was a solid world, a world where all kinds of things that have now disappeared were thought to be going to last forever. It didn't dawn on people that they might cease. English people have certainly regarded English naval supremacy as a law of nature. Britannia ruled the waves. It didn't occur to us that that might stop.

WHEELER. — Even with Bismarck?

RUSSELL. — Bismarck was regarded as a rascal and we thought of him as a sort of uneducated farmer. But it was assumed that the influence of Goethe and Schiller would gradually bring Germany back to a more civilized point of view. Moreover, we thought of Germany as only a land power — it had no navy; and in fact we weren't at all afraid of Germany. Political opinion was more favorable to Germany than it was to France at that time. Bismarck himself compared Germany and England to an elephant and a whale, each formidable in its own element but no danger to each other. That was how we felt. We were not afraid of Bismarck at all. It was thought that there was going to be ordered progress throughout the world. Gradually every country was going to take to parliaments. There was going to be a bicameral legislature and two parties and it was all going to be exactly like England everywhere all over the world.

My grandmother used to laugh because one time she said to the Russian Ambassador, "Perhaps some day you will have a parliament in Russia." He said, "God forbid, my dear Lady Russell." Except for the first word, the Russian Ambassador of the present day might give the same answer. But that was the assumption. It was all going to be orderly and all quite nice.

The atmosphere, apart from politics, was one of puritan piety — very great piety, very great austerity. We always had family prayers at eight, and before family prayers I had to do half an hour's practice at the piano, which I hated. Although there were eight servants in the house, the food was always of the utmost simplicity, and if there was anything at all nice, I was not allowed to have it because it was not good for children to eat nice things. For instance, there would be rice pudding and apple tart. The grownups had the apple tart and I had the rice pudding. There was extreme austerity in all those ways. My grandmother, until she was over seventy, would never sit in an arm-chair until after dinner. Never. It has almost gone out, that sort of austere living by well-to-do people, which in those days was very common.

WHEELER. — When did you get to Cambridge?

RUSSELL. — I got to Cambridge when I was eighteen, and that of course was a new world to me completely. I for the first time met people who, when I said anything that I really thought, didn't think it absurd. I had learned at home to say almost nothing about what I really thought. My people had a horror of philosophy which interested me, and they would say every time philosophy was mentioned: "Philosophy is summed up completely in these two questions. What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter." And at about the sixtieth repetition of this remark I ceased to be amused by it. When I got to Cambridge it was a great comfort to me to find people who didn't regard philosophy as absurd, so that I was very, very happy when I first got to Cambridge. I quickly got to know a great many people who became my lifelong friends. Most of them, I am sorry to say, are dead now, but those who are still alive are still my friends.

WHEELER. — You started with mathematics, didn't you, and then moved to philosophy?

RUSSELL. — That is so, yes. I did three years' mathematics and one year's philosophy at Cambridge. I had done only mathematics before going to Cambridge.

WHEELER. — What caused your interest in philosophy?

RUSSELL. — Well, two things — two very different things — caused my interest in philosophy. On the one hand, I wanted to understand the principles of mathematics. I observed that all the proofs of mathematical propositions that were taught me were obviously fallacious. They didn't really prove what they said they did, and I wanted to know whether there is any truth in the world that is known. I thought, "If there is any, it probably is in mathematics, but not in mathematics as I have been taught it." So I tried to find out some truth there. The other thing that made me interested in philosophy was the hope I might find some basis for religious belief.

WHEELER. — And did you find it?

RUSSELL. — No. In the mathematical part of my hopes I was fairly satisfied, but in the other part no, not at all. For a time I found certain satisfaction in the Platonic eternal world of ideas, which has a sort of religious flavor, but then I came to the conclusion that that was nonsense and I was left without any satisfaction, except for my desires. It remains so. So that as far as that goes, philosophy proved a washout to me, but not as a technical basis for mathematics.

WHEELER. — Wasn't it about here that you entered into what you call a life of disagreements?

RUSSELL. — Yes. I disagreed first with my people both about mathematics and about philosophy. They cared only about virtue. Virtue, they said, was the only thing of importance in the world. Mathematics was unimportant because it had no ethical content, and philosophy was positively pernicious because they thought it undermined virtue. So that on that point I had a strong disagreement with my people. It was solved by my living among academic people who did not take that view, so that I got again into a circle of people among whom I was quite at home.

But that was brought to an end by the first World War, when I took a pacifist line. I was against the first war. I was not against the second. Some people think that this is an inconsistency, but it isn't. I never, during the first war, said that I was against all war. I said I was against that war. And I still hold that view. I think the first war was a mistake. I think if that hadn't happened, you would not have had Communists, you would not have had the Nazis, you would not have had the second World War, you would not have had the threat of the third. The world would have been a very much better place, I think. Germany at the time of the Kaiser was not uncivilized. There was a certain amount of suppression of opinion, but less than there now is everywhere except in England and Scandinavia. So it really wasn't very bad. For propaganda purposes the Kaiser's government was represented as dreadful, but that was only talk. It wasn't really true.

WHEELER. — Your opinions today in regard to Russia are not altogether friendly. Did you always feel that way about the Bolsheviks?

RUSSELL. — Yes, and that caused another violent disagreement. Owing to my pacifism during the first war, I had become estranged from what you might call conventional people, and then I went to Russia in 1920 and found that I abominated the Soviet government. They were dreadful people — dreadful people already and becoming more so. I then had to break with all people who had endured my pacifism who liked Russia, or thought they did, so that I was left in a great isolation at that time. However, I escaped some of the pain of it by going to China, where I spent a very happy

year. I liked the Chinese very much, and there I found people that I could agree with, that I could like.

WHEELER. — Any conclusions about China?

RUSSELL. — Oh, I don't know about conclusions. I don't think I came to any particular conclusions. I continued to think as I had thought before, that democracy is the best form of government where it will work. It didn't work very well in China. It wasn't working at all. And one could see that it wouldn't work there. They hadn't the political experience. But I thought it would work there in time and I dare say it would have if circumstances had been a little more propitious.

WHEELER. — On your return, the focus of your interest changed, did it not?

RUSSELL. — Yes, owing to the birth of my two elder children, I became very much interested in education — especially, at first, education in the very early years. I didn't altogether like the progressive schools, though in some respects I thought them much better than the older ones. But there are some things about progressive schools, at least about most progressive schools, that I didn't feel were right. I thought they didn't pay enough attention to instruction. It seems to me that in our technically complex world you cannot play any important part unless you have a very considerable amount of actual knowledge, and I don't think that most children will acquire much knowledge unless there is a certain amount of discipline in the school. I think the real discipline required for acquiring knowledge ought to be insisted upon and isn't sufficiently insisted upon in a good many modern schools that I know.

WHEELER. — Did you change any of your opinions in that regard?

RUSSELL. — I suppose to some degree. I tried running a school of my own because I wasn't satisfied with other schools. I haven't the talents of an administrator and I wasn't satisfied with the school that I tried to run. Fortunately just about that time a certain modern school that I was interested in became, I thought, quite good enough, and I was satisfied with that. I have, I suppose, changed my opinions, not only about education, but about many things, as a result of seeing what people do.

I think that freedom is not a panacea for all things. I think there are a good many matters in which freedom should be restrained, some of them matters in which it is not sufficiently restrained at present. In the relations between nations there ought to be less freedom than there is. To some degree this applies to modern education too. I think that some progressive schools certainly have more freedom than they ought to have. There are some freedoms that I think are desirable in education. Now in the old-fashioned school, if a child uses a swear word, it is thought worse than if he commits an unkind action, and that seems absurd.

I think that the unkind action matters more. In that sort of way I don't like the old-fashioned way. I also think that children should be free to explore the facts of life to a degree that they're not allowed in an old-fashioned way. I think there should be free speech. There are a number of things that I like very much about modern education; but both in education and in other matters, I think freedom must have very definite limitations — for example, when things that are definitely harmful to other people are involved, or things, such as lack of knowledge, that prevent you yourself from being useful. Those are respects in which I suppose I should lay less stress on freedom than in former times.

WHEELER. — Do you still believe in the importance of abstract philosophy?

RUSSELL. — That's a very difficult question. I have myself a passion for clarity and exactness and sharp outlines. For some reason that I never understood, that makes people think that I have no passions, that I am a cold fish. I don't know why, but it does cause people to think so. I don't myself think that's altogether just. That's neither here nor there. But I do like clarity and exact thinking and I believe they are very important to mankind, because when you allow yourself to think inexactly, your prejudices, your bias, your self-interest, come in in ways you don't notice, and you can do bad things without knowing that you're doing them. Self-deception is very easy. For that reason, I do think clear thinking is immensely important. But I don't think philosophy in the old-fashioned sense is quite the thing the world needs nowadays. I think the needs of the world are different.

WHEELER. — Just what do you feel today's needs are?

RUSSELL. — Needs depend, of course, on what a person's capacities are. But if I were now at this moment a young man, whether in England or in America, I should not take to philosophy. I should think there were other things better to take to. If I had the necessary capacity, I think I would be a physicist. If my capacities didn't run in that direction, I should think that history, psychology — mass psychology especially — theory of politics, things of that sort, would be much better to work at than pure philosophy. And it's that sort of thing that I should take to if I were now young.

WHEELER. — Lord Russell, what do you think the world *needs* to reach this happier state?

RUSSELL. — I think there are three things that are needed if the world is to adapt itself to the industrial revolution. The troubles we are suffering now are essentially troubles due to adapting ourselves to a new phase of human life — namely, the industrial phase; and I think three things are necessary if people are to live happily in the industrial phase. One of these is world government. The second is an approximate economic equality between different parts of the world. And the third is a

nearly stationary population. I'd like to say a little about each of those.

As to world government. The world government should be, of course, a federal government, leaving a very great deal of freedom to the individual national governments, with only those things controlled by the world government which are absolutely necessary for the avoidance of war. The most important and the most difficult of these is armed forces. All the important weapons of war will have to be in the hands of the international government and of it alone. When that happens, war will become practically impossible; and if war were impossible, mankind could go ahead. If war is not impossible, every advance in scientific technique means an advance in mass murder and is therefore undesirable. But if world peace were once achieved, the situation would be just the opposite.

Now I come on to the question of approximate economic equality. As things stand at present, Western Europe and still more the United States of America have high standards of life. On the whole, the great majority of their people live fairly comfortably from the material point of view. Asia, on the other hand, lives in very great poverty. So does most of Africa. And the moment people are sufficiently educated to be aware of these facts, the inevitable result is a great development of envy in the poorer parts of the world. That envy is the cause of unrest and inevitably makes world peace precarious. The only way of dealing with it is to produce approximate economic equality. Of course it's a long story, but it can be done.

The third point, about population, is very vital indeed. The food supply of the world tends at present to diminish through the denudation of the soil. It also tends to increase through various technical advances; but those two about balance, so that on the whole food produce, as it were, does not increase appreciably. That means that unless everybody is to be very poor, there must be not more people to be fed, not many more, than there are now, and therefore you have got to get approximate equality of population and approximately stationary population. Otherwise those parts of the world where the population increases fast will want to go to war with those where it increases slowly.

WHEELER. — That raises the problem of Asia.

RUSSELL. — Well, Asia first of all has risen to the point of education — some Asians have — where it is not prepared any longer to be subservient to the white man. It hasn't noticed that Russians are white. If it had, it would have taken a different line, but it seems to think that Russians are yellow or black or some other color, and I think our propaganda ought to be mainly devoted to saying only Russians also are white. I believe that would be the effective propaganda to use in Asia, but

I'll pass that point by. Asia clearly is going to claim equality with the white man, and it's perfectly futile, absolutely futile, for the white man to resist that game. It will infallibly win — infallibly — and we ought to concede it graciously at once before we are driven to it to concede complete equality to Asia. But if Asia is not to overwhelm the rest of the world with a vast flood of population and poverty, Asia must live up to its responsibilities and must learn the sort of thing we have learned in the West, which is how to maintain a roughly stationary population. If they can't learn that (and I fully believe they can learn and learn quickly, much more quickly than people think) they will not have won their claim to equality.

WHEELER. — Lord Russell, speaking as of today, can you see the influence of any one philosopher more than any other one?

RUSSELL. — I suppose in recent years the most important influence has been Marx — if you can dignify him with the name of philosopher. I should hardly like to dignify him so myself, but I suppose he must count in the list and he certainly has had more influence than anybody else.

WHEELER. — For those of us who reject Marx, can you offer any positive philosophy to help us toward a more hopeful future?

RUSSELL. — Well, you see, I think one of the troubles of the world has been the habit of dogmatically believing something or other, and I think all these matters are full of doubt and the rational man will not be too sure that he is right. I think that we ought always to entertain our opinions with some measure of doubt. I shouldn't wish people dogmatically to believe any philosophy, not even mine. No, I think that we should accept our philosophies with a measure of doubt. What I do think is this: that if a philosophy is to bring happiness, it should be inspired by kindly feeling. Marx pretended that he wanted the happiness of the proletariat. What he really wanted was the unhappiness of the bourgeois, and it was because of that negative element, because of that hate element, that his philosophy produced disaster. A philosophy which is to do good must be one inspired by kindly feeling and not by unkindly feeling.

WHEELER. — Summing up, Lord Russell, do you feel there is hope for the world today?

RUSSELL. — Yes, I do. I feel it very strongly, but how far that is a rational conviction, if one is temperamental, I can't say. I do most strongly feel that there is hope. There may be very dreadful times ahead of us, I dare say there are, but I still believe, I believe most firmly, that through whatever pain and suffering, mankind will emerge from these dreadful things and will emerge into some world that will be happier than any world that has existed in the past. I am firmly persuaded of that. What I don't know is how long it will take.



A. W. SMITH, who was born in Spain of British parents, lived in Russia as a boy and was educated at Shrewsbury and at Sandhurst. He served with the British Army throughout both World Wars. For some years he made his home in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he wrote his books, *The Captain Departed* and *The Sword and the Rose*, and a number of short stories which have appeared in the *Atlantic*. He has recently become an American citizen, and is today a Vice President on the staff of The Conservation Foundation.

THE WEALTH WE WASTED

by A. W. SMITH

I

IT is probably near-heresy to suggest that the pioneer forefathers may not have been well equipped to deal intelligently with the problems posed in their new environment. Many of their practices, so evil and so wasteful in the coldly superior light of the middle of the twentieth century, may have been forced on them by the demands of the moment. But these are not sufficient to account for the destructive waste which has been the habit of American pioneers up to our own times.

The early settlers — and the majority of later ones, too — were English. They came to a land which differed but little from England in climate and soil types. It had much the same pattern of precipitation. Winter might be a bit colder, summer rather hotter, but the same crops could be grown with much the same techniques. Yet the first settlers and their successors failed to bring with them any significant part of the great available knowledge of land use. They seem to have abandoned past experience almost before they started, together with any feel for land or sympathy for its needs.

These people came from a land of highly developed resource use, where the countryside was loved and appreciated for itself. It was the England of Tom Tusser, the farmer poet, who coined such pleasant and even truthful aphorisms as “March dust worth a ransom of gold”; “Sweet April showers spring May flowers”; “Calm in June sets corn in tune.” It was the England of Evelyn, of Izaak Walton and Cotton. And of the anonymous author who improved on Bernard of Cluny’s *Jerusalem the Golden* with a lovelier and longer version which includes what is clearly a trout stream among the important delights of the life to come.

Whether they came from motives of freedom or fortune, the early settlers seem to have been taken completely by surprise by what they found in America. The Jamestown Settlement, consisting

of forty-eight gentlemen and four carpenters, were told quite plainly at the outset that they would be “banished men” unless they produced cargoes to the value of £2000 in the first year.

John Smith quickly disabused the backers. “Nothing,” he said, “is to be expected there but by labour,” and begged at the same time for thirty husbandmen, gardeners, diggers of tree roots, and so on. It is quite clear that the first Virginians had no knowledge of farming, and not the slightest intention of exerting themselves in hard manual labor.

The Pilgrims, so William Bradford says, were all “used to plaine countrie life and ye innocent trade of husbandrie.” Time and his subsequent prosperity may have dimmed his memory, for there seems not to have been a farmer among the lot of them. Certainly they came singularly ill-equipped. They had no stock and no seed. It was twelve years before the Colony even possessed a plow.

They were rather artlessly affected by native methods. The Indian practice of placing an alewife in each hill of corn captured their own and the imaginations of subsequent generations as a novel idea. Yet the composting of every kind of organic material was well understood in contemporary England and there was quite a literature on the subject. The excellent *Jewel House of Art and Nature*, published nearly forty years before, dealt with composting with the same kind of mystical exuberance shown by the organic enthusiasts of today, berating the English for waste and telling them to imitate “the Flemings who will not lose so much as the parings of their nails.” And remember that most of the Pilgrims had spent twenty years in the Low Countries, the home, then as now, of some of the best in farming.

The Pilgrims went to America for freedom, but the Plymouth Colony lost no time in making rules to govern every human activity, most of them with

whipping-post penalties attached. One of their first ordinances dealt with forests and prohibited the cutting of trees without permission.

Early Colonial forest laws were mostly directed at the prevention of fire, which was destructive of life and property as well as trees. By 1648 the Bay Colony had laws forbidding the kindling of fires at unseasonable times, and a public whipping was the penalty if the substantial fine could not be paid. Perhaps these measures were not sufficiently effective, for in 1672 the penalty was made death for adult offenders. Seventy years later the death penalty was abolished and there was a return to a heavy fine and damages.

Fire was an overriding fear and the Indians were careless with it. The pleasant tradition that Indians had a kind of mystical regard for nature and all wild things seems to have been quite erroneous. The fire hunt — burning an area to drive or kill game — was prevalent, at least until 1748, when stringent measures finally put a stop to it. By the middle of the eighteenth century there were compulsory forest laws in all the Colonies as well as coöperative fire fighting in the State of New York.

It is probably fair to assume that this body of forest legislation was not inspired by motives of conservation but was directed at saving the lives and houses, barns, crops, and livestock, of the settlers. Trees were still hostile and forests the enemy to be removed as expeditiously as possible. Only in Pennsylvania does there seem to have been any serious attempt to perpetuate the forest as such. There William Penn decreed leaving an acre of trees standing for each five acres cleared.

Lumber exports began early and the first shipment of Maine white pine was transported in 1605 in a ship commanded by Captain Weymouth. (*Pinus strobus* is still known as Weymouth Pine in England.) It was not until later in the century, however, that the Colonists started to do real business in forest products, including lumber, naval stores, and wood ash for soapmaking — which last was a traditional pioneer enterprise from the first settlements on.

For various reasons, partly wars and partly such things as the highhanded practices of the monopolistic Stockholm pitch interests, the supply of naval stores and masts from the traditional sources, the Baltic ports, became dangerously uncertain. Britain turned to the Colonies. The business possibilities looked so good to the Bay Colony that in 1694 the General Court voted to Their Majesties a promotional shipload at the Colony's expense. In 1705 bounties were put on masts, pitch, tar, and turpentine, and in 1708 the General Assembly of New Hampshire followed suit with a law forbidding unauthorized felling of trees more than 24 inches in diameter.

Masts were extremely valuable merchandise and a single stick might be worth £100 at Portsmouth.

It was a business which called for heavy capital investment. Individual sticks, which might be 100 feet long and measure 15,000 board feet, with a dead weight of 20 to 25 tons, had to be twitched over the snow to salt water by ox teams. There they were loaded into specially constructed mast-ships fitted with bow ports to permit storage below decks. To protect and advance the trade, the Colonies themselves appointed mast agents, but the agents and the various ordinances reserving mast trees came to be unpopular as population pressures grew and the supply of well-grown trees receded from the coast. Eventually the agents and their broad arrow markings came to be regarded as symbols of Crown oppression.

2

FOREST lands do not normally carry any great wealth of fauna. The fruits, berries, and herbage on which birds and animals, including man, depend ultimately for food do not grow well in shade. The country to which the Colonists came was by no means all dense forest. There were open spaces of Indian cultivation, of old burns, and of swamps. The underwood of the mature climax forest was often fairly open, and the high crowns of magnificent trees let in a certain amount of light which encouraged the incursion of blueberries, raspberries, and bramble. There were also natural spaces. The toppling of one of those mighty trees would immediately render its majestic neighbors vulnerable to the next gale, and there must have been a vigorous upsurge of growth as wild grape and the various fruits and grasses competed for place in the newly created sunlight.

In these conditions America was a country rich in fauna. There were immense flocks of water fowl; the wild turkey ranged as far north as New Brunswick and the waters were literally alive with fish. All these phenomena are either gone or, at best, sadly depleted. A very few animals, such as the white-tailed deer, have, under protection, found the man-modified habitat so much to their taste that in many places today they are present in greater numbers than ever before. The early fathers wasted no time in attacking this rich store, and it was not long before their inroads became apparent in serious depletion. By 1694 the Bay Colony found it imperative to establish the first closed season on deer, and twenty-five years later prohibited the killing of deer for three years. Game bird protection was necessary almost as soon. New York established a game bird season in 1708, an example to be followed by other states, until by 1800 there were game laws in all the thirteen colonies.

The great importance of non-game birds and, more particularly, of predators and insectivores is a tenet of modern conservation thought which has

still to gain universal acceptance. Yet Massachusetts instituted protection of non-game birds as early as 1818, while in 1850 Connecticut, New Jersey, and Kentucky introduced laws protecting predator and insectivorous birds specifically as such.

All this regulation was very necessary; indeed, there was too little of it and most of it was too late. Rural areas — certainly much of the Atlantic seaboard — were more heavily populated than they are today. The overgrown stone walls crisscrossing what are now substantial woodlands bear out the evidence of the written records. And the records show, among other things, that there was little land in the more accessible parts of Massachusetts which had not been abandoned at least once by the end of the eighteenth century.

There is a good American tradition that the men who stood off the Redcoats at Lexington and Concord and, later, on Breed's Hill were crack shots to a man. If this were so, the embattled farmers can have had but little previous practice on wild game. Thoreau described a man he knew who "still preserved the horns of the last deer killed in this vicinity and another has told me the particulars of that hunt in which his uncle was engaged." Other animals too had disappeared from Thoreau's Concord. A gray fox skin was bought by the store in January 1742-1743 from one John Melven for two shillings and three pence. "They are not now," says Thoreau, "found here." And when the solitary loon visited Walden Pond the Mill Dam sportsmen came out in gigs at the mere rumor of his arrival, with patent rifles, conical bullets, and spyglasses. Targets must indeed have been scarce by 1847.

By then the great westward movement was already a flood. Primed by population pressure it was speeded enormously by technical improvements, not least in farm machines. Perhaps the most basic was the self-scouring steel plow, which provided, for the first time, the means to break tough prairie sod. Vastly improved transportation — canals, roads, steamships, and railroads — took people in and brought out the cheap food for the growing factory populations of the Eastern States and Europe.

3

THE essential restlessness and nervous energy of the American people was — and to some extent still is — characterized by a lack of attachment to places. An abundance of cheap land discouraged a tradition of permanence. There was also a widely held belief that there was something derogatory about feeding the land. When a farmer arrived at that low point it was a confession of lack of fertility and a sure indication that it was time to move on to new and, therefore, better land.

The *Detroit Courier* played on that attitude in a stirring piece of promotional verse entitled "Come

All Ye Yankee Farmers" and which was designed to attract new settlers to the Michigan territory then opening: —

And there's your Massachusetts,
Once good enough be sure;
But now she's always laying on
Taxation or manure;
She costs you pecks of trouble
But de'il a peck can pay
While all is scripture measure
In Michigania.

Coupling taxation with manure as equivalent burdens illuminates the sentiment of the day. The men of that age were not as advanced in the art of being governed as we are today. All taxation was suspect and the object of vigorous vocal protest. They felt the same way about the necessity for manure. When that came, a farm had touched bottom, and the farmer moved on.

This is not true of the many religious settlements, which almost invariably manifested an affinity for the land and its needs. Theirs is a fairly consistent record of good farm practice and maintained productivity. People like the Mennonites, Amish, and Dunkers in Pennsylvania, the Oneida Community in upper New York, various Lutheran and other settlements in the Middle West, and many others made their localities into symbols of high farming. They had a common factor in their religiousness, but it was not this which made them into good farmers. They settled as communities where they intended to stay.

People generally went west to make money. They were not subsistence farmers and the land was going to be made to pay for their investment of labor, of hardship, and often of very little cash. With this commercialization the farmers began to think of themselves much more as a class, even as men set apart. Had not farming biblical sanction? "The Lord God took man and put him in the Garden of Eden to dress it and keep it" and "Thou shalt till the ground from which thou art taken."

The cardinal point of the agrarian creed was the concept of complete economic independence of the farmer. "A farmer," cried the *Cultivator* newspaper in November, 1838, "should scorn the doors of a bank as he would the approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for traders and men of speculation." The banks returned the compliment. Only recently have they come to see that there is more to farming than a piece of land with a per-acre price tag attached. Bankers at last have begun to realize that rural business improves in direct ratio with the productivity of the soil. But the Federal Reserve System has yet to permit national banks to accept loans secured by forest land. This, however, may come with the provision of some sort of forest fire insurance.

With the almost hostile sentiment towards the

city — and who shall say that it was not returned in urban contempt for the hayseed? — went a strong resistance to “book” farming coupled with an eager acceptance of advances in mechanical technology, attitudes which persist to this day.

It was not an easy land to which the settlers came, but it was new and it was richly fertile. They set about mastering it with enthusiasm, vigor, and ingenuity. The trees, the vast hardwood forests of the first area they encountered, were the first to go to axe and flame. After the trees went the grass seas of the prairie which had been inviolate until the means could be found capable of attacking them in the shape of the sod-busting plow. And with these things went too the passenger pigeon and the buffalo, whose passing we may mourn but, if we are honest, without too much regret. Something of the kind was inevitable if the West was to be opened at all.

In those days a man could start farming for himself with small capital. Land was cheap — quantitatively and, more important, qualitatively. Farm equipment requirements were uncomplicated. Tractive power could be bred. It could be fueled from the farm. Essential outgo was small. It was only to be expected that a man should try to reap as much as he could quickly, for he could always take his accumulated capital elsewhere. The homestead laws and other cheap land arrangements were essential for the development of the nation. But cheap and abundant land and falling costs of production owing to mechanical improvement led to drastic ruthlessness in resource practice for which we are paying today both in depletion and in an accumulation of bad habits.

Some of the bad habits are being shucked off more or less quickly. They have to be. Although it is still possible to homestead — in Alaska, for instance — there is no more cheap land, qualitatively speaking, and the time when an independent living could be made with little more than a strong right arm is long past. Nowadays a man setting out to farm must command considerable capital. A productive, well-stocked corn belt farm of 200 acres may need capital of upwards of \$40,000 just to start. Or he must join the 30 per cent of American farmers as a tenant. Unless there are carefully drawn leases with security of tenure, reimbursement for improvements, and clauses for the maintenance of fertility, tenant farming is bad for the land. As the old English saying goes: —

He that havoecs may sit,
He that improves must flit.

That great, even unique, agency, the Soil Conservation Service, was established in 1935. The preceding years had been distinguished by a widespread and intense drought which, although it was to extend through the 1935 crop season, did in fact reach a climax in the previous year. A

series of diastrous dust storms played havoc with the surface soil of the southern Midwestern regions, which were the hardest hit. Cropping systems had contributed to this major agricultural and social disaster and the S.C.S. set up a program to anchor the soil and to minimize the effect of a similar occurrence in the future.

The human implications of the drought became even more tragic by reason of the depression. The Department of Agriculture, accepting the necessity of enhancing farm income, had, under the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, resorted to direct subsidies paid to farmers for reducing acreages devoted to important staples such as wheat, cotton, hogs, and so on. These subsidies performed their primary purpose but there were loopholes. It was possible, for instance, for an astute farmer simultaneously to get paid for reducing his acreage and, by heavier applications of fertilizer and more intense cultivation, to obtain an actual increase in yield.

This sort of thing, although rather unimportant in the emergency as it existed, contributed to the exasperation of those to whom the idea of subsidy was thoroughly distasteful. In about the last sweeping decision of the unregenerated Supreme Court, the Agricultural Adjustment Act was finally declared unconstitutional in the *Hoosac Mills* decision of 1936.

The Department of Agriculture, still faced with the necessity of enhancing farm income, decided to turn to practice oriented subsidy. No right-minded man, it was felt, could possibly attack conservation — even though its actual purpose was direct subsidy. The new act — the Agricultural Adjustment and Soil Conservation Act — must surely, they argued, be as unassailable as, in fact, it proved to be. Thus the Soil Conservation Service received its first really wholehearted boost from the parent bureau under the rather dubious circumstances of a slightly cynical device to beat a Supreme Court decision.

During the depression, the bottom dropped out of the land market as well as the market for produce, thus providing the conditions in which conservation is least likely to be practiced. The mortgage payments must be met, taxes paid — somehow the family must eat. The land suffered from exploitation. The same thing occurred in the forests. In many cases the lumber companies had no course open to them but to produce or go out of business. In the effort to survive they cut hard, forcing down the price of their own product and thus hastening the end of a number of them.

Land scarcity, high land values, and the necessity for heavy investment in equipment and stock provide the atmosphere for conservation land use. And when there are also strong demand and high prices for farm and forest products the pressure to realize on resource capital is further eased. The

owner is in the chips and can afford to work his property on a long-term basis. The big lumber and paper companies know this and they take infinite pains to protect their sources of raw materials. Of necessity they have heavy investments in plant and land. The area on which they can draw for raw materials is circumscribed, if only by the economics of the business. If they cut faster than trees can grow, a term is set automatically on their operations. They are fixtures, even if there were anywhere else for them to go.

People practice conservation when they can afford to and when they can foresee the pinch ahead if they do not. As long as there are new frontiers and new lands for exploitation, which is the same thing as saying when land prices are low, conservation land use goes by the board. This is the conclusion which history provides.

New frontiers might appear in our own time. The biochemist might find a way to make yeast

proteins as cheap and as attractive as sirloin steak — in which case that highly inefficient converter of plant proteins, the beef steer, would quickly disappear from the landscape. Or the engineers might learn how to desalt the sea and turn tens of thousands of square miles of desert into cheap, productive, and easily worked land. Or the chemists might perfect their super fibers. These things are possible, and if one is to believe the eminent speakers at the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society, they are even imminent.

If these or similar new frontiers were to arise, there would be small need for land, and conventional resource users would inevitably turn to exploitation merely to make a living. But possible as biochemical and other solutions may be, there is only one wise course: to conserve and to use our resources with respect. If we do not, we are likely to be in for a long and hungry wait for the first test tube meal.



COLOPHON

by ADRIENNE RICH

In this long room, upon each western pane
The sunset wreaks its final savage stain;
And we, like masquers costumed in an air
Outcrimsoning the gaudiest cock that crows,
Parade as torches and diabolos
Along the blood-red spiral of the stair.

An imminent amazement of the heart
Constricts our greetings as we meet and part.
A gesture or a cry can make us turn
Ready to bid a sudden sharp goodnight;
Yet still delays the dark, still cockerel-bright
Smoulder the dyes in which we wade and burn.

Not tragical, the faces that we wear:
A modern gaiety, fitting as despair
Shall pass the hour till domes and sunsets fall.
Extravagant and ceremonious words
Shall fill the air like flights of jeweled birds
Uncaged upon a flaming carnival.

In this outrageous spectacle of time,
What's left us but the life of form, of rhyme —
The work so disciplined, so sternly wrought,
The flashes of the mind so boldly penned
That when the sunset gutters to its end
The world's last thought will be our flaring thought?



A Canadian who writes of the natural world with scientific accuracy and the pull of humor, N. J. BERRILL, Professor of Zoology at McGill University, is the author of The Living Tide, which was published last year. He is now working on his new book, Journey into Wonder, an account of the voyages and explorations of the great naturalists, which Dodd, Mead will publish this autumn. His chapter on the Emperor Penguins appeared in the July Atlantic; the article which follows describes Alexander von Humboldt's trip through the Venezuelan jungles.

THE SEA IN THE JUNGLE

by N. J. BERRILL

1

THE German naturalist Alexander von Humboldt and the French botanist Aimé Bonpland sailed aboard a wooden ship, the *Pizarro*, and watched the Spanish coast fade out of sight, in June, 1799. As the nineteenth century approached, Humboldt crossed the Atlantic and stepped through the curtain Spain had drawn around her conquests for three hundred years, armed with a passport from Madrid.

In spite of war and revolution, Western thought was quickening, and physical and chemical science had found its feet. No one was more alerted to it than Humboldt, and no one ever made greater use of his information or carried more up-to-date equipment. He had thermometers and barometers, batteries and galvanometers, apparatus for gas analysis, astronomical instruments, and anatomists' dissecting tools. It sounds more like a modern research laboratory, but it was the field equipment of one man intent on exploring a tropical rain forest and the peaks of the Andes; and for the most part the apparatus and knowledge were inventions and discoveries of the previous decade. I do not believe that the first space ship destined for Mars in the coming millennium could represent more enterprise, courage, and preparedness than Humboldt bore as an individual a century and a half ago. He took into the richest parts of an almost unsullied earth all that was known of the universe in his time, and surveyed and analyzed all that came his way.

The passage to Tenerife was uneventful except to a naturalist. Humboldt and Bonpland looked in vain for ocean weed but were startled at the abundance and variety of jellyfish — some blue, some yellow-brown, some purple, swarms that took an hour to pass the ship. North of the Cape Verde Islands they passed through great masses of floating weed and speculated about them. Floating weeds

must have been torn from submarine rocks, possibly by fish and molluscs, and there is no suspicion that the weed vegetatively propagates free of any attachment and is as ancient an inhabitant of the open ocean as the flying fish itself. Yet it took more than another century for this to be recognized.

The ship avoided Trinidad, which the English had taken from Spain two years before, crossed the shoal between Tobago and Grenada, and turned south toward the American mainland. At daybreak, two days later, the mountains of New Andalusia, half veiled by mists, rose above the southern horizon, and the city and castle of Cumana appeared between groves of sixty-foot cocoa trees. The first weeks at Cumana were employed in testing instruments and in collecting and pressing the plants of the region. Before they returned to Europe, Bonpland was to have discovered six thousand plants new to science, which I suppose is not too surprising, considering that he was the first professional botanist to enter South America since Linnaeus first put botany on a systematic basis.

Travelers have always been inclined to underestimate the intelligence and natural curiosity of a community remote from what is thought to be the center of civilization. One of the most surprised persons I know was a botanist who visited the French-speaking black republic of Haiti and came back with the report that he had never in Europe or America met such an intellectually active and intellectually hungry group of men as the dark-skinned scientists of Port-au-Prince.

Humboldt was no less startled and pleasantly excited with his reception by the Spanish colonists at Cumana and elsewhere. From Cumana the two naturalists went to Caracas, their real point of departure for their long journey into the heart of the continent.

Their route from Caracas took them south over

the high Venezuelan plain to one of the north-western tributaries of the Orinoco, alternately through dry stony country and rich woodland and forest and lakes. Even in 1800 Humboldt was already alarmed at the creeping consequence of forest destruction, of ensuing climatic change, lack of water and fuel—as sugar, indigo, and cotton replaced the great fig trees and mimosas of the lands around the lakes.

“From a peopled country embellished by cultivation,” wrote Humboldt, “we plunge into a vast solitude. Accustomed to the aspect of rocks, and to the shade of valleys, the traveller beholds with astonishment these Llanos or savannahs without trees, these immense plains, which seem to ascend to the horizon. . . . In the rainy season they are covered with verdure, but in the time of great drought they assume the aspect of a desert. The grass is reduced to powder; the earth cracks; the alligators and great serpents remain buried in the dried mud till awakened from their long lethargy by the first showers of spring. . . . Often within a distance of thirty square leagues there is not an eminence more than a foot high. This resemblance to the surface of the sea strikes the imagination most powerfully where the plains are altogether destitute of palm trees, and where the mountains of the shore and of the Orinoco are so distant that they cannot be seen. . . . As we advanced into the southern part of the Llanos, we found the ground more dusty, more destitute of herbage, and more cracked by the effect of long drought.”

After nights spent in hammocks over which hovered enormous vampire bats, intent, it seemed, on fastening upon their faces, Humboldt and Bonpland arrived at San Fernando, the termination of the journey across the Llanos. Humboldt ceased to be the physiologist and became outright explorer.

2

SAN FERNANDO was a Capuchin missionary town newly established near the white sandy shores of the Apure River, one of the greater branches of the Orinoco. At the time of their arrival the dry season was about to end and the heat was terrific. In the wet season, they heard, the savannas of this region became covered with twelve or fourteen feet of water, and farms and villages then stood on shoals no more than two or three feet above the water. The Apure, Meta, and Orinoco all swell with the rains, overflowing into the great basin, and it was a common sight to see mares, followed by their colts, swimming to feed upon the tops of the grass waving above the water. The colts drowned everywhere, in large numbers, and even the mares survived only by virtue of longer legs and in spite of the crocodiles that pursued them. As the rivers return to their beds, the savanna is overspread with a beautiful scented grass.

A day or two of San Fernando was more than enough, although one of them was memorable. At sunrise one morning, with thunder rolling from all directions and the first rain of the season falling, long files of porpoises began to play along the surface of the Apure, to the alarm of the slow and indolent crocodiles who dived for the bottom whenever they came too close.

Humboldt, Bonpland, and the brother-in-law of the provincial governor, newly arrived from Cadiz, left San Fernando in a large Indian canoe so spacious that it carried a crew of four paddlers, a pilot, and a palm-thatched cabin containing a table and benches. They traveled down the Apure River to its junction with the Orinoco, with thorny jungle on either side, through which came jaguars, tapirs, and peccaries to drink. Crocodiles lay stretched on the sand between the river and the jungle, although with the rainy season hardly begun, hundreds still remained buried in the mud of the savannas.

Porpoises still plowed the river in long files, as out of place as a sailor in Denver; flocks of parakeets shrieked past, pursued by little whistling goshawks; and at one point the canoe passed a low island crowded with thousands of flamingos, rose-colored spoonbills, herons, and moor hens—so close together they seemed unable to stir. At night, on shore, a fire was lit—with difficulty, for the forest was impenetrable and dry wood hard to find. “Finding no trees on the strand, we stuck our oars in the ground, and to these fastened our hammocks. Everything passed tranquilly until eleven at night, and then a noise so terrific arose in the neighbouring forest that it was impossible to close our eyes. There were the little soft cries of the sapajons, the moans of the alouate monkeys, the howling of the jaguars and cougars, the peccary, and the sloth, the cries of the curassow, the parakeets and other birds.” There was no silence in the forest at night, and long-tailed bats and sharp-nosed insects made disturbance doubly real.

During the last evening on the Apure the canoe passed the Cano del Manati, so named on account of the immense numbers of manatees caught there every year. Humboldt saw them in all of the branches of the Orinoco and succeeded in dissecting one of these ten-foot, six-hundred-pound mermaids. Unlike those Columbus saw in the Caribbean, these showed no trace of nails on the edge of the fins, and were not so large. Otherwise a manatee is a manatee and looks like a mermaid or a sea cow according to your traditions and disposition: two species in the Americas, one in Africa, three in the East Indies if you include the dugong, and one, the largest of all, Steller’s sea cow, which used to frequent the shores of Bering Strait.

The manatee is easily caught, for it is a slow-witted vegetarian that relies more upon bulk than speed to avoid destruction, apart from a certain invisibility in the water resulting from a blotched

and dusky color. It is a curious animal, streamlined and almost hairless, with only paddle-like fore limbs present. Not only are there no hind limbs but there is hardly a trace of the pelvis to which they were once attached. In their own way manatees are as aquatic, and as warm-blooded, as whales and porpoises, with a propelling tail blade that is vertical instead of horizontal. And like the whales they are full of oil and fat, called manatee butter, used in food and for lamps in the churches along the river. Even the Indians are perplexed, for they cannot understand why an animal living in water and resembling a fish should suckle its young. Humboldt and Bonpland, in dissecting a manatee, were greatly impressed by the enormous length of the intestine — more than one hundred feet — and by the subdivision of the stomach into compartments, both features being typical of purely plant-eating mammals, especially those which chew the cud, which suggests something of the manatee's ancestry.

Manatee butter troubles me. I have always assumed that the large amount of blubber and oil in porpoises and whales, seals and penguins, served primarily as insulation against loss of body heat. A seal lying on an ice-pan makes no impression; its warmth is kept within and no ice melts. The fat of course is also an energy reserve, and its thickness in seals and whales changes with the seasons. Eskimos who use rifles instead of harpoons lose two out of every three seals that they shoot in summertime because the bodies sink so fast. But all this concerns warm-blooded meat-eating mammals and birds that have gone back to the sea for their livelihood.

Manatees and dugongs are not flesh eaters, however, but are confirmed vegetarians, and they venture to sea only on excursions along the shore for seaweed or to get from one river mouth to the next. There is little doubt that they came into being in great tropical rivers and estuaries where lush vegetation has always been plentiful, and at first were as quadrupedal as a tapir or hippopotamus is. Why it was so important to become streamlined as a swimmer is less clear, unless it was to avoid the crocodiles or to get weed at a greater depth than a regular four-legged creature could reach. If there is any truth in all this and manatees really are products of tropical fresh waters, why should they contain so much fat? It can't be for warmth, and with a steady supply of food there is little need for reserves; it may have something to do with buoyancy in the water, or perhaps it is concerned with shape. If quick movement through water is important, it probably has been so from the beginning, and there are few animals so badly shaped for swimming as the average quadruped. The change to fishlike form is difficult and age-consuming, and the shortest route to a more streamlined shape is fat. Fat can be molded in far fewer generations

than it takes for muscle and bone, and sleek contours may depend more upon the use of blubber than we think. After all, it has worked with the maid and should work for the mermaid; nature covered both with fat and patted it into shape. It's an appealing thought and is not as crazy as it sounds.

3

HUMBOLDT and his companions were about to sling their hammocks from the trunk of a locust tree near the Bay of Manatees, when a couple of large-spotted jaguars slunk out from behind it. So the travelers pushed on to a small island and in the day that followed found the Orinoco. The river stretched before them as an immense plain of water, with white-topped waves as far as the eye could reach. Instead of continuing downstream as on the Apure, they turned southwest along the shore, the fresh northeast breeze carrying them full sail up the Orinoco to the Boca de la Tortuga, an island celebrated for its turtle fishery.

Humboldt arrived at the critical moment, for the egg-laying of the turtles takes place at the very end of the dry season — and on the island were some white traders and more than three hundred natives, all assembled for the *cosecha*, the annual harvest of the eggs. A Franciscan monk stood by to supervise the proceedings; his chief duty was to select assistants to help determine the extent of the sand which contained eggs and to divide it among the various Indian families present. Two kinds of turtles laid their eggs along the beaches, fresh-water terrapins with feet neither stumpy like the tortoise nor flippers like the sea turtle, and more or less giants among their kind, forty or fifty pounds apiece. Just before the eggs are laid the turtles gather around the islands in unbelievable numbers and inspect the shore with an eye to safety, and then, for the most part between midnight and dawn, they stumble slowly to a site well above the water line and set to work — each to excavate pits two to three feet deep in which to lay about one hundred good-sized eggs. Only the females come ashore, but in such numbers that many dig their holes where eggs have already been laid.

Neither turtles nor Indians have changed very much, and as soon as a sand bar is divided the natives start excavating, each family digging with their hands until at the end of the second day they have a mound of eggs four or five feet high. Some are eaten then and there, others dried for future use, but most are squashed and poured with water into a wooden trough to bake in the sun until the oil comes to the top. This is skimmed off and boiled for use in cooking or for lamps, like the manatee butter. The amount of oil produced is the best indication of the number of turtles there must be in the South American river. Humboldt found that the three islands he encountered yielded about

five thousand jars, that it took five thousand eggs to fill a jar, and that a third of the eggs were broken when laid; so that the harvest consisted of more than thirty million eggs. At one hundred apiece, more than three hundred thousand females must have been busy laying them, and this could have been but an insignificant proportion of the total turtle population of the river systems. Above all else it is turtle territory and remains so to this day.

In spite of the egg harvesting, the turtles seem to be as abundant as ever, and this also in spite of the jaguars, crocodiles, herons, and vultures that feast on the babies as they struggle out of the nests onto the sand above. Though hatching may have occurred during the day, emergence above ground always takes place at night, which is just as well, for the temperature at the sand surface under the hot equatorial sun Humboldt found to be as high as 150° F. Young turtles attempting to reach the water during the day turned red, shriveled, and died before covering ten yards. Sometimes eggs are laid a mile away from the river, and it is a peculiar instinct that drives the newly hatched reptiles through the darkness toward the water, usually by the most direct route. Baby sea turtles have a blue horizon to aim at, but the fresh-water terrapins manage without such a guide, and leave us in wonder with no good answer. If they are picked up and turned around, they regain their right direction.

Humboldt and Bonpland left Turtle Island loaded with little live turtles and sun-dried eggs for the use of the native crew. The river here was nearly five miles across, though six hundred miles from its mouth. Gradually it narrowed and the current increased. High and wooded banks and gusty wind made sailing ever more difficult, but at last, after passing between the high cliffs of the Strait of Baraguan, they came to Pararuma, where the pilot informed them that that was as far as he and his boat could take them.

Even in the blazing heat of the noonday sun, when a thermometer placed against the rocks rose to 120° F., Humboldt felt the pulsing throb of nature: "all the stones were covered with an innumerable quantity of iguanas and geckos with spreading and membranous fingers. These lizards, motionless, with heads raised and mouths open, seemed to suck in the heated air. The soil appeared to undulate, from the effect of the mirage, without a breath of wind being felt. The sun was near the zenith, and its dazzling light, reflected from the surface of the river, contrasted with the reddish vapours that enveloped every surrounding object. . . . The beasts of the forest retire to the thickets; the birds hide themselves beneath the foliage of the trees, or in the crevices of the rocks. Yet amidst this apparent silence we hear a dull vibration, a continual murmur, a hum of insects filling all the lower strata of the air. . . . Myriads of

insects creep upon the soil, and flutter round the plants parched by the heat of the sun. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, from the clefts of rocks, and from the ground undermined by lizards, millipedes and worm-salamanders. All nature breathes, and under a thousand forms life is diffused throughout the cracked and dusty soil, in the waters, and in the air about us."

Fortunately at Pararuma they were able to purchase a good canoe, and the missionary to the cataract country offered to go along with them as guide. "The new canoe intended for us was, like all Indian boats, a trunk of a tree hollowed out partly by the hatchet and partly by fire. It was forty feet long, and three broad. Three persons could not sit in it side by side. . . . A sort of lattice work had been constructed on the stern with branches of trees. Unfortunately the roof of leaves was so low that we were obliged to lie down, without seeing anything, or, if seated, to sit nearly double. . . . The fore part of the boat was filled with Indian rowers, furnished with paddles, three feet long, in the form of spoons. They were all naked, seated two by two, and they kept time in rowing with a surprising uniformity, singing songs of a sad and monotonous character. The small cages containing our birds and monkeys, the number of which augmented as we advanced, were hung some to the branches and others to the bow of the boat. This was our travelling menagerie. . . . There remained no other place for the dried plants, trunks, a sextant, a dipping needle, and the meteorological instruments, than the space below the lattice work of branches, on which we were compelled to remain stretched the greater part of the day. To these inconveniences were joined the swarms of mosquitoes and the heat." In this manner they made their way up the swelling Orinoco to Carichana.

Leaving Carichana the course of the river became more and more blocked by great granite rocks, until the channels grew so narrow that the canoe had to be warped along with ropes. The waters of the great Orinoco seemed almost to disappear among the piled rocky chaos, and even the crocodiles seemed to shun the noise of the cataracts. Later the canoe with its vulnerable and precarious freight reached the junction of the Orinoco with its tributary the Meta, itself the union of two rivers.

4

FROM the Meta onwards the journey up the Orinoco became increasingly one of paddling against tumultuous waters, hauling between rocks, and portaging around cataracts, with so many tributaries joining in that it was difficult at last to say which was the Orinoco itself. Humboldt was not concerned with tracing the mighty river to its

source, and in fact it is only within the last year that another expedition has pressed into the dank forest beyond the limit of Humboldt's journey, supported by parachuted supplies, to measure the various streams of the Parima Mountains in an attempt to discover which is the largest. It is still one of the world's last frontiers.

Humboldt's objective was to confirm his belief in an old report that there was a navigable connection between the Amazon and the Orinoco. Instead of ascending the river directly to Esmeralda, the base of the recent expedition, he turned aside at San Fernando at the head of the great cataracts. "During the night, we had left, almost unperceived, the waters of the Orinoco; and at sunrise found ourselves as if transported to a new country, on the banks of a river the name of which we had scarcely ever heard pronounced and which was to conduct us, by the portage of Pimichin, to the Rio Negro, on the frontiers of Brazil." If it had not been for the Franciscan missions he would not have succeeded, and now that they are no more, travel in this region is much more difficult.

"You will go up," said the president of the missions, who resided at San Fernando, "first the Atabapo, then the Temi, and finally the Tuamini. When the force of the current of 'black waters' hinders you from advancing, you will be conducted out of the bed of the river through forests, which you will find inundated. Two monks only are settled in those desert places, between the Orinoco and the Rio Negro; but at Javita you will be furnished with the means of having your canoe drawn over land in the course of four days to Cano Pimichin. If it be not broken to pieces you will descend the Rio Negro without any obstacle as far as the little fort of San Carlos; you will go up the Casiquiare, and then return to San Fernando in a month, descending the Upper Orinoco." Such was the plan and Humboldt carried it out in thirty-three days. From San Carlos he might have gone on down the Rio Negro into Portuguese territory, and so down the length of the Amazon.

Near the junction of the Temi and the Tuamini they left the bed of the river and proceeded in their canoe southward across the forest through channels four or five feet broad, in water rarely more than three feet deep. "An Indian furnished with a machete stood at the head of our boat, employed continually in chopping off the branches that crossed each other from the two sides of the channel. In the thickest part of the forest we were astonished by an extraordinary noise. On beating the bushes, a shoal of toninas or fresh water dolphins (por-

poises) four feet long, surrounded our boat. They fled across the forest, throwing out those spouts of compressed air and water which have given them in every language, the name of 'blowers.' How singular was this spectacle in an inland spot, three or four hundred leagues from the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazon!"

Humboldt was amazed, and no wonder. I can think of few animals more marine than a whale, whether or not the whale is small and goes by some other name; and few places on this earth seem more remote from the ocean than the flooded forest floor of a raised watershed a thousand miles from the sea. No simile comes to mind which can sharpen the contrast or the incongruity of tiny whales sporting in little more than knee-deep water beneath green and flowering vines in tropical jungle. Humboldt himself speculated on how they succeeded in reaching such remote territory, and favored a passage from the sea by the Amazon route, feeling that the Orinoco cataracts would have been too formidable a barrier.

Humboldt and Bonpland made the Pimichin portage through a snake-infested marsh with no more casualty than the loss of much of the botanist's plant collection through excessive humidity, to come at last to the Rio Negro, the great tributary to the Amazon. In May they left the border fort of San Carlos, went up the Rio Negro to the mouth of the Casiquiare, and for ten days paddled against the current of that amazing little river, leaving black water for white, cloudy skies for starry nights and for more mosquitoes and crocodiles. When they reached the end of the Casiquiare and found themselves entering the Orinoco again, they had added to their already overcrowded canoe a toucan, seven parrots, "two manakins, a motmot, two guans, two manaviros, eight monkeys and a short-tailed cacajao." I am uncertain what animals some of these are, but the general effect under the circumstances is hard to imagine.

They re-entered the Orinoco about ten miles below the mission of Esmeralda, which they visited long enough to watch the Indian poison-master prepare curare, the deadly paralytic poison of arrow tips which is now an important drug, and to discover that you do not walk in the forests without a shield of very hard wood over head and shoulders, for this was the land of the Brazil nut, and the huge nut cases could kill a man if one fell on him. When at last they started downstream, the voyage was swift and it was a relief to leave a land to which monks were sent as a punishment, to be eaten alive by mosquitoes.



Novelist, playwright, and teacher, THORNTON WILDER combines the creative fire with the cool, objective delight of a critic. He began teaching at Lawrenceville after his graduation from Yale in 1920; he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Fiction for his second novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*; his play *Our Town* (which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1938) is in production in some part of the globe almost every day of the year; and he richly deserves the Gold Medal for Fiction presented to him by the American Academy of Arts and Letters this spring. He is now working on a book which grew out of his Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard and of which this is the second of several installments to appear in the *Atlantic*. The third will be in the October issue.

THE AMERICAN LONELINESS

by THORNTON WILDER

1

WALKING to the auditorium where I am to lecture on Thoreau I pass Hollis Hall in which he lived as an undergraduate.

I think we can understand why on graduation he changed his name — David Henry became Henry David, peremptorily. Like Emerson before him he was a scholarship student. During his first year he had one coat — his mother and aunt had made it for him out of green homespun. That year the right students were wearing black. All his life he railed with particular passion against any discrimination that is based on dress. A classmate tells us that, as a student, Thoreau in conversation did not raise his eyes from the ground and that his hands were continually moist. That chapter over, he changed his name.

As I pass Hollis I become uncomfortable; I feel those extraordinary blue eyes not on me, but directed over me, in taciturn reproach. He set down a portrait of himself and he took pains with its details. He wished it to be known that he was direct, simple, forthright, candid, and uncomplicated. Many have taken him at his word; but no, his life and personality have more important things to tell us.

How hard it is to discuss Thoreau in the presence of the young. Many aspects of his life and thought lie in that sole territory which is inaccessible to young men and women. I never feel an incomprehension on their part when I treat of death or loss or passion; their imaginations can extend themselves — by that principle which Goethe called “anticipation” — to such matters. What is difficult is to treat of the slow attrition of the soul by the conduct of life, of our revolt against the workaday — the background of such works as *Le Misanthrope* and *Don Quixote*. I must tell these young people, who are hurrying by me, that

Thoreau met defeat in his impassioned demands upon Love, Friendship, and Nature; and yet I must tell them that at the same time he was an American who fought some of our battles for us, whose experience we are to follow with a sort of anxious suspense. The rewards we obtain from the contemplation of Thoreau, however, begin their consolatory and inspiring effect upon us as we move through our forties.

I wish I were somewhere else.

Ladies and gentlemen: —

We were talking last time about how difficult it is to be an American. We spoke of the support which a European receives from all those elements we call environment — place, tradition, customs: “I am I because my neighbors know me.” Their environment is so thickly woven, so solid, that the growing boy and girl have something to kick against. The American, on the other hand, is at sea — disconnected from place, distrustful of authority, thrown back upon himself.

Here I am again.

And suddenly, as my eyes rest on the upturned faces before me, I am encouraged. It is in many ways a sad story I have to tell. Whenever I think of Thoreau I feel a weight about my heart, a greater weight than descends in thoughts of Poe or Emily Dickinson. Yet all of us here are Americans. My subject is the loneliness that accompanies independence and the uneasiness that accompanies freedom. These experiences are not foreign to anyone here. So forward.

Perceptive visitors to America from Europe are uniformly struck by what they call an “American loneliness” which they find no less present in that

fretful and often hollow gregariousness we talked about last time.

Now there are several forms of this loneliness, and the one that occurs to us first is the sentimental form. In America the very word is sentimental and it makes us uncomfortable even to employ it. Yet we see this kind of loneliness about us everywhere; like the loneliness which springs from pride it is a consequence, a deformation, and a malady of that deeper form which we are about to discuss. Both proceed from the fact that the religious ideas current in America are still inadequate to explain the American to himself. The sentimental loneliness arises from the sense that he is a victim, that he was slighted when fortune distributed her gifts (though it is notably prevalent among those who seem to "have everything"); the proud loneliness arises from the sense of boundlessness which we described as related to the American geography and is found among those who make boundless moral demands on themselves and others.

Thoreau illustrates certain American traits connected with loneliness in an extreme and exaggerated form. He finally lost his battle — the typical American battle of trying to convert a loneliness into an enriched and fruitful solitude — but before he died (at forty-four, murmuring: "It is better some things should end") he furnished us many a bulletin of the struggle, many an insight, and many an aid.

Another of the most famous pages in American literature is that wherein Thoreau gives his reasons for going to live in solitude at Walden Pond.

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. . . . nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it were quite necessary. . . . if [life] proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

Thoreau's books are a sort of cento of transcriptions and amplifications of entries in his Journal. Here is what he wrote on the third day of his residence at the pond (July 6, 1845): "I wish to meet the facts of life — the vital facts, which are the phenomena or actuality which the Gods meant to show us — face to face, and so I came here. Life! who knows what it is, what it does?"

There are several things to notice about these passages: among them, first, that he will put his question as though no one had ever said anything valuable before; and, second, that in order to ask what life is, it is necessary to remove oneself from the human community.

Americans constantly feel that the whole world's thinking has to be done over again. They did not

only leave the Old World, they repudiated it. Americans start from scratch. This is revolt indeed. All authority is suspect. And this is boundless presumption. I quoted Whitman's words in our last session ("It almost seems as if a poetry . . . suitable to the human soul were never possible before"). Poe, clutching some mathematics and physics he had acquired during a brief stay at West Point, launched into a description of how the universe came into being, and deduced the nature of God from his theory of the galaxies. He called his work *Eureka* and did not leave us in doubt that he felt that he had succeeded where the greatest minds had failed. Professional astronomers dismiss it with a smile, but we notice that the great French poet Paul Valéry, who occupied himself with mathematics for thirty years, tells us how great a role this book played in the growth of his thought. ("*L'idée fondamentale de Poe n'en est pas moins une profonde et souveraine idée.*")

Thoreau did some reading at Walden Pond, but it is astonishing how small a part it plays in this central inquiry of his life. He invokes neither the great philosophers nor the founders of religions. Every American is an autodidact; every American feels himself capable of being the founder of his own religion. At the end of the passage I have quoted from the Journal there is an allusion to his reading of the Sanskrit scriptures. It is an ironic jest: "to give a true account of it in my next excursion." He does not believe that our souls return to inhabit other bodies, though billions have reposed in that idea all that they know of hope and courage. He makes a jest of it — fit example, to him, of the uselessness of *other people's* thinking. There is something of this religious and metaphysical pioneer in us all. How often I have heard people say: "No, Mr. Wilder, we don't go to church. My husband and I each have our own religion — here — inside!" What student at the height of a lofty argument has not been heard to cry: "Listen, everybody! My theory is *this* . . .?"

To others this must all seem very deplorable. To Americans it is wearing and costing and often desolating; but such is the situation. The die is cast; and our interest in Thoreau is precisely that we see one of ourselves fighting, struggling, and finally fainting in this inescapable American situation. Thoreau asks, What is life? and he asks it in a world from which any considerable reliance on previous answers is denied him, and through his long inquiry he heard the closing of three doors — doors to great areas of experience on which he counted for aid and illumination, the doors to Love, Friendship, and Nature.

Here are the reverberations of these closing doors: —

LOVE (October 27, 1851, aged 34): "The obstacles which the heart meets with are like granite blocks which one alone cannot remove. She who

was the morning light is now neither the morning star nor the evening star. We meet but to find each other further asunder. . . ."

FRIENDSHIP (March 4, 1856, aged 38): "I had two friends. The one offered me friendship on such terms that I could not accept it, without a sense of degradation. He would not meet me on equal terms, but only to be to some extent my patron. . . . Our relation was one long tragedy. . . ."

NATURE: As early as July 16, 1851, Thoreau was saying, "Methinks my present experience is nothing; my past experience is all in all. I think that no experience which I have today comes up to, or is comparable with, the experiences of my boyhood. . . . Formerly, methought, nature developed as I developed, and grew up with me. My life was ecstasy. . . ."

2

THE story of Thoreau's love is only beginning to be pieced together. The obstacles that separated him from this woman were indeed granite blocks. The expressions he gives to his love in his *Journal* are often strange "whirling words": "My sister, it is glorious to me that you live! . . . It is morning when I meet thee in a still cool dewy white sun light in the hushed dawn — my young mother — I thy eldest son" (lightly crossed through: "thy young father") ". . . whether art thou my mother or my sister — whether am I thy son or thy brother. . . . Others are of my kindred by blood or of my acquaintance but you are part of me. I cannot tell where you leave off and I begin." In another passage, *Journal* 1850, he says: "I am as much thy sister as thy brother. Thou art as much my brother as my sister."

We have reason to be surprised that the erotic emotion expresses itself in images borrowed from the family relationships. Yet such a coloring is present elsewhere in our writers of this period, in Whitman, in Melville (*Pierre*), and in Poe. In America the family is the nexus of an unusually powerful ambivalence. On the one hand, the child strains to break away and lead his own life. The young seldom settle down near their parents' home; less and less frequently do the parents end their days in the homes of their children; I have remarked that young people are increasingly eager for the moment when they are no longer financially dependent on their parents. On the other hand, the American — as we were saying — is exceptionally aware of the multitude of the human race; his loneliness is enhanced by his consciousness of those numbers. The family is at once an encroachment on his individualism and a seductive invitation to rejoin the human community at a level where he does not feel himself to be strange. Moreover, individualism has its arrogance. It has long been a tag that every American is king. Royalty marries

only royalty. Other people aren't good enough. Thoreau elevates the woman he loves to this kinship. Poe's mother died when he was three; he lived the latter part of his life with his aunt and married his cousin. The blocks of granite which separated Thoreau from this "sister" were not all outside of him. The door of love closed and he never returned to it.

It was the friendship with Ralph Waldo Emerson that Thoreau described as "one long tragedy." The second friend who proved unworthy was William Ellery Channing, who seems to have enjoyed shocking Thoreau with an occasional ribaldry. Tragedy we too can call it, for few men could more have needed friendship, and few have been less ready to accommodate themselves to it. He wrote (June 11, 1855): "What if we feel a yearning to which no breast answers? I walk alone, my heart is full. Feelings impede the current of my thoughts. I knock on the earth for my friend. I expect to meet him at every turn; but no friend appears, and perhaps none is dreaming of me." Emerson knew that he was incapable of friendship, and the knowledge caused him some pain — brief pain, for Emerson had a short way with moral discomfiture; he mounted up into pink clouds and began to give voice to abstractions. This woeful triangle skirts the comic. A letter has recently come to light which gives Channing's view of a friendship with Emerson. Channing wrote to Elizabeth Hoar from New Bedford on December 23, 1856: ". . . how strange it seemed to hear W. [Waldo] lecturing on friendship. If he knew all the hearts he has frozen, he might better read something on the fall of human hopes. . . . I have never parted from him without the bitterest regret, not for having parted, but for having come. . . ."

Individualism! It is the point of honor of men and nations in this century. Every nation boasts that it is a nation of individualists and implies that the other nations are composed of sheep. ("You Americans — you all eat the same things; you repeat the same slogans; you read the same book of the month; the very streets in which you live have not even names, but merely numbers and letters!") Yet no man (and no nation) is as individualistic as he thinks he is; each is so in one area of his existence, and the extent to which he is — fortunately! — conformist in others is not apparent to him. Friendship is not incompatible with individualism, as the great pages of Montaigne have shown us, but it was incompatible in the lives of our Concord philosophers. Thousands of school children were formerly required to read Emerson's chaotic essay on the subject. For generations Emerson's style had the power to put the judgment to sleep, but one wonders what the teachers made of that farewell address to "our dearest friends": "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more."

Thoreau's inability to come to terms with friend-

ship was aggravated by the vastness of his expectations. To this day many an American is breaking his life on an excessive demand for the perfect, the absolute, and the boundless in realms where it is accorded to few — in love and friendship, for example. The doctrines of moderation and the golden mean may have flourished in Rome and in China (overcrowded and overgoverned countries), but they do not flourish here, save as counsels of despair. The injunction to be content with your lot and in the situation where God has placed you is not an expression of New World thinking. We do not feel ourselves to be subject to lot and we do not cast God in the role of a civil administrator or of a feudal baron.

3

THOREAU goes to the pond, then, to find an answer to the question, What is life? He will not admit other thinkers to his deliberations, and his answer will not reflect any *close* relation with his fellow men. With what frustrated passion, then, he turned to nature. Nature meant primarily the flora and fauna of the Concord River valley, though he made some trips elsewhere. Now that region has no tigers, avalanches, coral vipers, Black Forests, deserts, or volcanoes. Margaret Fuller warned her Concord friends of the dangers of accustoming themselves to a view of nature which omitted both cruelty and grandeur. On his walks Thoreau came upon some malodorous plants (June 26, 1852): "For what purpose has nature made a flower to fill the lowlands with the odor of carrion?" The question seems, to us, both biologically and philosophically a little *simpliste*.

Enough has already been written about the absence of a sense of evil in the work of the Concord essayists. It is only one of the elements that resulted in the gradually progressive grayness of the last volumes of Thoreau's Journal. Far more important is the fact that Thoreau asked of nature a gift which nature cannot, without coöperation, accord. He asked a continual renewal of moments of youthful ecstasy. Unhappy, indeed, is the boy or girl who has not known those moments of inexplicable rapture in the open air. There is a corresponding experience accorded to those in later years — awe. In ecstasy the *self* is infused with happiness; in awe the self recedes before a realization of the vastness and mystery of the non-self. Many never cross the bridge from one to the other. Thoreau despised and dreaded Science; to inquire too narrowly into the laws of nature seemed to him to threaten those increasingly infrequent visitations of irrational joy. "If you would obtain insight, avoid anatomy," he wrote. With what a sad smile Goethe would have shaken his head over these words — for it was precisely from his studies of the skeleton of the vertebrates and the structure of

plants that Goethe's life was flooded, even in the eighties, with an awe which retained much of the character of a juvenile ecstasy. Indeed, Goethe at eighty would not have written the words which Thoreau wrote at thirty-three: "In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction . . .!" As the years passed, Thoreau increasingly mourned his lost youth and the intoxication which nature had afforded him then. For a time the humming of the telegraph wires aroused transports; it was his "redeemer"; then they too lost their peculiar powers. Finally, in his last years he turns from the almost passive notation of the phenomena about him and introduces into his observations an element of progression and exploration into the unknown. He counts the rings in stumps and makes notes on the succession of trees. Those who are conversant with these things tell us that he is discovering the science of ecology. He seems, however, to be deriving no warming satisfaction from this innovation; his notes lie buried in his Journal and the work is repeated independently by others.

I am eager to arrive at all the things that call forth our admiration for Thoreau, but I must delay a moment to point out that we have brushed against two traits in him which are not characteristic of the American: the fixed orientation toward childhood, and the view of nature as engaged in close personal conversation with man. These are characteristic, however, of the region from which he came.

A portion of Massachusetts and several states of our South are enclaves or residual areas of European feeling. They were cut off, or resolutely cut themselves off, from the advancing tide of the country's modes of consciousness. Place, environment, relations, repetitions are the breath of their being. One evidence of it is a constant preoccupation with how old one is and a striking obsession with early youth (how many of the brilliant novels which have lately come to us from the South turn upon childhood). In New York and Chicago and the West, one's age is of relatively little importance; those who are *active* between twenty-five and sixty are contemporaries. They dine and dance and work and enjoy themselves together. This is bound up with the American sense of time which I shall develop in later lectures. Time is something we create, we call into being, not something we submit to — an order outside us.

Similarly, there are aspects of Thoreau's relation to nature that are not those we feel to be prevalent elsewhere among us. The gods of glade and brook and pond are not the gods of plain, seacoast, forest, desert, and mountain. The former are almost in reach; one can imagine oneself in dialogue with them; they can enter into an almost personal relation with those who have turned from the company of men. But the gods of great space are enigmatic;

we are never sure that we have read aright the message of their beauty and terror; we do not hastily put words into their mouths. Yet the more we feel an "otherness" in nature, the more we recognize that we ourselves are natural. "It appears to be a law," wrote Thoreau, in April, 1852, "that you cannot have a deep sympathy with both man and nature." "I loved nature because she is not man, but a retreat from him." There is no such law, nor have any other American voices expressed any sentiment like it, unless we take note of a moment in Emily Dickinson's life when she wrote: "I thought that nature was enough / Till human nature came." Nature failed Thoreau, as it will ultimately fail anyone who wishes to divide it up, to pick and choose only limited congenial aspects of it, for ecstasy or for retreat, or who wishes to employ one aspect of it to confound another.

And the question: "Life! who knows what it is, what it does?" It would seem that Thoreau had considerably compromised his inquiry by divesting himself of the testimony and the companionship of others and by repeating his question to a wooded vale.

Yet millions have testified and are testifying to the powerful clarifications that he brought back from Walden Pond. And all his triumphs came from his embattled individualism, from pushing it to the limits that border on absurdity, and from facing — "face to face" — the loneliness consequent upon it. He came back with the answer that life, thought, culture, religion, government — everything — arises from subjectivity, from inwardness. Our sole self is the first and last judge of values, including the values of communal life.

Here I traced briefly the long, gradual millenary convergence of emphasis on the individual — religion's, government's, art's; and showed how through an historical accident the settling of America, by that "selection of a selection" of European individualists, constituted an acceleration, perhaps a "leap" in the forward movement of this centering of emphasis.

Thoreau does not urge us to live in shacks merely to save money and time; to eschew railroad trains, newspapers, and the postal service; to lay in two sets of washable clothing and a bar of soap; to refuse these jobs which deform our souls between nine and five. These are not ends in themselves. "Simplify, simplify, simplify!" All these are injunctions in order that we may refine our ear to the promptings of our subjective, inward self. The evil of community is that it renders us stupid — and cowardly. Walden is a manual of self-reliance so much more profound than Emerson's famous essay that the latter seems to be merely on the level of that advice to melancholics which directs them to take walks and drink a lot of milk.

Thoreau did not merely meditate about the problem of living: he costingly, searchingly exemplified it, and his work rings with the validity of that single-minded commitment. One of the rewards of independence, apparently, is that you are certain that you are the master of your choices, you are not left to doubt whether or not you are free.

Yet there is no air of triumph about the latter end of Thoreau's life. It is difficult to be an American. In some aspects of his life and thought Thoreau is one of our most conspicuous, most outrageous Americans. But the spiritual situation in which these citizens of the New World find themselves is so new, so demanding, and so uncharted, that only by keeping in contact with its total demands can one maintain one's head above the surface. A partial American will drown. Thoreau did not grasp the New World sense of the innumerable of the human race — nor did Emerson, for all his employment of the word "universal." Thoreau had a parochial, a wood-lot view of nature and her mighty laws. Is there a Thoreau who can tell us that once one has grasped and accepted a basic solitude, all the other gifts come pouring back — love, friendship, and nature? One reads the life story of Thoreau with anxious suspense.

And Abraham Lincoln?

And Melville — and Poe?





An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



The daughter of one of the leading Moslem families of Lucknow, ATTIA S. HOSAIN has been writing ever since her graduation from Lucknow University. Married and the mother of two children, she is living today in England, where she broadcasts regularly in the Eastern service of the BBC and where she is to have the pleasure of seeing her first collection of short stories in print this autumn.

STREET OF THE MOON

by ATTIA S. HOSAIN

KALLOO the cook had worked for the family for more years than he could remember. He had started as the cook's help, washing dishes, grinding the spices, and running errands. When the old cook died of an overdose of opium, Kalloo inherited both his job and his taste for opium. His inherent laziness, fed by the enervating influence of the drug, kept him working for his inadequate pay because he lacked the energy and the courage to give notice and look for work elsewhere.

Of his own age he was uncertain but felt young enough when opium inspired. Eyes outlined with powdered soorma, tiny attar-soaked bits of cotton hidden in his ear, his cotton embroidered cap set at an angle, he went of an evening to the Street of the Moon.

The morning after he would be slower of movement than usual, and when he weighed the flour, the lentils, rice, and fat for the day his hands would shake, and Mughlani, who had charge of the stores, would shake her gray head and wheeze asthmatically: "You men you are all animals even when your feet hang in the grave. What you need, Kalloo Mian, is a wife to keep you at home."

"What I need is someone to help me in the kitchen. It is hard work that makes my hands shake and my head grow heavy," he would grumble. But the repeated suggestion took root in his mind and he brooded over the need to find himself a wife. He had been married once when very young, but his wife had died and left him a son who had been nothing but a source of trouble. Young Munnay lived with his mother's people and every now and again appeared saying he had lost his job and needed

money. Kalloo would storm, "Where do you think I can find the money? Dig it from the ground? Pluck it from the trees? Wait for it to rain from heaven? Why do you not work, you shiftless wretch? Work here with me and I'll teach you to be a cook. I could get you three or four rupees a month as my help. That is how I started."

"Oh, no," the boy would mock, "start as your help and end as you have done! What great fortune have you piled up? I know the Collector Sahib's khansama who gets sixty rupees a month, and has a help, and you get twenty rupees like a plain *barvarchi*."

"Get away from here, you lazy son of an owl," Kalloo would rage, but he felt the sting of the taunts. He was not a plain *barvarchi* who knew only how to cook Indian food: he was a khansama who could serve the best English dishes. Twenty rupees a month — why, he could get sixty rupees too. He counted the number of people for whom he cooked — Khan Sahib one, Begum Sahib two, the two sons, guests, any number, say at least three or four a day — that made seven or eight. Then the servants — there was Mughlani one, and the widow Nascera who helped her two, Nuru the bearer three, Khan Sahib's bearer four, his son Husnoo who worked for the master's two sons five, himself six, and of course the guests brought servants. That was much over twelve people — might be twice twelve meals a day for twenty rupees a month. One day he would ask for more pay or say, "I can find work anywhere, I can cook English food."

But the day was not today, not tomorrow.

When Nascera went home for a few days he

hardly noticed it; one person less to cook for made but little difference to his work. And then Nascera brought back her daughter Hasina.

Kaloo grumbled, "One more mouth to feed. And will I be given enough stores? Oh, no. I must be a magician."

Nascera when she came to the kitchen was apologetic. "Kaloo Mian, I had to bring her or she would have been ruined in the village. She will be no trouble. I've asked Begum Sahib's permission. She will help you, and all I ask for is a little food and some old clothes. I am growing old, and need someone to care for me."

"I know, I know, sister. I have a son, but worthless, curse him. And when one cooks for twenty, then what is it to add one more?"

"God be with you, Kaloo Mian. A widow's blessings on your head."

Kaloo wiped his eyes with his sleeve as he peeled the onions and laughed, "I'll make her peel onions."

Next morning Mughlani grumbled as Kaloo weighed the rice, "Curse of my life. What can I do with her? Nascera wants me to train her. A grown girl like her is fit to be a mother, and what does she do? Sit all day admiring herself, being rude to her mother. Can she hold a needle? No. Can she cook? No. I'll teach her now what's what, the little hussy. She'll learn to sew in the daytime sitting beside me, and I'll have my slipper handy. And in the evenings, Kaloo Mian, she'll sit in your kitchen, wash the dishes, grind the spices, and watch you cook. I'll teach her if I have to kill her."

"You are very wise, Mughlaniji. Look at my son, the young rascal. These young people nowadays have new ideas, and no respect for their elders."

He picked up the tray, heavy with the heaped cereals, and went into the kitchen, lost in its smoky shadows for the day.

He was busy lighting the fire when Hasina came. "Khansamaji," she called from the door, "Begum Sahib wants you to give the accounts now. She has to go out, so please hurry." He could see her slight figure outlined in the doorway. "I'll be coming, I'll be coming — can't you see I'm busy?"

"What do I care? I only told you what she said, so don't you growl at me." She laughed merrily and was gone.

"No respect for her elders," he muttered as he reached for his cap and shoes.

2

IN the days that followed he made Hasina work hard, doing all the most unpleasant work. He would scold her and get Mughlani to scold her. She would mock him, and tease him, and reply insolently. He roused even Nascera to beat her. "She does no work. All she does is stand and roll her eyes at the young men, especially Husnood," he told Nascera.

Husnood was young and wore a turban with a

high starched plume. On the green band across it was pinned the silver crest of his masters. He smoked their cigarettes, learned from them a few words of English. He was a man to break a village girl's heart.

"Will you bring shame on my gray head?" Nascera cried as she beat her. "Don't let me catch you talking to any man but Kaloo Mian or I'll burn your tongue with a live coal."

Hasina's eyes scorched Kaloo with their angry hate. He was haunted by her eyes. They shone with bright black mischief normally, and the thick outlines of *kajal* made them too large for her thin face. Her dark skin shone smooth, tight stretched over her high cheekbones. When she lifted her arm to wipe the sweat from her brow, and her *dupatta* was displaced, he could see the outline of her firm young breasts under her thin shirt.

He went every evening to the Street of the Moon. He dulled his senses with opium. Inevitably the whole household was affected.

At last Mughlani said to him, "This cannot go on, Kaloo Mian. Everybody's anger is heaped on my head through Begum Sahib. They won't turn you out — for all their fine words about you being too old a servant. The truth is, where could they find anyone to work so much for so little? But I have told her what is the cure. You must be married, Kaloo Mian, and I have found you a wife. I shall talk about it today, and let you know tomorrow."

"Leave me alone. I want none of your scheming." He shuffled off red-eyed and scowling.

In the evening Mughlani came to the kitchen. She sat down on the low stool and fanned herself with her small fan of plaited bamboo shoots which she had edged with frills of green silk.

"Kaloo Mian — listen carefully. I have spoken to Begum Sahib about your marriage. And we have decided in our minds what must be done. You must marry Hasina. Who else will marry the girl? She will have no dowry, so she will not find a husband easily. And she is of an age when she must marry or, mark my words, there will be trouble. We have spoken to Nascera, and if you agree we will begin to make necessary arrangements."

Kaloo clutched the table for support and wiped the sweat from his face. He lowered his eyes in sudden shyness and whispered, "I am the Begum's servant, and you are as my mother to me. I cannot but obey."

Preparations for the wedding toned the slack eventless atmosphere of the household. Mughlani appointed herself Kaloo's representative in all consultations while the Begum Sahib looked after the interests of the bride.

Kaloo had a hundred rupees hidden in a box with a few pieces of his first wife's jewelry. He said he could get a loan of another couple of hundred, and pay it back gradually. The sons of the house said

they would make his clothes for the wedding, and the bridal feast would be given by them. Mughlani said, "Now let me see what jewelry you have, and what we must have made. Everyone knows you are not a rich man, so there will be no unnecessary ceremonies, no extravagance. But it is no pauper's wedding and I will show what I can do as if it were my own son's wedding — but alas! God gave me no children and He knows best." She wiped her tears, then busied herself with the jewelry.

"Silver anklets, nice heavy ones, rings for the feet — six bangles — you can get six more, they won't cost much and will look nice — chain for the neck — you must get a necklace, a ring, something for the head and don't forget the nose ring. We must not give her new ideas right from the start. When I was married and her mother was married, we had nose rings. Everything else can be silver, but that must be gold. Never fear, I'll not spend too much money."

He stopped going to the Street of the Moon. He had no time. When he was not working he was buying all that Mughlani told him to get. She went with him herself to buy the cloth for the bridal dress, the tinsel and gilt lace. She sat behind the drawn curtains of the ekka while he went into the shops and brought materials out for her approval.

He caught occasional distant glimpses of Hasina. Since the day of their engagement she was not permitted to see him or talk to him. She sat near her mother or Mughlani and had to hang her head shyly if her marriage was mentioned. She did not do so at first, but her mother had said she would be beaten if she were shameless.

Mughlani said, "In my day we didn't leave one room for forty days."

"Not so many, surely," Nascera said mildly.

"As near as not to matter," Mughlani asserted. "And one was massaged with sweet-smelling ointments. Then on her wedding day the bride's skin was tight and scented. What do they care about it now? The rich go prancing around to the last day, and the poor copy the rich. In my day they even taught us to cry when the Kazi asked, 'Do you give your consent?' Like this," and she wailed a repeated high-pitched descending scale. Hasina giggled and her eyes danced.

3

AT LAST it was the day of the wedding. Hasina was made to lie quietly in the specially screened veranda. Her mother said, "If you move without my permission I shall beat you. Do what you like tomorrow when you are a married woman, but spare me shame today." She had plucked henna leaves from the garden hedge and had ground the leaves to a thick paste. When she put it on her daughter's hands and feet, and carefully evened the edges, she cried a little.

Mughlani arranged the clothes she had sewn, with the jewels, on large wooden trays and covered them with bright-colored cloths. She counted the few pots and pans the Begum had bought for the bride, and gave a final polish to the cheaply pretty tin-plated betel box. She had made a red silk cover for it, embroidered with flowers in gold thread taken from the Begum's sewing basket.

"Nascera," she said, "I hope your ungrateful child knows how lucky she is. She is not going empty-handed to her husband, thanks to Begum Sahib's generosity."

Hasina wished she could see all the wonderful things she would soon possess. Specially the betel box. Now she could eat betel all day, her own, made by herself, and she would eat even tobacco — the tiny silver pellets the Begum ate. She would do as she pleased after she was married — that silly Kalloo, he was so funny, she would laugh at him all day.

Nascera washed away the henna paste, and on the moist crumpled red skin she rubbed sweet-smelling jasmine oil. Hasina stared happily at her bridal feet and hands. Mughlani said with wise authority: —

"Listen to me, child. You will be a woman soon and must behave well and with modesty. The Kazi will ask you three times whether you will marry Kalloo Mian. Now don't you be shameless, like these modern educated girls, and shout gleefully, 'Yes.' Be modest and cry softly and say '*Hoon*.' Then he will come back after asking the bridegroom and tell you you are married. Then you must cry loudly."

"Or I'll pinch you," added Nascera.

To Hasina the ceremony was a confused memory of sudden fearful excitement induced by the wailing of her mother, the curious women crowding around, the growing heat, the sharp pain of the thick nose ring being forced in, her cries of pain then and when her mother pinched her, whispering fiercely, "Don't shame me now, they are all here, the Begum Sahib and her friends."

She cried herself to exhaustion. Mughlani fanned her and said, "Poor child — how much she feels it!"

Kalloo knew how to behave as a bridegroom. He sat through the ceremony with his head bowed and his red handkerchief covering his mouth.

His friends whispered and nudged when the ceremony had ended: "There you are now — ready for the night. With a young wife you'll need all your wits about you — and more. Have you asked the Hakim's advice? He can give you something that will make you younger than your son."

He resented the reference to his son. The ill-mannered boy had said, "Wah, wah, my father, in that flowery silk *achkan* and cap, with a garland round your neck, you look handsome enough to gladden my new mother's heart."

"How dare you talk to me so disrespectfully!" he had shouted, and Munnay said with mock respect, "Forgive me, I meant no harm," and swaggered off humming a marriage song. Someone shouted, teasing the boy, "Who is the bridegroom — you or your father?" He answered, laughing gaily, "Let the old have their day."

4

FOR Kalloo the outward forms of a bridegroom's splendor lasted barely two days. He returned to work, and shed with his silk *achkan* all visible signs of the eminence that had been so briefly his.

Within him was the restless drive of his unquenched desire. Hasina's tears and first reaction of resistance to every physical advance he made were followed by unwilling acceptance. He cared little for either, but resented her mocking laughter.

Hasina enjoyed for a longer period her luxury of idleness, and her possessions. She accepted with fatalism the unpleasant price she paid for them with her unwilling body, but the days were sufficiently long to make her forget the nights.

After a few days of admiring herself in the mirror Kalloo's son had bought for her and hung on the wall, she was suddenly dragged back to reality.

Kalloo had built a fence of bamboo to screen off a small square space in front of the room allotted to them in the long low-roofed line of rooms for the servants. She could drag out their string bed on hot nights or sit on it when the sun was not too hot, or in the cool evenings.

Mughlani came to see her one day. "Gracious, child — look at this place! Have you ever swept it? Now come on — off with those clothes — I made you enough workaday ones. Take a broom and sweep the place. You are a married woman now, and must learn to keep your house clean."

It was a step from that to having once again to help her husband in the kitchen.

Her clothes were blackened in the kitchen, her pajama edges soiled with the dust of the swept floors, her jewels heavy in the heat of work, and she gradually wore less and less. Only her *dupattas* remained gay with bright colors. But after a time she was too tired to dye them, wiped her hands and the sweat from her face in them, and wore them until their colors faded.

Her eyes lost their mischievous sparkle. Kalloo found she mocked him less but lost her temper more.

Two months after her wedding day she first felt the sickness and listlessness that grew with each day. Mughlani was quick to notice it.

"Nascera — you are to be a grandmother," she said happily.

Nascera smiled, "God's will be done."

Kalloo was happy when he heard the news. He was pleased when the men joked, "Well, well,

Kalloo Mian — you are a young man after all. Perhaps we should all get young wives."

Kalloo wanted Hasina to be careful. He would not let her help him in the kitchen. He sent for his son. "You said you wanted to leave your job after a month as your master was going to the hills. Well, leave it now, and come here and help me. I shall ask Begum Sahib to give you a few rupees and your food. If she refuses I'll tell her I'll leave. After all, I don't get the pay I should get." Kalloo was suddenly determined and courageous. But he was surprised at his son's submissive acquiescence.

Hasina welcomed her reprieve. She rested and let Munnay do all the work. She went to help her mother and Mughlani, but they were careful that she should not strain herself.

Her eyes sparkled again. She took out her jewels and her bright clothes. Her skin stretched tight and glistening over the growing roundness of her body. Her breasts pressed outwards against her shirt and could barely be hidden by her *dupatta*.

Kalloo was happy. His son seemed happy and grew daily more hard-working; his wife was more acquiescent and did not quarrel. What if occasionally the mockery returned to her eyes and laughter?

It was some time before he became conscious of the strange way his friends looked at him, their sudden silences when he came in as they were talking, not knowing he was near. He was uneasy, and lost his placidity. When Mughlani conveyed to him the Begum's message that the food was poorly cooked he did not ignore it with his usual remark, "Nothing will please her — she wants a lot in return for a little," but flared, "Tell her to find another cook. My son and I work well enough. I am not a slave that I sell my son in bondage with myself." Mughlani said slowly, troubled by asthma and embarrassment, "Your son — Kalloo — it's none of my business really — but can you not find someone else to help? Your son is young and strong, and can find better work surely."

"And why should I?" he said aggressively. "He works well enough for me and has changed his habits, God be thanked. Besides Mughlaniji, can you — or the Begum Sahib, for that matter — find someone to work for so little?"

"Kalloo Mian, I said nothing really. Who am I? Just an old woman. But youth is a strange and dangerous thing. Hasina is very young."

"Hasina? Why do you talk of Hasina?"

"It is nothing, nothing, Kalloo Mian. Come on, weigh the rice, I haven't the whole day to spare."

Into Kalloo's slow-thinking mind the poison drop of Mughlani's suggestion worked its corrosive destruction. He watched his son carefully when he was with Hasina, found new meaning in their happy laughter, their easy acceptance of each other's presence. Between him and Hasina when alone there were veils of long silences torn by his compulsive desire, but since his son was with them she was pleas-

ant, thoughtful of his comfort. He had not thought it strange till now.

He planned his days so that Hasina was not alone with Munnay for more than unavoidable moments of time. He noticed her restlessness and increasing fits of bad temper; she became careless about her appearance, and her face lost its roundness. Nascera and Mughlani said it was natural with a first baby, and that it must be a girl to give her so much trouble when carrying it.

His son was sullen, and his old insolence was creeping back. His work became careless. Kalloo threatened to send him away, and noticed with alarm that the threat strangely made him work better.

The torment of Kalloo's suspicions increased with each day of his isolating silence. He took very little opium now, to be more alert. Hasina and he slept in the room since Munnay had come, and let him sleep in the small screened space outside. She complained bitterly of the stuffiness, and made him open the door before he went to sleep. He slept now with a wakeful watchfulness that exhausted him after a long day's hard work.

After some days he found himself consciously fighting against the strong desire to sleep, and was not surprised to find it a losing battle. There followed nights when he slept deeply unconscious. He became suspicious particularly as Hasina seemed better-tempered and Munnay worked better.

One morning Kalloo woke to find it broad daylight. He was a very early riser, and his first reaction was of shock and fear that he was late for work. Then he saw Hasina's anxious face, and heard the relief in her voice, "So you are awake at last? I was worried, and got the stores for you from Mughlani."

He pushed her aside and went to the tap outside to wash, already thinking of the replies he would give to questions about his late rising. But his suspicions kept pushing through all other thoughts.

When Hasina had gone to the house to help her mother he went to his room and searched in his box where he kept his opium. His fears were reality. She must have been doping him every night, and had been careless and given him more than usual the night before. How did she do it? he wondered, and his slow mind saw the obvious: in the betel she usually gave him every night.

That night he put the betel into his mouth, but walked outside and spat it out behind the fence. He replaced it with one he had made and went back. Some time after he lay as if in deep sleep, he felt her sit up and her breath was upon his face. He kept his eyes shut, and breathed evenly. She got up, and went outside. He heard their soft smothered whispers. He heard Munnay's bed creak with her body's added weight. His eyes were wide open and unseeing, and his suddenly heavy body was rigid on his bed.

He tore himself from the bonds of his horror and staggered to the door. They must have heard him, for Munnay was crouched at the far end of the bed, staring with frightened animal eyes, and Hasina was curled up with her *dupatta* wrapped tight over her head, hiding her face and shielding her body from blows. Kalloo's body was quivering, and he leaned against the wall for support. His horror and anger were overshadowed by a deep shame. The silence of the night was an enemy turning each whisper of his shame into a shout of proclamation. Any minute the whole household would be awake and mocking him.

He whispered hoarsely, "Come inside," and stumbled in. They followed him silently, not daring to look at him. He said, forcing his voice low, "I cannot kill you as I would — I cannot even proclaim your shame by cutting off her nose and turning her on the streets, because it is my shame. Now get out of here before I —" He choked, and tears covered his ravaged face. Munnay moved silently to the corner where he kept his tin box. His frightened eyes stared at his father as he picked it up and went out of the door. Hasina sobbed silently, her face still covered. Kalloo stood listening as his son moved in the courtyard wrapping his bedding.

In the deep silence before dawn he could hear Munnay's bare feet on the path beyond the fence, and wondered who had been awakened by the noise. There were no sounds but of Hasina's crying. He lay on the bed, turned to the wall, and it seemed the sobs that tore his throat twisted his stomach.

In the morning the others noticed Munnay's absence, but Kalloo's red eyes and swollen face silenced them. He said aggressively, "That wretched boy has run away again. He was never one for steady work."

Hasina lay all day with her face covered, and he said to Nascera, "You had better look after your daughter. She is not well."

Nascera felt the heavy burden of her daughter's shame and cried when no one was near. She said nothing to Hasina but with her eyes accused her. Mughlani was mercifully silent.

5

TIME inevitably leveled the emotional upheaval in their simple lives. The physical exhaustion of Kalloo's hard work tired his mind too much for him to brood on his betrayal. Hasina went back to the routine of her life. Her eyes had lost their softness, her mouth its upward curve, and her teeth were edged with the black stain of too many tobacco-flavored betels. She had pushed girlhood aside.

She was beginning to feel the growing weight of the child within her and resented it. It was a relief to her, in spite of the extremity of the pain at the time, when she lost it after an accidental fall in the dark. Kalloo's grief was intense, and Nascera cried

as if she herself had lost a child. Hasina enjoyed through illness once again the luxury of attention and idleness.

When she was strong enough to work, her mother said to her, "I have spoken to Begum Sahib. I shall work in the kitchen, and you will do my work in the house."

Hasina could not hide her delight. More than the hard work of a kitchenmaid, she hated the constant curbing presence of her husband. She felt his eyes on her all the time. His negative gentleness irritated her.

She helped Mughlani, and did her mother's work, but enjoyed most being the Begum's personal maid. She loved sensuously the feel of the silk clothes she pressed and folded. The silver, the perfumes, powder, and paint on the toilet table fascinated her.

One of Hasina's duties was to make betels in the morning, and after meals arrange them with cloves and cardamom on a small silver tray and give it to Husnool. He was older than Munnay, but much better looking. She was attracted by his deliberate seduction, different from the spontaneity of her relationship with Munnay.

Kalloor felt again the uneasiness of her strange good humor and acquiescence. He could not confirm his suspicions, and his nerves once again were frayed.

Mughlani had noticed Husnool loitering around the inner rooms more than usual. She made a point of walking in suddenly, and sometimes saw him disappear while Hasina bent over some piece of work with suspicious care. Twice or thrice she caught them in laughing intimate conversation.

She felt it her duty to warn Kalloor, but he was powerless without proof against his wife's angry denials. In his perplexity he returned for solace to opium. It dulled the needle points of resentment, but also dulled his senses, loosened the bonds of his body's enslavement. Hasina became a burden.

One afternoon he went into his room when she should have been working and was surprised to see her standing near the window. She was trying to catch the light as she looked into the mirror. She started guiltily as he came in, and drew into the shadows, drawing her pajamas low to cover her feet.

He walked up to her, and pulled her round to face him as she turned away.

"What, by God and his prophet, have you got on your face?" he said in shocked surprise.

It was covered with a thick layer of powder; her cheeks were rouged and her mouth daubed with lipstick.

"Where did you get that stuff? Must you look like a woman of the bazaars as well as behave like one?"

She flared, "Begum Sahib uses it. You dare call her that."

"You are not the Begum Sahib. Leave the rich alone. Tell me, where did you get it?"

"She gave it to me."

"Tell me the truth, or I shall go and ask her."

"I took it. I'll put it back. I meant no harm. I wanted to see what it looked like," and she cried in sudden fright. She could not tell him Husnool tortured her with his boastful stories of city women who adorned themselves in this new manner, excited him, made him feel a man of the world.

Kalloor felt a new courage now that the wrong was not done to him.

"And what are you hiding there?" He pulled up her pajamas. She was wearing silk stockings.

"Allah," he said, and sat heavily on the bed. "Now you're a thief too. This I cannot stand. I've been here twenty years or more, I cannot have this shame on my head. What sin did I commit that fate brought you to me? What am I to do, you accursed wretch?"

She whispered with frightened repetition, "I'll put them back. No one will know. No one knows."

"But I shall go and tell. It is my duty to tell. I cannot have you wandering in the house, a thief."

"Please, I beg of you, I touch your feet. Don't tell. It will not happen again."

From that day Kalloor would not touch her. His pride kept him silent, and to the world she was his wife, but to him she was his evil destiny. It was a relief to him when one morning he woke to find her gone. Husnool had disappeared too.

Nascera cried with shame. Mughlani said, "I knew it. He should have kept her in purdah." Husnool's father said, "She ruined my son, that streetwalker." Nascera cried, "May she die. To me she is dead already."

When Mughlani talked to him of Hasina, Kalloor tried to appear uninterested. He would not look at her, and busied himself with his work. Sometimes he would force himself to comment, "She had an evil spirit in her. Nascera bore a serpent." Once he even acknowledged the relationship his silence denied, "I am well rid of her."

He thought of her more and more as the days went by, and the hurt to his pride healed. She returned to his opium dreams as the innocent, gay, mischievous girl he had desired and married. He was obsessed by the image and was driven to seeking release in the Street of the Moon.

He found it one night as he looked up at the women sitting under the bright lamps smiling their invitations down to the anonymous darkness of the narrow crowded street. Hasina's eyes looked into his — large, black painted, steel bright, diamond hard — from a powdered face pallid in the harsh light, with red-circled cheeks, and a straight-lipped painted mouth set in a smile around tobacco-blackened teeth.

He stared in unwilling recognition, then stumbled and ran down the street away from that murderous face which had in a brief moment destroyed the long-enslaving image.



Dean of the Harvard University Law School, ERWIN N. GRISWOLD, who has made an extended study of Federal Taxation, reminds us of the increasing activity on behalf of an amendment to the Federal Constitution which would limit the power of Congress to impose income, estate, and gift taxes to a maximum rate of 25 per cent. The effort was begun thirteen years ago under very different conditions from those which prevail today, and if enough state legislatures are acquiescent, this attractive but dangerous proposition might be brought to vote.

CAN WE LIMIT TAXES TO 25 PER CENT?

by ERWIN N. GRISWOLD

IN recent months, there has been intensive activity on behalf of an amendment to the Federal Constitution which would limit the power of Congress to impose income, estate, and gift taxes to a maximum rate of 25 per cent. This effort began in 1939, thirteen years ago, when the state of the world and the country was very different from what it is now. Under the original proposal, the only exception to the limitation would be "in time of war," through annual actions by Congress. Under a more recent variation, Congress would be allowed to increase the limit to 40 per cent, again by annual action, in time of "emergency."

The proponents of this measure, knowing that Congress would never adopt such a plan, have proceeded along another channel. Under the Constitution, Congress is required to call a Constitutional Convention whenever two thirds of the states request such a call. This procedure has never been carried through before, but the advocates of tax limitation have progressed far. The count varies, because the actions have not all been the same. But something like 27 state legislatures have already adopted, in one form or another, a resolution asking Congress to call a Constitutional Convention. In some of these states, the resolution was vetoed by the governor. In a few other states, the resolution once passed has since been rescinded. The effect of such a rescission is in doubt. At the present time, a total of 32 states makes up the constitutionally requisite two thirds requiring the call of a Convention. Whatever the technical status of some of the outstanding state actions may be, it is plain that we are close to the required total. The time has come, therefore, when the prospect should be considered very thoroughly, with all its implications, by thoughtful citizens.

I want to make it plain that I should like to see lower taxes. I should especially like to see my own

taxes lower. I am wholeheartedly in favor of thoughtful action to reduce government expenditures. I believe that domestic expenditures could be reduced, along the lines of the Hoover Report and otherwise. I think it very likely that there has been waste in our military establishment, and that expenses for military purposes could be reduced materially without impairing our national defense. But I recognize that that is an extraordinarily difficult problem, on which I am not qualified to have any specific views. It is in part because I feel that we should have better leadership towards reduction of governmental expenditures that I am strongly in favor of a change of administration in the next election. But I recognize, too, that any administration will have very serious difficulties in carrying out any program for expenditure reduction.

I have no doubt that one of the motives of those who favor the tax limitation amendment is the reduction of federal expenditures. But the American people will find themselves in sorry straits if they have to try to fit themselves into this inflexible proposal.

Let us examine the inescapable consequences of the adoption of a 25 per cent limitation. Official Treasury figures show that, at present tax rates, and at the present level of economic activity, the reduction in *corporate* income taxes would be nearly \$14,000,000,000 per year, the annual reduction in *individual* income taxes would be over \$2,000,000,000, and the annual reduction in estate and gift taxes would be \$120,000,000. The total loss of revenue comes to \$16,155,000,000. These are the losses from limiting the effective over-all rate of tax to 25 per cent, and not from limiting the top bracket to 25 per cent. The loss from limiting the top bracket to 25 per cent, while holding lower rates unchanged, would be considerably more in the case of individual taxes.

The problems presented by this prospect will be taken up under the following headings:—

1. What the proposal would do to the tax structure.
2. What the proposal would do to our economy.
3. The tax burden would shift from rich to poor.
4. The proposal is based on false economic premises.

What the proposal would do to the tax structure

It is obvious that \$16,000,000,000 per year cannot be cut from present federal tax revenues without producing some consequences. By far the largest portion of the expenditures is directly related to national defense. It may be assumed that the proponents of tax limitation do not wish to damage our defenses. Congress, therefore, would be subjected to irresistible pressure to replace this lost revenue, or a large part of it. What would be the possible avenues open for such replacement?

In the first place, it would be virtually inevitable that the 25 per cent tax rate would become not merely the *maximum* but also the minimum rate. If this amendment were adopted, it is safe to predict that, almost immediately, we would be confronted with a flat tax of 25 per cent, no more, no less. No more than 25 per cent would be constitutional, and no less than 25 per cent would be feasible. But such a change alone would not be enough. It is also clear that Congress would be forced to reduce deductions and exemptions sharply. The federal income tax would quickly be converted into a flat tax of 25 per cent on *gross* income. There is nothing in the proposed amendment about *net* income, and it would be extraordinarily difficult and unwise to try to define net income in constitutional terms. It has long since been established by the Supreme Court that deductions are a matter of legislative grace. It is wholly clear that this grace would have to be very thin if Congress had to try to meet the present problems of this country within a 25 per cent tax limitation.

What other alternatives are there? A sales tax is one possibility. When we talk of a sales tax, though, we usually think in terms of the sales taxes at the rate of 2 per cent or 3 per cent which are in force in many of the states. But, to produce the revenue lost by this tax limitation proposal would require a federal sales tax of 10 per cent on all retail sales—including food. If food were excluded from the tax, the rate would have to be 15 per cent to produce approximately the same amount of revenue. It seems obvious that the voters of this country would not consciously adopt such a tax.

We cannot, moreover, confine our consideration to the effect of the proposal on federal taxes. If federal revenues were reduced, there would be great pressure on the states to take up functions now performed by the federal government. The natural consequence would be a great increase in the rate

of state income taxes. It is not hard to visualize a state income tax which used the present rates of federal taxation, and then allowed a credit against the state tax for taxes paid to the federal government at the 25 per cent rate allowed under the proposed amendment. If this should happen, the tax limitation amendment would not limit taxes at all but would simply transfer the tax money from the federal government to the states.

Some might feel that such a change was desirable, even if the over-all tax burden were not affected, because of its tendency to enhance the functions and responsibilities of the state. But would not such a "Balkanization of the United States" be a clear turning back of the clock? We have become a great nation not as forty-eight separate units, but because we are a single economic entity. If income taxation should become basically the province of the states, the problems which would arise in the way of conflicts between the states, in determining the proper allocation of interstate income among the states, and so on, would be staggering, and would benefit no one except the lawyers who would have to unravel them.

What the proposal would do to our economy

Let us look at some other consequences. What about the credit of the United States? What happens to the value of government bonds when the power of Congress to impose taxes is seriously restricted? It takes no prophet to see that government bonds would decline sharply in value and there would be a rush to cash in savings bonds. What happens to savings banks, commercial banks, insurance companies in such a case? The seeds of catastrophe here are shockingly evident.

But let us go beyond this. Many of us have felt that in this post-war period the budget should be balanced. We should provide by taxation at least the amount of our expenditures. That has been the position of conservative people generally, including most businessmen. But what possibility is there for a balanced budget when Congress is constitutionally prevented from levying taxes? Let it be remembered that the proposed tax limitation is on the power to tax only, and provides no limit on the amount that may be spent or on the amount that may be borrowed. What happens to the economy when Congress is put into a situation where it is virtually compelled to finance the country through borrowing, with no very satisfactory prospect that the borrowed money can ever be repaid? Could there be a surer recipe for disastrous inflation? A 25 per cent tax limitation in such an event would be a sad and fateful mockery.

The tax burden would shift from rich to poor

Up to this point we have been considering the tax limitation proposal simply in terms of money and public finance and without giving any considera-

tion to the place where the money comes from — as if that were not important. But it is important, and worthy of very thoughtful consideration. Examination of this aspect of the question discloses much of the motivation which lies behind the tax limitation proposal. For it is very clear that the benefits of such a change would redound to the relatively rich, and the burdens would have to be borne by the relatively poor. Not only would the change in effect eliminate progressive income and estate taxation, as has already been pointed out, but it would confer the financial benefits almost exclusively on persons of very large incomes. The facts on this are striking — indeed startling. At present, the overall rate of 25 per cent — not the 25 per cent bracket — does not take effect, in the case of a married couple with two dependents, until the income of husband and wife amounts to at least \$20,000. In other words, *no married couple with an income of less than \$20,000 would receive any benefit from this proposal.* But a married couple, with two dependents, who were fortunate enough to have an income before taxes of \$1,000,000, would save \$621,000 under the proposed limitation.

For more than half a century, we have imposed taxes in this country in accordance with ability to pay. Progressive taxation has not merely been accepted, but has been widely hailed as a sound and constructive economic policy. During this period, the economic position of the lower income groups has been enormously improved, thus building up the purchasing power of many millions of people, and stimulating business activity generally to the great benefit and advantage of all segments of the economy. For many years, we have not had a country in which the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. We have had a country in which the poor have become progressively better off, without any real evidence of material hardship to the rich.

What happens under the proposed limitation? Out of 42,000,000 individual taxpayers, *a total of 450,000 persons, or about one per cent, would benefit from the amendment.* Those 450,000 persons would save over \$2,000,000,000. But that is not the whole story. Corporate taxes, from present rates, would be reduced nearly \$14,000,000,000. Some of this reduction would undoubtedly result in lower prices to consumers. It is probable, too, that some would be taken away in higher wages, although the inflationary effect of that development is obvious, and the distribution of the benefits would be far from general. But a large part of the benefits would be received by shareholders in the corporations; and a large proportion of them are among the 450,000 persons to whom we have already referred. Is it conceivable that the American people should knowingly tie themselves into a fiscal strait jacket for the purpose of conferring an enormous, and annually recurring, benefit upon three tenths of one per cent of the total population?

A reduction of exemptions, with a probable drastic elimination of deductions, would result in greatly increased taxes on persons of small income. The alternative of a sales tax at the rate of 10 per cent on all purchases, or at the rate of 15 per cent on all purchases except food, would obviously bear most heavily on persons of small income.

The proposal is based on false economic premises

The proponents of tax limitation say that it is necessary to encourage enterprise and to make it possible to have adequate capital formation. They say that this will provide jobs, that it will stimulate and promote the economy, and that it will make us all better off. If one seriously believes that making the rich richer will stimulate and encourage the economy, he will accept this argument. Actually, though, there is no evidence that the economy is stagnant. The recent years of high taxes have been years when national income was at a maximum. Capital formation has never been higher. We have never had such a great increase in our productive capacity. This increase has not come through the investments of a few persons: there has been vast private investment. The savings of millions of people, through savings banks and insurance companies, have provided enormous amounts of capital. Even greater amounts have come through the undistributed earnings of corporations, which are, after all, the property of their shareholders.

The proponents of the tax limitation proposal talk as if the country were stagnant economically. They then conclude that this is the consequence of high taxes, and their answer is the tax limitation amendment. But the fact is that we have never been stronger economically, never more productive, never had such facilities and capacity for production. Nor is there any other nation of the world, with or without high taxes, that closely approaches us.

It is time to stop taking a dim view of America. It is true that our country and our people now carry heavy burdens. But this is not the first time that Americans have faced problems or carried burdens. The pioneers of various periods did not seek to escape the difficulties of their times. They fought the Indians, struggled against nature, worked on the roads with their own hands, and taught their children to read. We are better organized. We meet many of our problems by concerted public action. The necessary consequence is taxes, and it should not be surprising that they seem very high. Will we really do ourselves any good by seeking to escape the problems of our time by taking to the supposed shelter of a constitutional tax limitation?

This is a bad proposal. Through its appeal to tax reduction, it has a specious attraction. Its inherent dangers should be obvious to thoughtful persons. It is time to wake up to what is going on and to fight hard against this foolhardy plan.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

BECAUSE I find fishing, the play of sunlight and shadow on water and the signals of the life beneath, the most complete and bewitching relaxation from a life devoted to print, I am occasionally asked for advice, not as an expert but as an addict who has learned from his trials. "Jack has always had a yen to fish," said the wife of a friend recently, "but now that he's got the time, he's too shy to begin. Claims he doesn't know anything about casting or what tackle to get. How do I push him in?" I think that's true of more fifty-year-olds than ever admit it: their friends who belong to the fraternity of the dry fly talk a jargon that will scare away most beginners. What Jack needs for his conversion is the joy of catching fish; the art of not catching he can develop later. Specifically what he needs is an old hat, a pair of sneakers, and a bottle of insect repellent. I did my learning on a Bristol split-bamboo rod that cost \$16; Jack can do his on a medium-priced fly rod and reel at a cost of \$30, or as much more as he cares to pay (the famous name-rods, a Leonard, a Thomas, a Paine, or a Hardy, will come close to \$100).

But most of all, Jack needs the tight line and the feel of a jumping smallmouthed or the swift rush of a trout. He should not be ashamed to use bait. I know two friends who fish a mountain brook. The brook has two branches winding through three miles of thick brush. They leave one car at the bottom, drive to the top, and go their separate ways with worm cans. They never fail to catch enough brookies for the meal when they converge — and incidentally, the bottom pool is an excellent icebox for their bottled beer. So what Jack needs is worms for the trout brook, or minnows or hellgrammites for the bass pond. Plenty of time for the dry flies after his conversion.

A second friend, setting off in early July for a month's cruise which will carry him as far as New-

foundland, asked if I thought he could hold a salmon on his telescopic steel rod. I said I thought he could, and gave him the names of the three standard wet flies (size 4) which a salmon might rise to at the river's mouth — Black Dose, Durham Ranger, and Mar Lodge. That collapsible steel rod of his is probably the best all-purpose implement for one who will be fishing as opportunity permits, in the sea, river mouth, or fresh water — and who won't take much time cleaning up his gear. I have seen one of these steel rods bring in 30 tinker mackerel by trolling pork rind through the schools over which the terns work so beautifully; I have seen it land an 8-pound striper which struck at a Mickey Finn. I have seen it cranking in flounders and cod; and though I have never seen it kill a salmon, I believe it could if the line and backing were strong enough.

My third query comes from the parents of a ten-year-old. The boy will be spending this summer on an island off the coast of Maine, but he will be fishing inland later, and they want something for both. In this case I am inclined to recommend a glass rod 8 or 9 feet in length, weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 ounces, with an extra tip. (The rod and reel should not cost more than \$12.) Most of his fun will be still-fishing, using a bobber or depending upon that telegraphic tug, and I'd rather see him get used to a long rod than a short bait caster, which is a specialty. A glass rod will weather the difference between salt water and fresh without rusting, and the tip is not so likely to be "set" (that is, bent) by that fierce pull when you think you have hooked a monster and only have the bottom. But for the boy whose initiation will begin on the fresh-water stream or lake, I still favor the split bamboo, because to me it is more responsive than either steel or glass, and because it has a beauty which a boy who may be sloppy in other respects will treasure. Steel looks indestructible, so you leave it around; glass can't be broken, so you don't worry; bamboo you know is fragile, so you varnish and wipe it and sleep with it.

Even the vigilant are sometimes betrayed. Three of us were paddling home this June after some evening fishing on the Ipswich River; the sun had gone down, and we were working hard against the strong current, cutting a diagonal between the maples and alders which reached out from either bank. I had just told Ted to pick it up, and had made a big dig with my own paddle, when I heard a gasp and looked around just in time to see my lovely Thomas rod lifted out of the stern by the maple branch and deposited full length and without a trace in seven

feet of water. It was too dark to do anything more than mark the spot, and we went home in what could be mildly described as a morose state. Before ten the next morning — it had come on to rain — Ted and I, with Fritzzy to cheer us, paddled back to the same spot, now in our bathing suits. We had borrowed a pair of rubber frog feet; and with these to help us in our swimming against the current, we dove and searched the bottom. Ted was sure the rod must have drifted at least fifteen feet from where it fell, so he policed that area. I began my diving at a point where I had last seen the rod disappear. The current was so strong that we'd be washed back three feet in the process of reaching the sand floor. Six times in succession I kicked down and grappled for waterlogged sticks, for pebbles, or nothing, and then in one last desperate reach I touched the smooth, tiny tip of the rod, and light as a feather it lifted as I surfaced. Of all those square inches of sandy bottom, how did I touch that one? What a relief!

Take her down!

The epic of how the United States carried on the war in the Pacific has been slow to write. At V-J Day many chapters were still a matter of mystery; there were survivors to be found, Jap officers to be interrogated, and their official records to be checked back against ours. Seven volumes of Captain Samuel Eliot Morison's history of the Navy in World War II are now in print; in its account of the Coral Sea, Midway, and the struggle for Guadalcanal, it reached a fortissimo; and with the publication next spring of Volume VIII on New Guinea and the Marianas, this monumental work will have passed the mid-point. Five years of the most intensive research went into the first volume of Walter D. Edmonds's history of the Air Force in the Philippines, *They Fought with What They Had*. And now, in *Submarine!* (Holt, \$3.50), **Commander Edward L. Beach, USN**, a veteran of twelve war patrols, has given us the first authoritative annal of those silent, gray ships, *Trigger*, *Wahoo*, *Seawolf*, *Harder*, *Albacore*, *Tang*, and the others, which held the line after Pearl Harbor.

The story begins on a note of exasperated fury as the record of "dud" and "premature" torpedoes is brought back to Midway or to Australia by skippers who had taken their ships far into Japanese waters only to see their quarry glide by unharmed. This failure in naval ordnance has never been satisfactorily explained, nor is it here, but what the men felt who were risking their lives is explicit enough. Commander Beach writes with great naturalness. He has a good eye for detail and a racy way of making the landlubber feel the heat, the nervousness, and the exhilaration which were the submariner's experience.

He shows how the pack lived, by singling out the exploits of the great skippers — Freddie Warder of

the *Seawolf*, who sank the *Sagami Maru* deep in a Japanese harbor (four of his six torpedoes were defective); Morton of the *Wahoo*, who sighted four ships and sank all four in thirteen hours and came back to Pearl with a broom lashed to his periscope; Sam Dealey, who brought down four destroyers in five days in the waters around the main Japanese operating base; Benson of the *Trigger*, who tagged the *Hitaka* on its maiden trial trip. Humor runs through this narrative — in the dialogue before and after an attack, in the incident of the ice-cream freezer which "Stinky," the assistant engineer, installed on the *Trigger*, and in Jim Coe's dead-pan requisition for more toilet paper.

The one thing that does not come through is the claustrophobia, the panic which must have been felt with despair, as when the old *Wolf*, unable to make herself known, was going down under the depth charges of an American destroyer escort. This grim finality was infinitely more likely to come from foe than from friend, but men like Commander Beach did not permit their minds to dwell on it, nor does he now.

The Cape and the striper

Back in 1918 when **Win Brooks** was a sophomore in the Somerville High School, he turned in a composition to his English teacher. She asked him who wrote it, and was unconvinced when he replied that he did. Her skepticism rankled for days, and then Win Brooks skipped school and went to work as a copy boy for the *Boston American*. Today, in the best Alger tradition, he is the Managing Editor of the paper, a successful short-story writer, and a novelist whose first book, *The Shining Tides* (Morrow \$3.50), is a Literary Guild selection.

The Shining Tides reflects Win Brooks's love for Cape Cod. He lives on the North River at Marshfield, on that beautiful tidal stream which a century ago floated some of our swiftest clippers and up which come the schools of striped bass, a fish whose power and beauty are like the Atlantic salmon's. Brooks has fished for stripers the length and depth of the Cape, and it was second nature for him to write this salt-water story of a little fishing village (it might be Eastham) and of the rivalry and loyalties which make it turbulent in the summer when the native Yankees, the visiting city folk, and the Portuguese fishermen are thrown together.

The characters in the order of their importance are: Father O'Meara, the fisherman-priest, who has been offered a quieter parish inland but who would rather do God's bidding on Buzzards Bay; Cal Knight, a veteran of the Pacific now running a Charter boat; Webb Everly, a night seiner, working the black market for bass; Jeff Maddox, the tough, seasoned Chief of the Coast Guard Station; Manuel Riba, a young Portuguese no-good who is everybody's problem; and Roccus, a giant bass bigger than any I have seen but not too big to believe in.

Women move in and out of the picture: Mrs. Salter, who cooks dainties for the priest; Stormy Force, who has fallen foul of a Princetonian; and Clystie Harrow, the pure-hearted adventuress. They play their decorative and romantic parts to suit the mood of the story but without leaving any deep sense of conviction, at least in my mind. This is especially true of Clystie, who talks like Marlene Dietrich playing Mata Hari. The author has a tendency toward melodrama which shows itself in the fire, in the stabbing, and when Cal and Stormy are in the rip. It is the men in their less heroic moments who give the book its authenticity. The men, the Cape in its summer moods, the tidal changes of the undersea life — these are the themes Mr. Brooks writes of with zest, knowledge, and skill.

The bull's ears

Like Tom Lea, the author of *The Brave Bulls*, **Barnaby Conrad** is a painter who can write, and he writes with the perspective and vocabulary of an artist — his imagination reaching for the most vivid detail and swatch of color. What is more, "Mister Barnaby Conrad, *Niño de California*" ("The California Kid"), as the poster described him to patrons of the Sevilla bull ring, fought on the same program with Juan Belmonte in 1945 and was awarded the bull's ears for his performance. He had been attracted to bullfighting on a visit to Mexico, and then during his three years in our Consular Service in Spain had learned the fine points under the coaching of Sidney Franklin and Belmonte. His novel *Matador* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75) is a tense, ring-side narrative, informed with the idiom and technique, the audacity and fear, of the profession.

On a Sunday in May, Francisco Torres y Nuñez, called Pacote, "the greatest matador of his generation," is making his farewell performance, and for killing two Miura bulls will receive the unrivaled fee of \$30,000. Pacote is twenty-nine and he isn't any longer fighting for money, since he has built up a fortune of four million; he is fighting to go down in Sevilla's memory as the incomparable Number One. His competitor on the program, young Tano Ruiz, has flash and courage if not his grace; the press, sardonic at Pacote's triumphs in South America, has come to see the clean young aspirant show up the dissipated old maestro. That's what they get and something more. For it is in the unscheduled fight against the substitute bull that the crowd sees the essential and beautiful difference between the young and the old. By now the drink has been sweated and shocked out of Pacote.

It is in these closing pages when Pacote is fighting on the handkerchief that the narrative reaches its highest point of excitement and illumination. Pacote is the protagonist, the actor we watch, but it is fat, bald "Pepe" Chaves, his little manager, wise in the ways of bulls, men, and women, who gives the story its grim humor, affection, and pity.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE BEACH HOUSE by *Stephen Longstreet*. (Holt, \$3.50.) A tart, jittery story of movie making, which shows Mike Zelsmith, a once brilliant producer, hitting the skids in a final flurry of woman trouble, money trouble, and cinematic disaster.

MORNING STAR by *James Lansdale Hodson*. (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50.) Mr. Hodson has constructed a frequently witty novel about an English editor's fight to save his paper from absorption by a syndicate. The robber baron of the syndicate is a refreshing rogue.

WISE BLOOD by *Flannery O'Connor*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00.) The writing in this first novel is austere and lucid; the story can be read as a nightmare about a militant atheist or as a fable about all man's troubles.

Seafarers

HARPOON VENTURE by *Gavin Maxwell*. (Viking, \$4.75.) The basking shark is valuable for the oil in his liver. Mr. Maxwell hunted him, largely by trial and error, off Soay in the Hebrides. As a business, shark hunting never paid. As adventure, it's fine stuff, helped by good writing and the author's infectious love of the sea and the beautiful, lonely islands.

MONSOON SEAS by *Alan Villiers*. (McGraw-Hill, \$4.75.) A veteran sailor, Mr. Villiers peppers his survey of practically everything about the Indian Ocean with opinions on Egyptian navigation, lateen sails, and the probity of Sinbad the Sailor. It's a book to delight anyone who ever dreamed of spice islands and ships under sail.

ACROSS TO NORWAY by *David Howarth*. (Sloane, \$3.75.) During the war, arms were run from the Shetlands to the Norwegian resistance by small fishing boats, whose Norse crews carried out their risky work in the long winter dark and across the vicious waters of the North Sea. The author calls the business a saga, which it truly was.

Murder and Mayhem

THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET by *Stanley Ellin*. (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50.) Five narrators tell what they know of death on the best street of a proper small town. A really extraordinary mystery, short, sharp, flawlessly constructed, in which all the people ring so true that one is likely to forget the puzzle altogether in watching their world fall apart on a quiet Sunday morning.

DEATH AND LITTLE BROTHER by *Clifford Knight*. (Dutton, \$2.50.) The newspaperman who outsleuths the police is a reasonable and even likable character here, unraveling a couple of ingrown family murders at Lake Tahoe.

THE IVORY GRIN by *John Ross Macdonald*. (Knopf, \$2.50.) This one belongs to the tough school and piles up a fair mountain of corpses, what with throat cutting, shooting, and torch murder.

THE DARKENING DOOR by *Bill S. Ballinger*. (Harper, \$2.50.) Mr. Ballinger's book is a straight story about the ramifications of the dope racket, a misty, arbitrary, atmospheric yarn which ultimately works up a fine cauld grue.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Postmarked Moscow (Scribner's, \$3.00) — the diary kept by **Lydia Kirk** from July, 1949, to October, 1951, when her husband was U.S. Ambassador to the Kremlin — is something of a novelty in the long procession of books about Russia: it is the first report angled from the perspective of an American woman running a large household in Moscow.

Mrs. Kirk, confining herself to personal experience and firsthand observation, writes mainly about concrete particulars: the ways in which Burobin, the department to which foreign diplomats address their needs, is making domestic conditions intolerable for the diplomatic missions of the West; the nervousness of Madame Vishinsky, a product of the Old Order, when she had Mrs. Kirk to tea under the chilling chaperonage of two Soviet ladies of the new generation; visits to the opera, the ballet, and official Soviet celebrations; the price of food and clothing; a showing of Soviet *haute couture* — triumphs of dowdiness, displayed by a stout model pushing fifty; the few and repellent items of female underwear on sale in the stores; the stunning inefficiency of Russian plumbers and repairmen; the beggars in and around Moscow; the groups of young women, toiling with utter impassivity, at the heaviest sort of manual labor. A record of this kind, compiled by an intelligent and spirited observer, conveys to us with exceptional directness at least some of the realities of Soviet life.

Mrs. Kirk's observations about the taste of the Soviet élite in architecture, furniture, and dress suggest a piquant insight into one aspect of Stalinism today. The leaders of the Kremlin have reverted to what seemed fine and elegant when they were growing up forty years ago. In matters of taste and manners, you find "a kind of aspidistra, turn of the century atmosphere" — buildings that alternate between "pillared brownstone and white-plaster wedding cakes"; music that is cloyingly sweet; and the stiff formality, the snobbish emphasis on status, of the parvenu determined to be genteel. There is an increasing resemblance, in certain respects, between the mentality of the Communist hierarchy and that of the prissy, ultra-conservative *petit bourgeois* who was the special object of Marx's loathing and a prime target of the revolution.

With its graphic details of how foreigners and Russians live in Moscow and its many amusing anecdotes, Mrs. Kirk's book is strong in human interest. And periodically an image or an incident points up some aspect of Soviet pathology more tellingly than pages of discourse by the experts in ideology. Madame Gromyko, for instance, once innocently remarked that her young son, in order to keep up the English he learned in the United States, "sometimes locks himself in his room, just to talk English to himself." Mrs. Kirk leaves one with a grimly heightened awareness of the lengths to which the Kremlin has gone to isolate Russia from the West. One wonders how much longer there will be an American Embassy in Moscow.

The emergence of Byzantium

In **Theodora and the Emperor** (Doubleday, \$4.50), **Harold Lamb** — the author of a string of popular biographies drawn from Asia's history — chronicles the life of the Macedonian shepherd who became the Byzantine Emperor, Justinian I (527–565), famous for the codification of Roman Law; and that of the onetime harlot whom Justinian made his Empress.

Mr. Lamb has had to contend with the fact that there are numerous gaps and uncertainties in the source material on Theodora and Justinian. He sticks strictly to the historical record as far as characters, events, and incidents are concerned; but he uses a great deal of invented dialogue, and attributes to his people thoughts, feelings, and gestures, in the manner of a novelist dealing with his own creations. To my mind this fictional technique has a disconcerting effect: it vulgarizes and makes less convincing a book which, basically, is a seriously researched history and a carefully considered portrayal of an extraordinary human partnership.

Theodora grew up in Constantinople as a child of the circus; at ten she was winning *Aves* for her clowning and her rudimentary strip-tease. She drifted to Egypt; had an illegitimate child; took refuge with the priests; and wandered back to Constantinople, where she became Justinian's mistress, and later, though she told him about her past, his wife.

Ever since Justinian had been summoned to Constantinople at eighteen and adopted by his uncle — an old soldier whom he succeeded as Emperor — he had devoted himself single-mindedly to study and palace affairs: he was an abstemious, lonely, hard-working man, lacking in physical courage. Although he and Theodora had nothing in common, they became the first notable man and wife team in history, each gaining in stature from the other. The ignorant girl, fearful of falling back into the gutter, rapidly grew into an effective ruler — firm-willed, practical, and gifted with legerdemain in intrigue. Of stronger fiber than her hus-

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band, Theodora stiffened him at moments of crisis and greatly influenced his decisions.

Justinian's obsessive ambitions were the reconquest of the West — which his general, Belisarius, achieved; but which did not endure after his death — and the union of the Christian Churches in a Universal Church. His great dream was to give the world one empire, one law, and one Church, over which the Emperor would be supreme, even in matters of dogma. We see clearly in his life the beginnings of that Byzantine attitude which, Professor Toynbee has stressed, was to become the heritage of Russia and which persists in Soviet thinking today.

Mr. Lamb's book brings vividly before us the background and mores of the epoch — its political struggles between the "Blues" and "Greens"; its intricate religious controversies; its far-flung military campaigns and the huge taxation problems that went with them; its palace rivalries; its rowdy diversions at the Hippodrome; and the splendor of its art, which was entering into its Golden Age. *Theodora and the Emperor* re-creates a highly colored slice of Byzantine history: a turning point in a civilization which Western historians have tended to neglect.

Dunkerque to Berlin

This being the "in-between" season as far as publishing is concerned, I have a chance to catch up with **Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe*** (Harper, \$5.00), which, inexcusably, I let go by when it appeared some months ago, and which is sure to be read for quite some time to come. Mr. Wilmot, an Australian, covered the reconquest of Europe as correspondent for the BBC, and later he spent several years studying, with enormous thoroughness, the war documents of the Allies and of the enemy. What makes his book so fascinating is that, to a greater degree than any of the generals or even Mr. Churchill, Wilmot records the conduct of the war *by both sides* — an approach which enables the reader to see events in their totality and leaves virtually no question unanswered.

Wilmot, in effect, gives us a kind of God's-eye view, in which fateful miscalculations, portentous accidents, unsuspected sequences of cause and effect, and piercing ironies stand out in bold relief. We are continually making such discoveries as the fact

that Germany's flying bomb raids on London had a curious and momentous by-product: the heavy Allied bombardment of flying bomb sites in the Calais area hardened the German conviction that the Normandy landings were a feint and that the main blow would come north of the Seine.

Mr. Wilmot is both an immensely skillful writer and a man of powerful intellect. While chronicling events with a revealing fullness of detail, crisscrossing smoothly from one side to the other, he has succeeded in keeping the narrative orderly and dynamic, and in bringing out clearly the main lineaments of the great drama. His treatment of certain phases of the war — the Battle of Britain in particular — is more enlightening than even Winston Churchill's.

The Struggle for Europe is also notable for its critique of Allied generalship and over-all strategy, of which we have formed our picture mainly from the memoirs of U.S. generals and their aides. From Wilmot — whose whole book shows him to be scrupulous and searching — we get a less congratulatory appraisal. And his criticisms are too challengingly documented to be brushed aside as just "anti-American."

Wilmot has two main theses. The first is that U.S. generalship wasted lives and prolonged the conflict by trusting in sledgehammer warfare rather than in brains, and by not giving due weight to the hard-earned experience of the British. Bradley's heavy losses at Omaha Beach were largely due, says Wilmot, to his refusal to use the mine-clearing tanks and other machines which kept down British casualties. Wilmot argues, with stout support from German records, that if Montgomery's policy of making a swift, concentrated thrust into Germany had prevailed over Eisenhower's "broad front" approach, the Allies could have finished off the war in 1944.

The second thesis is the familiar one that Roosevelt and Marshall were disastrously naïve in insisting that military victory be sought without regard to post-war political eventualities — an error which Wilmot regards as the inevitable result of America's long tradition of aloofness from power politics. It is possible, of course, to work up a strong case to the effect that, whatever the strategy and diplomacy of the Allies, the defeat of Germany would automat-

ically have made Russia the dominant power in Europe. But, granted that some of Wilmot's judgments are highly controversial, it still seems to me that his book is easily the best single-volume account of the struggle for Europe.

The world of Faulkner

Most books of literary criticism are of interest only to those with a professional stake in literature. But the first book-length study of a great living novelist who is also a "difficult" novelist — **Irving Howe's William Faulkner** (Random House, \$3.00) — should prove of wider utility, especially in view of the sharp rise of interest in Faulkner's work since he won the Nobel Prize.

Mr. Howe is a young critic who has written a searching book on Sherwood Anderson and a good deal of able criticism in the literary journals. His *William Faulkner* is certainly an excellent job. My only complaint is that it is a bit unexciting, by which I mean that Howe, who elsewhere has shown himself an adventurous critic, has possibly erred on the side of restraint in interpreting Faulkner — and many may account this a virtue.

Faulkner's achievement is summed up on the opening page: "Among American novelists of the present century, only William Faulkner has created an imaginary world that is complete in itself. . . . Not since Henry James has any American novelist provided so many living characterizations." The first half of Howe's book analyzes this imaginary world — its classes and clans; the role played in it by "the Southern tradition" and its other themes; Faulkner's treatment of the Negro; the nature of his moral vision. Mr. Howe effectively rebuts the fashionable and nearsighted view that Faulkner is the spokesman for something piously called "traditional values": he shows that Faulkner sometimes writes in opposition to his tradition and that he struggles with the Southern myth even when he celebrates it. In Faulkner's moral outlook, fatalism and idealism are perhaps equally strong. The opposition of man's doom and man's affirmation of his manhood in the face of that doom forms the distinctive dramatic and moral pattern of Faulkner's work.

The second part of Howe's book discusses the novels and the best stories individually. Howe fortifies the reader for the taxing stretches in

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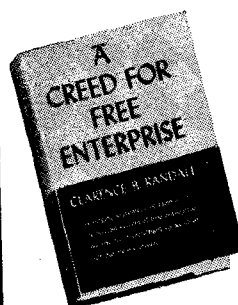
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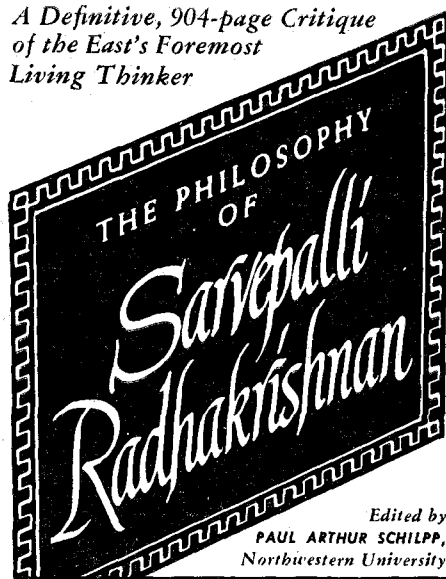
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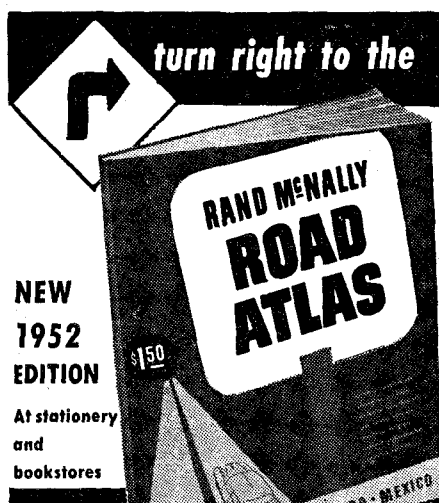
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Faulkner by showing that the difficulties for the most part have their *raison d'être*. He points out, for instance, that "the principle behind Faulkner's gargantuan rhetoric is an effort to capture experience in immediacy and flux, the past entangled with the present, and the present with itself." But there is no pussyfooting about Faulkner's failings — the looseness and self-indulgence of some of his writing; the alarming fondness for platitude ("moldy odds and ends of cracker-barrel pessimism") when he steps forth to "talk philosophy"; his inability to achieve moral depth in his portraiture of young women; and other weaknesses.

All in all, Mr. Howe has turned in a readable, levelheaded, and illuminating guide to the novelist who, as Howe says, "has restored to our writing a region of feeling largely lost to it in recent decades." This book will send the reader back to Faulkner's work with sharpened perceptions which will bring him new rewards.

Fausta and the Dictator

When *The Fancy Dress Party* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00) by **Alberto Moravia** was first published in Italy, its scarcely veiled satire of Mussolini's police state and love life gave it an audacious topicality. Today, it still stands up pretty well as a sardonic *opéra bouffe* with two interlocking plot lines, the one having to do with the farcically atrocious ways of secret police, the other with the atrociously farcical ways of love.

The setting is a mythical country in which, after a ruinous civil war, General Tereso Arango has emerged as dictator. Arango, though tough and canny as a Duce, becomes an eager old sap under the influence of *amore*. As the story opens, he has fallen for the ravishing widow, Countess Sanchez. When he hears that Fausta Sanchez is going to the house party and fancy-dress ball which Duchess Gorina is giving at her country place, he swallows his loathing of the nobility and agrees to attend.

Arango's reptilian Chief of Police, Cinco, whose importance has waned in the absence of subversive activity, decides that the Duchess's party is the perfect locale to rig up a phony attempt to assassinate the General, which Cinco will dramatically forestall, thereby earning great kudos. Cinco's leading *agent provocateur* instructs a zany would-be revolutionary to slip, disguised as a butler, into the

Duchess's house, where he is to liquidate the General with a (fake) time bomb. This willing moron has a handsome half-brother, Sebastiano, who happens to be Fausta's lover — I'm afraid the intrigue is beginning to sound as involved as *Il Trovatore*, but actually Moravia keeps it moving along quite tidily. Only one detail need be added to round out the situation: Fausta, while tantalizing the sentimentally romantic Sebastiano in favor of a golf caddy, who utterly enchants her with his brutality. All concerned get their pay-off at the fancy-dress ball.

The moral of the finale is that the will of tyrants and the best-laid plans of their police are no match for the power of the Absurd in human affairs. This novel is one of Moravia's minor works — but a minor work by one of Europe's best novelists. Within the operatic story, a keen eye and a shrewd mind are at work.

Journey to the Far East by Thomas E. Dewey, which was published on July 14, was reviewed in the May issue. Publication of the book was postponed after the May Atlantic had gone to press.

Potpourri

THE RED CARPET by Dan Wickenden.
Morrow, \$3.50.

Mr. Wickenden, besides writing an engaging novel, has performed what could be a major service to American letters. He has shown that there is one way (and I suspect one only) of handling the most nauseating of fictional themes — the saga of the young provincial who comes to New York to become a novelist: Don't take the hero's literary ambitions seriously. Wickenden concentrates on the fact that his would-be Thomas Wolfe falls in love with a wonderful girl who, unfortunately, is married to a wonderful guy. His hero tells all in his sententious correspondence with his home-town sweetheart, and his troubles are rather sad. But somehow *The Red Carpet*, though it has tragic overtones, remains a charming, thoroughly entertaining comedy.

SIX ANGELS AT MY BACK by John Bell Clayton. Macmillan, \$1.50.

This first novel has been selected to launch an experiment in publishing: the idea is to bring fiction of merit to a wider audience in its original edition by using paper covers and so virtually cutting cost in half. Mr. Clayton's narrator, Ed

Greaver, is a 19-year-old Southerner who shares a shack with the two friends he grew up with, Turkey and his pretty wife Mae. Hounded by trouble and broke, Ed and Turkey become involved with a sinister giant, Bible, who draws them into a robbery in which a man is killed by Bible. Ed—lonely, sexually distraught by Mae's teasing, and terrified by Bible—gets caught up in "a bad, crazy dream," which ends in murder. This is a taut, moving little story, somewhat reminiscent of James Cain, but with the accent not on tough bravado but compassion.

THE WAY TO GLORY by J. D. Scott.
Knopf, \$3.00.

The Way to Glory, like its predecessor *The Margin*, is not quite first-rate; but it has an attraction which makes one shrink from calling it second-rate. A conventional young Englishman—whose wife's tense behavior has strained their marriage, though basically they are in love—goes on an extended business trip to Paris. He meets up with a Bohemian sort of girl, Sara, who claims to be half English, and they have a passionate love affair. He spends some time with an old friend who is a zealous Communist, and he becomes embroiled in Sara's personal problems—her brother is a deserter from the Royal Air Force, and her parents are colored.

Eventually, he returns to his wife, as he had always intended to do, with a knowledge that life is vastly more complicated than he had imagined. It sounds banal, but it just escapes banality. Mr. Scott has a talent for making his people interesting; his touch is light and sure; and he consistently registers an intelligent comment on human behavior in the contemporary world. His novel meets two important tests: it has the stamp of reality and it establishes a firm hold on the reader.

POETRY IN OUR TIME by Babette Deutsch. Holt, \$6.00.

"This book," writes Miss Deutsch, "is about the poetry written during the twentieth century wherever English (or American) is the literary language. . . . Its purpose is to make the poetry the more accessible to the general reader. . . . [It] seeks to show that poetry has grown, not out of literature, but out of life, and how in turn it nourishes life in these anxiety-ridden times." Miss Deutsch has discharged this challenging task superlatively well. She does not get entangled in the dreary argument about the "obscurity" of modern poets: she shows (with liberal use of quotation) what the poet is seeking to express; and she is remarkably successful in bringing out the relation between moral vision and technique. I know of no book covering the same ground that so effectively combines learning, insight, and graceful writing.

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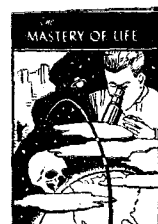


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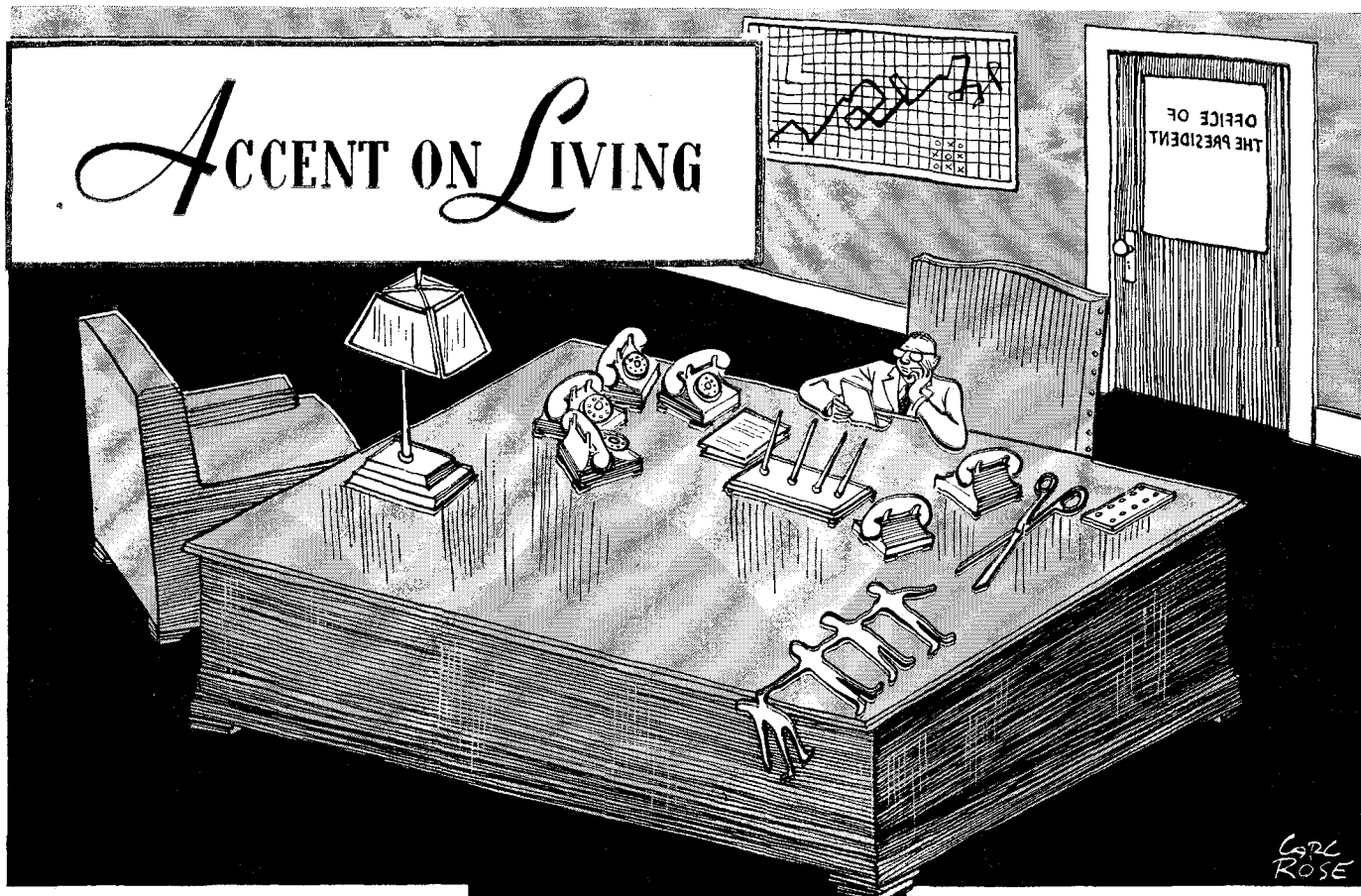
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ACCENT ON LIVING



MANY organizations harbor, in varying quantities, executives who are known to be not quite bright. Why these men have been singled out to direct policy and wield authority, or why their presence on the payroll is indulged at all, is not always clear to others concerned. As to the unbright 86 per cent of the salaried group earning \$12,000 a year or more, the reference shelf fails to inform us; what has been written about executives has usually dealt with the hot shots. Of the boneheads in the managerial elite, the literature is scanty.

Preferment of the bonehead is of course age-old. Ever since men first subjected themselves to the disciplines of association, most executives have been accredited boneheads,* but it is only now that I am able to report the findings of a recent private survey of why this is so and why it doesn't make any difference.

By far the most startling fact disclosed by the survey is that the American economy is indifferent to the mistakes of the 9000 unbright executives studied. A curious equilib-

rium was noted between their errors and the wholly independent phenomena which in every case compensated for them. It was as if some benign natural force were operating unperceived to protect from these men the fortunes of their employers. Strangely enough, a similar balance was found to exist between executive decisions that were (a) right for the wrong reasons and (b) wrong for the right reasons, and a more detailed study is projected for this subject.

A few examples selected at random from the 9000 case reports reveal the bizarre quality of executive reasoning and its consequences: —

BUNKER. — A high-rent retail area had grown up around Bunker's job printing plant, but Bunker could never muster enough energy to move to a less expensive and more efficient location. His real reason for not moving was his reluctance to give up his private office, a wooden enclosure in the middle of the main floor, cluttered and stuffed with a quarter century's debris — old catalogues, defunct galleries, samples, clippings, and rubbish.

Real-estate taxes were heading Bunker towards a receivership, when the city decided to build an arterial highway. In the land takings that followed, Bunker's property fetched for him a colossal profit. Now installed in a highly modern suburban plant, he is making pots of money and inveighing bitterly against life in general. His stockholders are sure he possesses second sight.

APPLEBY. — This manager was talked into a ruinously expensive public relations campaign by a handsome young woman, because she happened to remind him of an unattainable girl who had sat next to him in school thirty years earlier. The campaign caused so much ribald comment about Appleby's company that his resignation was about to be demanded, when it was discovered that sales were up 43 per cent. The reason sales were up was that department store buyers had taken a scunner against the main competitor of Appleby's company, but neither Appleby nor his superior ever did find that out. Appleby got a \$10,000 raise on account of the public relations fiasco.

CALLOW. — Head of a large investment trust, Callow was in a liquid position (quite by accident) in 1927. A true disciple of inertia, he drove his

* This does not refer to executives in Illinois, where a novel "group libel" law, upheld recently by the U.S. Supreme Court, is presumably in force.

associates almost to madness by missing out altogether on the securities boom. As the '29 crash progressed, Callow — still liquid — took on heroic dimensions. By the summer of '32, he became convinced that President Hoover would be re-elected, and acting on this hypothesis he filled the trust's portfolio. Callow was shocked by the election of President Roosevelt, and after an interval of brooding he decided to sell out. But before he could make his move, the new President suspended all trading in securities. Callow next reasoned that the President would be impeached for devaluing the dollar, and that with impeachment would come a restoration of business confidence and higher prices, and he held on, once the markets were reopened. The President never was impeached, but Callow's portfolio multiplied itself tenfold, to his utter mystification.

DEARTH. — Eastern story editor for a major film studio, Dearth conscientiously rejected every first-rate book or play submitted to his office. But the same books and plays were always considered at the same time by the studio's West Coast office, which adapted from them a rich grist of box-office successes. Dearth remained undisturbed in his position, however, because his uncle was the studio's principal stockholder.

VAGUELY. — Personnel man in a vast organization, Vaguely could never make up his mind about anything. Timid, seclusive, he sought escape in a woozy mysticism and became the principal client of an astrologer. The notion that his doings were directly related to the movements of heavenly bodies fired Vaguely with a new self-confidence in laying down the dicta supplied to him by the astrologer. Because the astrologer's deci-

sions were no worse than those of Vaguely's colleagues, and because Vaguely enunciated them with assurance, this executive became celebrated as a man of action. The astrologer's errors made no difference in this case, because Vaguely was working for a government agency in Washington.

Space is not available here for that part of the survey which explains why the not so bright executives ever got their jobs in the first place. Many, naturally enough, were advanced by the other not so bright managers who had recruited them, but all had a broad common characteristic: they never alarmed their employers or took them by surprise. Bunker, Vaguely, Dearth, and the rest were consistent, if nothing else: they could be counted on, absolutely, to do the same thing every time.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FROM A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE

by MERLIN BOWEN

MERLIN BOWEN, an assistant professor in the College of the University of Chicago, is now on assignment to Shimer College as Chairman of the Humanities.

FOR those who combine, as I do, a firmly sedentary habit with a lingering taste for blood, there is no sport quite so rewarding as birdlover-baiting. Its demands, to begin with, are few: no license, no expensive equipment, no archaic ritual to master, no limitations as to bag or season, and — above all — no undue strain upon the muscular system. All that is needed is access to a few daily newspapers, a typewriter or pen and paper, and a little ingenuity and patience. The rewards, though intangible, are correspondingly high: the speechless satisfaction of a well-made lure expertly dropped on the sleepy surface of a "Letters to the Editor" column, the tingling wait in the silence of the study, and at last the sudden overwhelming rush of the angry birdlover.

Only a general ignorance of the quality of such moments, or perhaps of the basic techniques to be employed, can explain the failure so far of birdlover-baiting to attain the popularity it so obviously deserves.

Having followed the sport myself with devotion and mounting enthusiasm for some sixteen years, it occurs to me that a wider interest may perhaps be stimulated by a brief statement of fundamentals, together with some account of lures I and others have used successfully in the past.

A word, first of all, on the season. Properly baited, a healthy birdlover



will strike at any time of the year and in any conceivable weather. But the beginner (in the northern game belt, at least) will find his best luck in the winter. One can usually depend upon the more active specimens to put in an appearance shortly before the first snow, uttering plaintive little cries in the "Letters" columns to the effect that birds also deserve Thanksgiving dinners and will be grateful for a few

handfuls of crumbed fruitcake strewn outside your window. This is the time for the birdlover-baiter to look over his equipment and map out the coming campaign.

Much depends upon the first attempt, so one must know what he is about. Reduced to its elements, the art of birdlover-baiting will be found to come within three basic strategies: 1) direct attack from without as an unabashed birdhater; 2) infiltration in the guise of a birdlover but with the secret intent of kindling civil war in the ranks; 3) indirect attack through the arousing of natural enemies and adversely affected interests. Each of these modes has its own peculiar merits and degree of subtlety, but the young sportsman is apt to find the first somewhat easier to handle and even more immediately satisfying in its results.

A simple form of the direct attack consists of a letter to the editor citing medical testimony to the fact that pigeons are now known to be hosts to the pneumonia virus and hence should be exterminated. A quiet little pun about "carrier" pigeons will both please the editor and enrage your quarry. When the latter strikes at this lure and demands evidence, you can simply refer him to volume, number, and page of the Peruvian

Medical Association Bulletin, and the incident will be closed.

The lure just described is of course most effective during the virus season. For year-round use I recommend



to the tyro some form of the National Defense Lure — a letter, say, entitled “Pigeons or Patriotism?” and evaluating in terms of jeeps, bazookas, and tanks the enormous sums annually thrown away in peanuts in America’s municipal parks. A friend of mine (at that time in the army and hence qualified to subscribe himself “Indignant GI”) once hooked a fair-sized clergyman — a notorious pigeon-feeder — on this lure and played him for the better part of a fortnight.

Still sticking to forms of the direct attack but with an interesting overlap of the third general head above (an adversely affected interest), there is the possibility of a philippic against winter feeding as a rash interference with the economy of nature: so many birds are thus induced to remain north for the winter that insect pests in Florida are threatening to destroy the citrus crop. The coöperation of a Southern friend will be needed in placing this one, but the results should more than repay you for the added effort.

Spring is perhaps the best time for a lure worked out by a suburban friend of mine: a bulletin on the appearance of the first robin, together with an old family recipe for robin pie. Reference to current meat prices will help to set the hook.

Again, one may attack the loose assumption that birds devour more harmful insects than fruits, grains, and seeds. Demand that the misguided defenders of these feathered bandits produce figures to support their assertion. When they do, suggest that their conclusions are based upon too small a sample and that the crops of a great many thousand more songbirds must be opened before the figures can be granted any statistical

significance. Meanwhile, have it understood that the burden of the proof remains with them, and call for an embargo upon crumbs until the cards are down.

We are ready now to pass over to a consideration of lures falling within the second main strategy: infiltration and the fomenting of civil war. The basic device here is to assume the character of a fervent birdlover, but with unexpected and baroque wrinkles calculated to annoy more orthodox birdlovers. Thus one may be a health-crank birdlover and assail fellow crumb-strewers for failure to provide stone-ground or vitamin-enriched bread at the feeding board. Figures (always impressive) may be fabricated to show a high correlation between the use of agenized flour and the incidence of avian insanity as estimated by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Or one may pose as a Malthusian birdlover and sound the tocsin about overpopulation in the bird kingdom. “Give them a fighting chance in life!” can be your watchword. Operating from this cover, I myself last year got four strikes in a single week with a humane proposal that small boys be encouraged to remove eggs from the nest while the parent birds are out for lunch, hard-boil them, and return them promptly to the nest, where they will be patiently but harmlessly incubated for the rest of the summer — and all with no unwanted shock to the parents.

An air of superior devotion in another birdlover will frequently be enough to flush a few from the thickets. The really resourceful baiter will remember this useful fact during what is sometimes regarded as the off season, the hot days of July and August when many birdlovers leave their usual haunts and seek cover in the mountains and along the shore. The good baiter may, under such circumstances, assume the role of The Gallant Birdlover Remaining at His Post and proceed to excoriate his fellows as deserters and heartless hedonists who have at best faced up to only half the problem. It is easy enough, he will remark witheringly, to simulate concern for popular summer birds electing to stick it out in the North through the winter; but how many give a second thought to the winter birds (the tundra tit, the glacial grebe, Stefansson’s starling) who fail to get away to the Arctic before the summer closes in? Their

suffering during these stifling days, he will add, is pitiful to see.

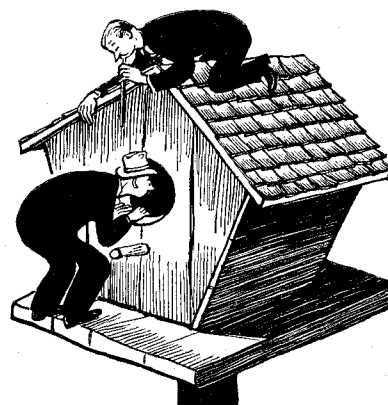
The strategy of infiltration offers a dazzling array of possibilities to the connoisseur. My own greatest triumph in this mode was won a number of years ago, during the depression, in the guise of an Old Guard Republican birdlover. It so happens that I have a copy of the letter at hand as I write, and the reader may be interested in inspecting a lure that was once actually used and with very considerable effect. Here it is: —

TO THE EDITOR: —

No one is a greater friend than I of our little feathered songsters, but I must protest against the disservice being done them by increasing numbers of sentimentalists. In most of our cities today the handout system is in vogue with free crumbs and suet strewn on every window sill. Has it occurred to these well-meaning people to consider what this is doing to the moral fiber of American birds? When I was a youngster no self-respecting robin — or redbird, for that matter — would think of accepting charity while he could still rustle a feather. Today one rarely sees a bird out digging for himself. To talk about “winter conditions” is mere fiddle-faddle: the worms are still down there waiting for any bird with gumption enough to peck through a few inches of frozen soil to get them. And a bent bill is a small price to pay for the feeling of birdly independence that comes with standing firmly on one’s own feet. Fellow birdlovers, let us put an end to this mollycoddling once and for all!

LOG CABIN AMERICAN

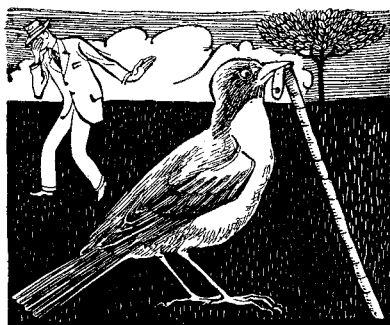
Excitement still grips me as I remember the response to this one. Birdloverdom was for a few weeks split right down the middle along class lines, half of the faithful lining up with the Workers’ Alliance and the rest stringing along with the Lib-



erty League. A sturdy Molly Pitcher of the proletarian wing attempted to draw me back into the combat with a letter denouncing me as a Hitler and

a Stalin and voicing the hope that "someday a bird will give you a good hard peck on the nose ha! ha!" I maintained a dignified silence and let the battle rage on without me.

But it is time to move on to forms of the third main strategy: indirect attack through the arousing of natural enemies and adversely affected interests. The recent newspaper accounts of the effect of radar upon homing pigeons presented an opportunity that was seized upon by a West Coast sportsman of my acquaintance. Large flocks of these poor creatures, it appears, have become hopelessly addled by radar impulses while in transit and have disappeared forever. The remedy, my friend pointed out, was obvious: Radar must go! War, defensive or offensive, is a crime. Why must the innocent pigeon pay the price of



human folly? The most promising result of this venture (and the consideration which places it here in the third main strategy rather than in the second) was the bringing into action of a retired Air Force captain who has ever since, I am told, been laying violently about him with denunciations of "spineless pacifistic birdlovers."

Among my own exploits in this kind, I take most pride in the modest part I played some two years ago in securing the defeat of a bold attempt in Illinois by the organization Friends of Birds, Inc., to require by state law the licensing of all cats, the airing of licensed cats on the leash only, and the merciless impounding of all stray and unlicensed cats. I must admit that I was rather slow in coming into action here, spending the crucial early hours on the side lines admiring what I mistakenly took to be the inspired plot of some unknown fellow sportsman. The catlovers were of course up in arms at once, large delegations leaving by every train for the scene of battle in Springfield.

But when even their efforts proved

insufficient and the bill actually passed the legislature with a ringing majority, the sickening realization swept over me that it was all perfectly on the level. Here was an emergency that called for the rallying of new forces. The bill was already on the governor's desk awaiting his signature. Fortunately something rose within me to meet the challenge, and the newspaper soon afterwards contained the following letter:—

SIR:—

Almost any morning now an early stroll through the park will reward one with the sight of *Lumbricus terrestris* timidly emerging from the moist earth [this was a spring lure, the student will note] and waving its radiant pink segments in mute adoration of the dawn. But one *must* be early or the robin's murderous beak will be there before one.

An all too frequent witness of this daily outrage upon the defenseless little earthworm, I feel that entirely too much sentiment is being wasted upon birds. It is time that someone spoke up for the earthworm.

When, may I ask, has the earthworm ever injured the least of God's creatures? Who can accuse *it* of parasitism and crumb-begging? Consider, rather, its usefulness to man. Can anything equal the self-effacing industry with which, year after year, it aerates the soil and brings the deep richness up to the surface where the plant roots can reach it?

I say nothing of its beauty, which is evident to all. It is enough to mention that the great Darwin himself, with all his labors, found time to care for a jar of earthworms in his home and was not above playing softly to them on the flute and flashing colored lights above the jar.

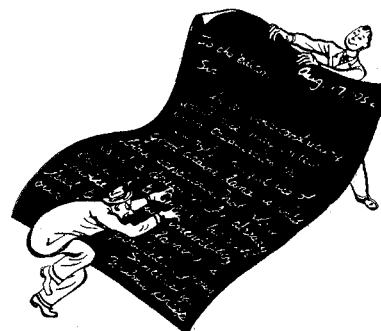
Cannot we, then, pause long enough in our affairs to ask Governor Stevenson to veto this legislation which would, by unnaturally restraining domestic cats, deprive the poor earthworm of his one real ally against the winged bandits who prey upon him? WIRE THE GOVERNOR TODAY!

MRS. ANNELIDA GARPE, Pres.
Friends of Worms, Inc.

I have never checked with Governor Stevenson on the response to this. All I know is that two days later the bill was vetoed, utterly confounding the birdlovers in the very midst of their victory celebrations. With all due credit to the pressure of the catlovers, I like to think that it was Mrs. Garpe's plea that settled the question in the Governor's mind and brought him back to sound principles of laissez faire.

The lure I am currently tinkering with also has to do with what may

be called an "adversely affected interest." While washing dishes at the sink this morning (my wife is down with a mild case of virus pneumonia),



I saw from the kitchen window a brace of cardinals greedily picking at the tops of certain tall weeds sticking through the snow in the vacant lot next door. The thing has kept nagging at me ever since. Hmm, let's see now. . . . Something like this, perhaps?

TO THE EDITOR:—

There would be less suffering among the birds during this bitter weather if people generally during the late summer months were less concerned with their own selfish comfort. It should be obvious that birds can get at weed seeds in the snowy season only where the plants have been allowed to mature to their full height. Every patch of weeds, then, cut down before pollination means that some little songster must later go hungry. What, may I ask, does a sneeze or two matter beside that awful fact? Remember this next summer and *let the weeds stand!* Poor robin will thank you "when the north wind doth blow."

FAIR PLAY

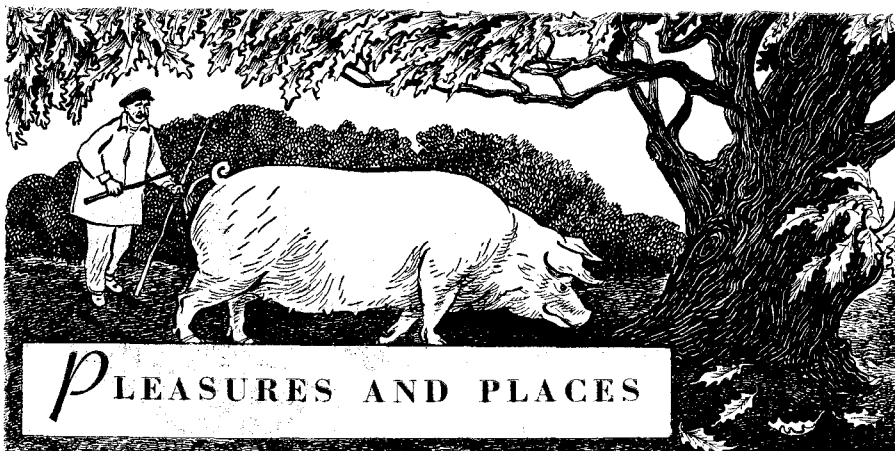
There, that should do it. An envelope now, a stamp, and—a few days hence—several phone calls to bring the matter to the attention of hay fever victims of my acquaintance. Let the birdlovers talk their way out of this one if they can!

AT LOW TIDE

by DAVID McCORD

A LITTLE saucer of the sea
Is lying on the sand,
With seaweed like the leaves of tea,
Brown as the boy's brown hand—

The small brown boy with pail and
spade,
The connoisseur of kelp,
Considering what the tide has made
And best how he can help.



NOTHING BUT THE TRUFFLE

by PATRICIA G. LAUBER

PATRICIA G. LAUBER is an editor of *Scholastic Magazines*. A Wellesley graduate, she devotes her summers to travel and gathering material for light sketches.

MY FRIEND was complaining that he couldn't get grass to grow under the oak tree in his yard. "Perhaps you have truffles," I said helpfully.

A look of indignation passed over his face. "I most certainly do not," he replied. "The whole place was sprayed only a week ago."

My friend's ignorance of truffles is probably no greater or smaller than that of many people in this country. In France, however, you'd be hard put to find somebody who doesn't know what a truffle is, while the news that he might have truffles in his back yard would be enough to make the average Frenchman leap from his chair with a cry of delight. A truffle—or *truffe*, as the French call it—is the gourmet's delight in a land of gourmets and was described as the "diamond of cooking" by the famous eighteenth-century chef, Brillat-Savarin.

A good place to get acquainted with it is the restaurant Périgordine, in Paris. There the *spécialité de la maison* is a truffle resting in a bed of pastry. At first glance, you might take this delicacy for a lump of coal served up by the chef in a moment of carelessness. The waiter's face, however, would save you from the *faux pas* of trying to send the truffle back to the kitchen with a stinging rebuke. Having deposited the plate before you with a flourish, he would be standing respectfully by in anticipation of your

delighted reaction to the truffle's delicate perfumed flavor. Some of us, with untutored palates, have to make an effort to live up to expectations. Biting into a truffle is an experience which can best be compared to biting into a water chestnut.

Only the finest truffles can be eaten straight, in this fashion. Partly for this reason and partly because they are expensive, most truffles are used in small pieces for flavoring other dishes, such as roast chicken or *pâté de foie gras*. Somewhat more subtly than onions, they impart their flavor to all foods they are cooked with.

Truffles are found in several parts of France, but the best ones come from the department of Périgord, which lies east of Bordeaux and for which the Périgordine was named. In fact, it can be flatly said that Périgord truffles are the best in the world. Many truffles (including those found in the United States) are large, white, woody in consistency, and garlicky in flavor.

The Périgord's delicately flavored truffles are the most treasured in French cooking. This gourmet's delight is actually a subterranean fungus and far from prepossessing in appearance. A Périgord truffle is black-brown in color, roundish, and pock-marked. The flesh when mature is violet-black, with white veins having a brown margin.

Laying hand on a truffle is easier to talk about than to do, for it puts forth neither root nor stem, seed nor leaf. In fact, you can't rightly say that a truffle "grows"; it simply occurs—about a foot underground. Occasionally a truffle occurs nearer the surface; as it reaches full size, it breaks through the earth and cracks open. This truffle is easily found through a species of yellow flies which like truffles and may be seen hovering above them in columns.

Such a column of flies is an encouraging sight for the truffle-hunter, because where there is one truffle there is likely to be more. To find underground truffles, since they in no way manifest themselves to the eye, the sense of smell must be brought into play. There are a few human beings who are sufficiently truffle-sensitive to be able to sniff out a *truffe*. But, since few of us are blessed with this ability, dogs or pigs are generally used.

Many are the disputes that have broken out over which makes the superior truffle-hunter. The pro-pig people point out that a pig is easier to come by—almost any sow will do (the sow's sense of smell being keener than her mate's); the best canine truffle-hunters should be half shepherd dog in ancestry, and even then you can't be sure that you've got a top-notch truffle-hunter. The pig partisans go on to assert that the sow is the more natural hunter. Like gourmets and yellow flies, sows adore eating truffles. This can't always be construed as an advantage, say the pro-dog people. If the pig beats you to the truffle, it's gone. A dog is less likely to gobble down the find. A dog is faster than a pig and can also sniff out truffles even when there is snow and ice on the ground; this is a big point in the dog's favor, since the truffle-gathering season is December and January.

With either a dog or a sow, training starts at an early age. The animal is given bits of truffle to eat, gains a taste for them, and is then trained to hunt for truffles which the owner has buried. Come the truffle season, the animal is all set to go.

In the Périgord much of the land belongs to large estates, where the owner has other things to do than go out hunting truffles with a pig. So the fungi are usually gathered by peasants who get permission to dig on the property and in return give the owner a cut of the take.

As the peasants know, truffles are found only in a certain kind of reddish soil. The search narrows down even more, for there is an affinity between truffles and a certain kind of dwarf oak tree. Truffles do not grow on the roots of the oak, as a true parasite would; but whatever the relationship, they are always found near this tree. Also, truffles are never found outside the circumference of the shadow cast by the tree. And if grass is flourishing under the tree, you'll be wasting your time to look for truffles there.

Having thus eliminated a large part of the terrain, the truffle-hunter, or *caveur*, starts his sow on the search. She runs her nose along the ground in a straight line, then stops short and starts to dig furiously when she gets the scent. Usually the *caveur* manages to turn the sow aside before she gets to the truffle and finishes the digging himself, using a *piochon*, a wooden-handled tool with a metal claw on the end. To play safe, however, the *caveur* carries a small iron bar which he can thrust into the sow's mouth should she try to bolt the truffle before he can grab it.

When the sow is turned aside from the truffle, the *caveur* must give her bread, or kernels of corn, or even part of a damaged truffle. If not rewarded, the sow will become surly and refuse to go on with the hunt.

Truffles are few and far between, and there's a lot of competition in the field. In the course of a week's hunting, a peasant is lucky if he finds two pounds of *truffles* — about fifteen good-sized ones. He puts his find in a kerchief and carries it to the truffle market in Sarlat or Cahors. There he sells it to buyers from truffle-conserving factories for about five dollars a pound. Since the truffles are still covered with dirt and are sold by weight, the peasant makes up a little for the scarcity of his find. A buyer from a big factory in Sarlat told me that 40 per cent of what he pays for is just plain dirt.

Fresh truffles will keep for only a few days. So most of them are rushed off to the factory and preserved in cans. In the slack season, the factories usually make *pâté de foie gras* — an



industry which goes hand in hand with truffling.

The annual production of truffles in France is 300 to 500 tons; to have a good harvest, there must be plenty of rain in August. So rare are truffles that these few tons sell for several

million dollars. Before the war, truffles were an even bigger business.

Most people who can afford to indulge a taste for subterranean fungi use small pieces of truffles for flavoring; the pieces can be used several times before they lose all taste. Some restaurants, even in the truffle heart of France, have the unscrupulous habit of using the pieces until they are completely tasteless and rubbery and then tossing these remnants into, say, an omelet which sells for a fancy price. The inexperienced truffle-eater will choke this down, never daring to complain for fear of being told that his palate is too coarse to appreciate the delicate flavor. What with the opportunities for sneaking out at night with a pig and pillaging a *truffière*, selling almost as much dirt as truffles, and serving pieces of over-used peel, the industry is fraught with possibilities of dishonesty.

There seems little chance that the industry will ever increase to a point where dishonesty will drop by the way. The reproductive ways of a truffle are so mysterious that it's a little hard to put your finger on them.

The French say: "If you want truffles, plant acorns." Starting a *truffière* is a long-term project under any circumstances, but it moves along a little faster if you plant scrub oak seedlings instead of acorns. Unless truffles have been found in the area, you also have to bring in soil from a place where they are found.

The truffle is a globulous mass of firm flesh, a compact tissue of entangled filaments, some of which terminate in spores. When in conjunction with scrub oaks, the spores turn into truffles.

Once the soil containing truffle spores has been spread about and harrowed lightly, the would-be owner of a *truffière* has only to sit back and wait — for five years. Then one day, if he is lucky, the grass will disappear under the trees. This is a sign that truffles have come to stay. The yield at first is slight, and hits its peak five to twenty-five years later.

White truffles have been found in most of our forty-eight states, but not to any great degree. Possibly they do not exist extensively here. Possibly the find has been small because the number of people (botanists mostly) looking for them has been small. But if you have reddish soil and scrub oaks under which grass won't grow, go out and have a sniff around. You may have truffles in your back yard.



GALWAY

by PADRAIC COLUM

Irish poet and dramatist, PADRAIC COLUM has long made his residence in New York City. He is a former president of the Poetry Society of America and was a member of the Academy of Irish Letters.

THE square with a garden gives spaciousness to this part of the town, but the street leading to it is not urban enough to end in a square: the houses have a look of vacancy; they are mainly gray, with blue and yellow here and there, the street of a market town. There are few automobiles. Overhead are the massive clouds that belong only to the West of Ireland. This is Galway from Eyre Square.

Another Galway is evoked for us when we walk a few hundred yards from the square. Here is a Renaissance house, its site fortunately on a corner so that we can view two sides of it. It is the mansion of the Lynch family, built in 1490 or thereabouts, and looking as if it had been continuously lived in. Its blue-gray limestone is unweathered, beautifully cut and fitted, its smoothness relieved by medallions and coats of arms, with spouts of stone ending in dragons' heads and human faces. So well cut, so well fitted are the stones that the mansion with its shapely windows looks a single and solid thing. The lower part is now a bank. An attempted restoration of the entrance has produced an arch with heads: it is out of place in the straightness and solidity of this front, besides antedating Renaissance building with Irish Romanesque design.

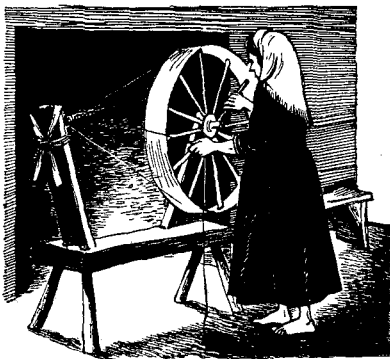
The rain that was falling all the forenoon has ceased; the sun is on a bundle of willows that a man is selling in the street. A woman, bare-armed, bare-necked, is opening bright-scaled fish that the boats have just brought

in. And speaking an English that she is not fluent in, another woman is marketing a bundle of gray homespun; she has come from some lonely cottage where a loom clacks in a back room.

Selling chickens and eggs, girls with shawls over their heads that give them a nunlike appearance are seated together. One in a red dress evidently sent her from America has the black hair and gray eyes that make the Galway type—wide eyes that go oddly with thin lips; in her basket is purple seaweed. A man strides up to her and says something which seems of desperate import. I overhear the words: "I have only one goat and she gives no milk—one goat, no more." The power of expression that he puts into it makes it a tragic utterance.

Beside a red cart filled with black sods of peat is a donkey cart with a churn in it. The boy in charge has come to market for the first time—that is obvious from his bewilderment. I buy a pint and drink it out of the wooden vessel with copper hoops that he fills for me. All this will disappear in a year or two, for motor buses are now dashing from the town to the countryside and from the countryside to the town.

Only a few of the old skills are now to be found in Galway. In a back room of a great empty house a seldom-spoken old man is carrying on his trade as a weaver. Beside his loom are big spools of colored yarn. The Aran Islanders have brought these to him; he weaves the yarns for the stuffs they still wear. He praises the dyes the Islanders give their yarns: their deep



and lasting colors come from being left long in the dyeing pot. And in a little lean-to he has built for himself is the last of the nail makers. He is as solitary as if his blackened walls made a cell. He hammers the long nail out on his little anvil, or seated on his little bench he talks to people who lean over his half door.

A company of Aran Islanders go by, walking lightly in their rawhide shoes; they keep apart from the town-folk and go into tumbled houses along the water as into sanctuary; their night's lodging they take by the fire, sitting around it and singing their songs.

Outside the town I stand on a bridge watching the salmon in the Corrib River and the swans floating on its surface. I had always thought of salmon as lively and brilliant fish; here they keep near the mud, scores of them, and look as dull as they are inert. The fishing rights must be profitable, for the salmon would make quite a shoal if there was any movement amongst them. I walk along the river to the fishing village at the other side of the town, the Claddagh, that once had its own remarkable life.

When I first went to the Claddagh it was a village of whitewashed cabins, the thatch of whose roofs was becoming black; wherever I went within it, fronts, backs, and gable ends of houses faced me. In its queer maze there were varieties of dogs; hens, cocks, and chickens stood on stones that had a whitewashed wall of a cabin for background. The village had a common—green grass on which geese grazed, the cackle of geese answered by the cry of gannets over the waterfront. The old Claddagh has been abolished, and improved houses put up. They are entirely without character. The old village was shabby and insanitary, but it was original. It is a pity that something more traditional was not put in its place.

Outside an improved house there is a group of weeping people; they are about to walk to the town with a boy or girl who is emigrating. The girls all have shawls across their heads while the young men are in homespun—black shawls and gray coats. But around the group, praying and weeping, goes an old man in the scarlet coat of a huntsman. What relation has this old fellow who has followed the hounds across the stone-strewn plains of the county to the folk of the fishing village? The group moves slowly towards the town.

In Galway the fifteenth century is covered by the eighteenth, the eighteenth by the nineteenth; Galway is always changing its façade. Walk down a street and you will find a finely carved coat of arms next a chromium sign, a well-shaped window looking from where plaster has covered cut stones, a handsome doorway

leading into a broken house, while across the way an eighteenth-century town residence stands empty, waiting to be transformed into something else. The changes are not always one-way. Miss Clare Sheridan has taken an old doorway from some older residence



and built it into her pleasant eighteenth-century house. It is a marvel so little has been perpetrated on the Lynch mansion.

The failure that has left Galway dilapidated is not very far back. In the middle of the nineteenth century it had a population of forty thousand (it has only about half that now) based on water-mill industry—Galway is a town of swiftly flowing streams—which declined after steam power had been established in England. Today those who are in the good school of engineering in its University College have hopes of making Galway industrial again. "Water brought prosperity and water will bring it back." Tomorrow the streams may be turning dynamos, and Galway will show another change.

It is a town that is in search of a character. It is not just a market town and it is urban only to a small degree. It has a University College, but professors and students make no showing in the town. There was a move to make it the capital of the Gaeltacht—that is, of the Irish-speaking West—and a small theater for Gaelic plays has been set up in it; the effect isn't marked: today one hears little Irish in the streets and less in the shops. Galway remains undefined. Since the eighteenth century, attempts have been made to give it a Spanish association: an old gate has been renamed Spanish Arch, and a walk beside it Spanish Parade, but this is nomenclature, and the only Spanish influence an archaeologist could discover is the heaviness of the ornament on the Lynch mansion. It wants to have a character, and some day Galway will take advantage of

its situation and its 'limestone and make itself a very striking city.

There are no distances in Galway, and a few minutes' walk brings me to the basin formed by the outflow of the Corrib River that ends the town. On one side of where I stand is the fragment of the old wall, the empty gate of which makes the so-called Spanish Arch. I had come to look at it, but the scene before me takes from everything else. Swans are afloat, a score of them, on the dark water. Beyond the gray water of Galway Bay is a rippling line of hills, the hills of Clare. In Galway the clouds are well in the scene — massive clouds, opaque here, luminous there. Now by some stroke of lighting, it might be through a cloud that has the whole of the sunset, the hills I look on seem illuminated from within. I watch a scene that could never be put on canvas, for no painter could get this burnished, softly glowing effect. I think I am privileged to look on something unearthly. The light fades very gradually; there are only dark hills, gray waters, great gray clouds, and swans on the dark water of the Corrib basin. The bells of old St. Nicholas sound as strange as the clouds and hills look.

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by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantata No. 201, *Contest Between Phoebus and Pan* (Helmut Koch conducting Bach Guild soloists, choir and orchestra; Bach Guild: 12" LP). Ponderous frivolity and solid music from the great Leipzig cantor, appropriately presented. If you like this, try Bach Guild's companion piece, *Aeolus Appeased*, Cantata 205.

Bach: Organ Preludes and Fugues (Helmut Walcha, organ; Decca-Deutsche Grammophon: three 12" LPs in album). The blind Walcha is a Baroque organ authority and a Bach scholar — and plays rather like one. Proceed cautiously.

Beethoven: *Christ on the Mount of Olives* (Henry Swoboda conducting soloists, Vienna Kammerchor and State Opera Orchestra; Concert Hall: 12" LP). This oratorio is an early work; but when good and evil clash, Beethoven always manages to make the clash audible, explicit, and hair-raising. Good engineering, too.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas. There is a bumper crop here. Wilhelm Kempff (Decca: two 12" LPs) plays Op. 10, Nos. 1 and 3, Op. 27, No. 1 (*Fantasia*), and Op. 11 (*Last*) with delicacy in feeble recordings. Orazio Frugoni (Vox: 12" LP) offers *Moonlight*, *Pathétique*, and *Appassionata* in a powerful, nigh faultless bargain. Kurt Appelbaum (Westminster: 12" LP) delivers *Appassionata* and Op. 31, No. 1, with less finish but perhaps even more Beethovenian passion and vigor.

Griffes: Piano Sonata; *Roman Sketches* (Leonid Hambro, piano; Walden Records: 12" LP). The opinion here, now, and not uncontested is that Griffes was America's greatest composer. The *Sketches* are immediately appealing; the sonata takes repeated listening. The performance is good, the recording exemplary.

Kabalevsky: Violin Concerto (David Oistrakh, violin; Kabalevsky conducting USSR State Orchestra) with **Khrennikov: *Much***

Ado About Nothing Suite (Alexander Stassevich conducting USSR State Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). Wretched Russian tapes and corny music, but Oistrakh is a bona fide digital genius. Magnificent fiddling.

Kodaly: *Hary Janos Suite* (Laszlo Halasz conducting Austrian Symphony Orchestra; Remington: 10" LP). Remington, for \$1.69, doesn't bother to mention Kodaly on the envelope, but does very well by him nevertheless. Zestful, excellent wide-range recording, slight hiss.

Mozart: Violin and Piano Sonatas in C Major, E Minor, and G Major (Walter Barylli, violin; Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). With the possible exception of the Szymon Goldberg-Lili Kraus versions, the best on records.

Music of the Liturgy in English (Ray F. Brown conducting student body of General Theological Seminary; Harold W. Gilbert conducting mixed choir; Andrew Tietjen, organ; Columbia: 12" LP). Here are Plain-song, more than a millennium in use, and Anglican Chant, with a 1549 communion service by John Merbecke. A most stirring record, highly recommended to all Episcopal choirmasters, hi-fi maniacs, and people with troubled spirits.

Rachmaninoff: *The Miserly Knight*, Act II (Cesare Siepi, bass; Thomas Scherman conducting Little Orchestra Society) with **Arensky: *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky*** (Scherman conducting Little Orchestra Society; Columbia: 12" LP). This is the high-fidelity record of the month; musically exciting, too — although Siepi's singing in English (unquote) is rather a wasted effort.

Thomson, Virgil: *Acadian Songs and Dances*, with Copland: *Red Pony Suite* (Thomas Scherman conducting Little Orchestra Society; Decca: 12" LP). In these attractive movie-scores, (a) Thomson outpoints Copland easily, and (b) Decca gives Scherman's splendid orchestra treatment that should send him back to Columbia in a hurry (see above).

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